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AB-O'TH'-YATE'S DICTIONARY;

OR,

WALMSLEY FOWT SKOOMESTER.

Benjamin Brierley

PUT T'GETHER BY TH' HELP O' FAUSE JUDDIE.

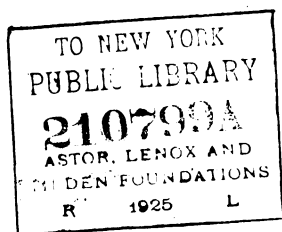
MANCHESTER:

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 & 58, OLDHAM STREET.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1881.



AB-O'TH'-YATE'S DICTIONARY.

A.

A B (that's *me*). A mony-sided chap, livin i' Walmsley Fowt. In his own een he's a philosipher; in his wife's een a foo. To his neighbours he's six o' one an' a hauve a dozen o'th' tother. I' politics he's a Liberal Conservative Radical. I' religeon he's an Anythinarian. He believes i'th' doctrine o' dooin to others as he'd be done by; but, like others, taks every advantage he con o' thoose he has to deal with. His feightin weight is five feet seven.

ABANDON. *To forsake.* Eaur Sal threatened to abandon me once, when we'rn coortin; but after I'd spent a penny on her at owd Nannie's sweetstuff shop, hoo took me on again. There's a good deal o' things we mit abandon wi' profit to eoursels, an' advantage to others. Some o'th' drink we're i'th' habit o' moppin up when we dunno' want it, an' keepin eaur wives lookin at th' clock so oft o' neets; an' purtendin when we come whoam we'n bin at a Co-op. meetin; at th' same time we'n bin playin at "Nap."

ABASH. *To confuse with shame.* Ax a young couple when yo' meeten 'em ov a moonleet neet what that smackin noise wur; an' if that doesno' *abash* 'em, their faces han bin weel hardened.

ABATE. *To beat down.* Wayvers known what that meens, by havin their cut-brass "bated." It wur th' cuss o' hondloom wayvin at one time; an' has caused mony a bad word to be said. We yer little abeat it neaw. Times han changed.

ABBREVIATE. *To shorten.* If I're powin someb'dy, I should be abbreviatin his yure. If I're cuttin eaur cat's tail off, I should be abbreviatin th' cat. When eaur Sal gies me sixpence i'stead of a shillin, hoo's abbreviatin my pocket-brass. They'rn used to abbreviate folk by takkin off their yeads i'stead o' hangin 'em.

ABDICATE. *To remove one's self from a thing.* To give up one's spoon. To hond over one's loom to a heir; that's why it's a heir-loom. To give up one's unwhisperables for th' wife to wear.

ABED. *In bed.* Wheree a decal o' folk liken bein ut say'n there's nowt like bein up soon in a mornin. A bed is th' only thing ut childer liken when they're in it, but dislikin bein sent to.

ABHOR. *To have the hair stand on end with fear.* We'n moeest on us abhorred boggarts. My yure has mony a time bin like an owd besom wi' fear, when we'n bin tellin boggart tales reound eaur hearthstone. There's very little springiness i' childer's yure new fro' that cause. Steeam has laid it flat for ever, so far as th' fear o' boggarts goes.

ABIDE. *To endure.* Bein laid across yo'r feyther's knee, th' face to'ard th' floor, an' havin it warm witheaut yeawlin. I've tried mony a time to abide, but gan meauth at last. His hont wur heavy, an' my Shudehill cord thin.

ABJURE. *To swear away from.* Mooestly used when folk are givin up summat they liken, same as a mellow-nosed chap swearin off drink.

ABSENT. *Away from.* That shillin we connot ackeaunt for, an' we thinken we'n lent to someb'dy.

ABSOLVE. *To acquit.* Th' wife sayin, "I'll let thee off this time, if theau'll never do it again."

ABUNDANCE. *Plenty.* Lots o' everythin. Lashins. Full up to th' brim. A lad feels th' effects of abundance when he conno' crom another apple in his pockets, an' there's plenty to goo at. It's what makes us forget there's sich a thing as famine, and causes waste.

ACCELERATE. *To make swift.* I've bin accelerated mony a time by th' swing of a clog.

ACE. *One.* A card ut generally gets put deawn wi' a thump.

ACCIDENT. *A chance event.* Sometimes done o' purpose.

ACCOMMODATE. *To lend to yo'r neighbour a cupful o' mayle, or a mowffin, when he's nowt for his teeth to do.*

ACCOMPLISHED. *Fulfilled.* It's a word that's sometimes used when th' kayther (cradle) is bein put o' one side.

ACQUAINTANCE. *A person we know.* Sometimes he gets mistakken for a friend.

ACROBAT. *A tumbler.* Eaur Dick wur for bein one once, when he tried to jump through th' kitchen window, like a cleawn in a pantymime, an' filled his yure full o' bits o' brokken glass.

ACTING. What owt to be done i'stead o' so mich talkin.

ACUTE. *Sharp.* Bein alive to everythin, an' moore beside. When yo'r tryin to creep eaut o'th' heause, thinkin yo're chettin th' wife when hoo's asleep; an' hoo drops on yo' afore yo'n gotten off th' durstep, wi' th' question—"Wheere art gooin?" Yo' may know then ut her yerrin's a bit acute. Th' same wi' childer's ears when yo' wispern they may have a haliday.

ADAGE. *A maxim.* An owd woman's sayin ut's takken for truth, till it's fund eaut to be summat different.

ADDICT. *To devote.* It may be said of a fuddler that he's addicted to drink.

ADDITION. *The act of adding.* One every year, an' o livin. Moore to come yet.

ADDLE. *Empty.* Eggs witheaut chickens. Yeads witheaut brains.

ADHERENT. *A follower.* A mon ut's aulus after yo' wantin a gill, an' says yo're a rare good chap if he gets one, an' summat elze if he doesno'.

ADJUST. *To regulate.* Squarin things up awhoam, after bein unackeauntable for a fortnit.

ADMIRE. *To wonder at.* Lookin through a watch shop window, or starin at a pratty woman, an' havin that for yo'r share.

ADMIT. *To concede.* Hearkenin what th' wife says abeaut yo', an' bein obleeged to let it pass for th' truth.

ADORABLE. *Worthy of adoration.* Yo'r wife when yo're coortin her. Co'in her sugar, honey, mintcake—everythin sweet an' grand—an' ut hoo reminds yo' on wi' a black look an' a bitter tongue, after th' weddin.

ADVANCE. *To come forward.* What yo'r intended feyther-in-law promises to do afore yo' takken his dowter, an' ut he never does.

ADULATION. *Flattery.* Teemin warm wayter deawn yo'r back; or makkin yo' itch wheere it hasno' bin bitten.

ADULT. *Grown-up.* A mon ut's, generally spakin, moore health an' strength than brains.

ADVICE. *Counsel.* That ut yo' con give but conno' tak. Summat wurr than physic.

AERIAL. *Belonging to the air.* A place where a lot o' castles are built that are never seen. Th' only buildin lond ut can be had for nowt. I've an acre or two.

AFFABILITY. *Easiness of manners.* Bein able to tak a cotter i'th' earhole, an' smile at it, as if a wench had gan yo' a buss. Bein pleasant o reound, even when a choilt's skrikin, or yo'n gotten th' toothwartch.

AFFECTION. *Love, kindness.* An article yo' conno' test th' wo'th on by touchin it wi' acid. I've gotten agate o' thinkin there's moore on't Brummagem than real. Howd a leet!

AFFIDAVIT. (Generally proneounced "have a davy.") *A declaration upon oath.* Swearin that summat's true, when yo' known it to be a lie; or upsy-deawnsy.

AFFINITY. *Relation to.* We'n no affinity to eaur relations when we're poor. Get to be rich, an' yo'r fifty-third cousin 'll find yo' eaut, an' claim yo' as one of his breed. Tell 'em yo'r 40,000th great gronfeyther wur a monkey, an' they'n fo off.

AFFLUENT. *Wealthy.* That is, if they *feel* so. Ax a mon wo'th his fifty theausant if he feels rich; an' he'll tell yo' he feels no richer than he did when he'd scraped th' fust hundert t'gether. Th' owd rib says nob'dy's richer than I am when I've five shillin i' my pocket, an' my heels to'ard whoam. I'm i' affluence then.

AFLOAT. *Floating.* Heaw mony "limiteds" ut han bin floated are swimmin neaw? A good deal on 'em are lyin upo' dry greaund, an' keeled o'er o' one side.

AFOREHAND. *Provided.* This is a word ut conno' be too weel understood. I'm feart it's bin a bit neglected. There's nowt like havin an owd stockin to fly to i' rainy weather. It's as good as bein duck-backed. Th' wayter 'll run off.

AFTER. *Following in place.* Sometimes this word's used i'th' wrong place. If a lad's purtendin t' coort a wench, an' her mother gets t' know, th' owd woman 'll say to a neighbour, "Jammie So-an'-so's after eaur Betty," when at th' same time he'll be walkin four or five yard th' fust, wi' his honds in his pocket.

AFTERCLAP. Th' wife givin yo' another dressin deawn, *after* yo'n thowt th' storm wur o'er.

AGAIN. Axin for a shillin one day, an' sayin ditto th' day *after*. Different to a *gain*.

AGAZE. Starin at summat wi' th' oppen meauth. Lookin reaund *after* someb'dy's hit yo' an' wonderin wheere th' blow coome fro.

AGE. Summat men dunno' like, an' women winno' own to, when it concerns theirsels. We're a bit partial to it i' wine, an' friends, an' cheese, an' ale; an' "a yure off th' *owd* dog" is sometimes welcome. Comin of age, when there's brass at th' end on't, is a very comfortable thing for a yorney.

AGGRANDISE. *To make great.* Steep a pae i' wayter for twenty-four heurs, an' it'll think it's a beean. Creawn a foo, an' folk 'll goo deawn o' their knees to him. It's th' same i' every station o' life.

AGGRAVATE. *To make worse.* Someb'dy tellin yo'r wife yo're feightin i'th' *owd* Bell fowt, when at th' same time yo're nobbut havin a cross word or two i'th' kitchen.

AGGRESSOR. *An invader.* A neighbour gettin o'er yo'r garden fence, a fotchin eggs eaut of a corner, becose he *thinks* his hens han laid 'em. His wife claimin th' right o' yo'r wife's clooas line.

AGITATOR. A mon ut'll stir folk again one another till they're up to feightin. A woman ut'll set a whisper agate at one end o'th' fowt ut'll travel till it brings o th' women to their durs, shakin their fists o reaund.

AGONY. Th' state o' one's feelins *after* a late fuddle, when one's yead wants hoopin reaund, an' we wonder wheere that hauve-creawn's gone, an' what th' policeman's dooin at th' dur.

AGREE. What no men con do ten minits t'gether; an' women never. An impossibility i' religion an' politics; or o'er dividin yo'r uncle's brass.

AHEAD. Bein before another. What we're aulus strivin for, if we strive at o. There are folk ut mun aulus be th' fust at summat; an' if they'rn i' paradise they'd swarm th' apple tree afore others could thrutch in at th' gate.

AID. *To help.* To set yo'r shooter to a neighbour's cart-wheel while he's havin a pint at th' aleheause dur. A woman

lendin another her ring for t' pop, an' gettin a threshin for it when her husband finds it eaut. "Let us help one another" is a very nice sentiment, an' seaunds weel in a song, but when we're wanted to put it i' practice, we liken gettin eaut o'th' road, if we can find a gap for t' creep through.

AILMENT. What a lad feels when he doesno' want to go to th' skoo; an' a woman when hoo wants to go to th' saeside.

AIR. A nice thing when it's fresh, but unpleasant when some folk han bin tamperin with it. Welcome when it comes off th' sae; but unwelcome when it comes off fish. Sweet when potatoes are i' fleawer; but not when they're i' settin.

ALACRITY. *Sprightliness.* Get howd o'th' wrong end o'th' fire-potter, after th' wife has bin tryin t' so'der a hole up i'th' ladin-can, an' if yo' dunno' drop it with *alacrity*, it's becose yo' conno' part wi' it o at once. It's th' way with a lad when he's i'th' front of his feyther's foot.

ALBUM. A book to write bad poetry in. Another to look in for ugly faces an' stiff backs; an' to find yo'rsel an' yo'r wife in a dozen places.

ALE. Here I'm fast. Can anybody help me, by tellin me what it is? Has anybody ever tasted it? If they han, I shall be mich obleeged to 'em if they'n let me know what it's like.

ALIBI. *Elsewhere.* If a mon swears he're a whoam, havin his black-puddin an' breawis, at th' same time as another swears he seed him in his neighbour's hencote, he sets up an *alibi*.

ALIKE. What no two folks i'th' wo'ld are. But yo'n sometimes yer a woman say, when her lad an' another han bin feightin—"They're booath *alike*; speshly that lad o' yo'rs."

ALIVE. Wick. Bein in a kickin state. Up to a thing or two. Th' state ut some folk liken cheese in.

ALLEG. Sayin summat abeaut someb'dy, an' stickin to yo'r said-so. Sometimes if a mon says of another mon—"He's a thief," he get's hissels in a hobble. But if he nobbut *thinks* so, it's another thing.

ALLOWANCE. *'Leawance.* Givin a mon three pints o' ale, a haue a peaud o' cheese, an' th' haue of a loaf, beside a shillin', for gettin a looad o' coals in.

ALLOY. Brass mixed wi' gowd. Pain wi' pleasure. Cross looks among smiles. Milk put i' wayter. Friendship wi' a bit o' suspision o' booth sides. Very little witheaut it.

ALMANACK. *A calendar.* Beside bein that it's a thing ut tells lies offer than it tells th' truth. Says it'll snow when it rains, and it'll rain when it freezes. Says "disturbances may be looked for in certain quarters," when eaur Sal an' me ha' no' had a wrong word for a month.

ALMONER. *One employed in distributing charity.* I used to be th' almoner for owd Thuston. He'd four owd women pensioners; an' they looked for their weekly 'leawance comin as regular as if it wur fro' th' warkheause or fro' Gover'ment. They'd everyone an eaunce o' bacco' apiece; an' one pipe a week must be smoked i' company. As o four on 'em wur as deef as a mon ut owes summut, it wur fun to yer their chatter.

ALOES. *A bitter wood.* Women i'th' fowt co'en it "allowis." They usen it for weanin childer with—putten it to wheere th cauve gets howd when it's suckin. See childer's faces when they'n had a taste, an' yer 'em gie meauth. Jinnie Dason never would use it, till their Joe geet so big hoo had to stond up to him. Then hoo put a bit on; but it wur too late; Joe had begun o' smookin, an' couldno' taste it; so I reckon he's noane weaned yet.

ALTAR. A place wheere sollim things are said, an' thowt very leetly on after. Wheere some folk nobbut go'en to once in a life-time, an' say'n it wur once too oft. A great deel o' happiness, an' a great deel o' misery, has begun at th' altar, an' nobbut ended wi' th' saxton's spade.

ALTERCATION. Women havin a dispute abeaut a clooas-line; an' drawin *lines* i' one another's faces wi' their nails.

ALTERNATELY. *In turns.* Th' wife gettin up one mornin, an' th' husband th' tother, a-leetin th' fire, an' feedin th' hens. A rule ut's very hard to keep wheere there's nobbut one hat in a family.

AMIABILITY. *Loveliness*—speshly i' temper. Th' sun on a woman's face, when it's under a new bonnet, or when hoo's just gotten her fingers reand th' husbant's wage; an' he's co'ed nowhere. "What wilt ha' to thy supper, Jim? Give it a name, an' I'll fotch it for thee. Siah's han sich nice bacon; an' Sol's han red herrin as big as a fustian shuttle. Which wilt have?"

AMARANTH. *An unfading flower.* Eaur Sal.

AMASS. Pilin brass up, as if we'd a notion o' never partin with it. Fillin th' owd stockin.

AMATORY. *Relating to love.* Writin sich like poetry as this to a wench—

"I think o' thee when th' day's on th' wane;
I think o' thee when mornin breaks.
I taste thy kisses o'er again
Whene'er I'm atin traycle-cakes."

AMAZON. *A virago.* Look eaut, anybody ut's gotten one for a wife. Ho'll mak someb'dy stond furr. Hoo's to a family like a rowler is to a road,—crushes o before her.

AMBROSIA. *The food of the gods.* Th' fust apple o'th' season. Th' fust boilin o' new potatoes, when they'r'n groon i' owd England. Anythin when yo'r hungry, no brass i' yo'r pocket, an' a long way fro' whoam.

AMBUSCADE. *Concealment.* A feyther lyin i' wait for a lad ut should ha' bin comin fro' skoo; but sees him comin fro' to'ard a clayhole, wi' a slate-full o' clay on his yead, for t' built a buzzard cote with. He gets paid afore th' wark's done, generally.

AMEND. *To reform the life.* Oft promised when a mon's as far as he con goo. But soon forgotten after th' wife has said her say, an' he con raise th' price of a pint anywheere. I'th' matter o' kettles, makkin 'em wurr than they wur. "Joseph, I wonder whenever theau'll mend?" "Mother, it's too late." "Nay, it's never too late to mend." "Then I'll have another week."

AMICABLY. Sattlin things witheaut comin to blows, or gooin to law, an' havin a pipe o'er it. If th' leeaders o' nations would ha' fratched at th' owd Bell, i'stead o' writin letters, an' makkin speeches i' some grand palace, ther'd never ha' bin any wars. They could ha' had it eaut among theirsels, an' we'd ha' seen fair play.

AMPLE. *Enough.* What nob'dy ever gets o' summat they like. "This boundless univarse," as owd Juddie says, "conno' compass it."

AMUSE. *To entertain.* But it has another meeanin. Wi' some it is to mak yo' laaf, an' feel as if yo'd summat to laaf at, an' be

happy for a time. Wi' others it's to mak yo' feel melancholy wi' summat that's th' name o' being "comic," but at th' same time sets yo' a-wonderin if th' wold's full o' foo's.

ANARCHY. *Want of government.* Th' state of a big-little family when th' feyther's at th' aleheause, an' th' mother's eaut on a tale-provin gossip. Rulin by mob law, an' puttin th' biggest foo in for a leeader. Th' state of a skoo at th' barrin-eaut time.

ANCESTOR. *A feyther.* If he's no better than he should be th' childer liven i' fear on him. If he's too good with 'em they co'en him "th' owd buffer," an' wondern heaw soon he'll "peg eaut."

ANCHOR. Teein yo'rsel fast to a good wife after yo'n bin rovin abeaut th' wold for a year or two an' leeavin th' best o' yo'r time beheend yo'.

ANECDOTE. A dull sort of a tale, tow'd three or four times o'er before it's finished.

ANGEL. A nice thing to have i'th' heause—wings no object. A person ut very seldom comes a seein yo'. Not expected to be fund among yo'r relations, except it be yo'r mother-in-law. A wench afore hoo's wed.

ANGER. Flyin up in a tanthrum becose yo' dunno' find a supper i'th' oon, an' yo' con see yo'r wife has bin havin summat nice. A feelin we'n most *on* us felt, sometimes witheaut cause.

ANGLE-ROD. A long, slender stick, wi' a line at one end, an' sometimes a foo at th' tother. It's supposed to be used for catchin fish with; but mony a time it's an excuse for idlin time away.

ANIMAL. *A living creature.* When it's a four-legged un there's some chance *on* it leeadin a sober an' honest life. But when it's nobbut *two* legs, it requires o th' prisons an' o th' police i'th' country for t' keep it straight.

ANIMOSITY. Th' feelin we han to'ards one another when we'n had what's co'ed to be a very partikilar religious trainin. "A new commandment I give unto you—That ye love one another." "Neaw, chaps, goo at it, an' bite one another's ears off. Church militant again!"

ANNEXATION. Another name for thievin. Delvin a twin fence up, an' puttin yo'r neighbour's garden to yo'r own, on th' purtence ut he's not able to look after it gradely.

ANNOYANCE. Havin th' bums for someb'dy elze's rent. Cat music at midneet. A dog i' yo'r neighbour's cellar. A box organ at yo'r dur, an' two moore waitin for their turns. Two bluebottles buzzin i'th' window, an' a wasp lickin its legs on th' table. Itchin wheree yo' canno' scrat. A hummin flee makkin a circus o' yo'r nose on a swelterrin day. Seein another chap wi' yo'r sweetheart, an' watchin 'em goo eaut o'th' seet.

ANNUAL. A book we send eaut every Kesmas, wi' th' best tales ever written in it. "Potter up" yo'r sixpence when it's eaut.

ANOMALY. Sowin mustart seed, an' seein cress come up. To a hen it's an anomaly when hoo's sit a hatch o' eggs an' finds her *chickens* are web-footed an' takken to th' wayter.



APPENDAGE.

ANTIC. Standin o' yo'r yead, while th' wife pike's th' brass up, as it drops eaut o' yo'r pockets.

ANXIETY. Wonderin if that chap yo'n lent ten shillin to 'll turn up when he's promised to do; or if yo'n put th' wrong dye on yo'r beart, an' it may turn eaut to be green; or whether yo'n sent yo'r wife's letter to that young woman yo' met at Blackpool, an' th' young woman's letter to yo'r wife.

APE. *A kind of monkey. To imitate.* Lots o' lads neaw-a-days trien to look like monkeys, an' act like em, too. It wur used to be th' tother way abeaut—monkeys tried to imitate men. Han skoo boards changed matters?

APIARY. *A bee farm.* A colony inhabited by hundreds o' winged Zulus, ut feighten wi' their backs to'ard th' enemy. If yo'n any deauts abeat that, put yo'r yead i' one o' their "kraals," an' yo'n ha' to wear a hat-box, i'stead of a hat, for a day or two.

APOLOGY. Knockin a chap deawn, an' then beggin his pardon, as if yo' hadno' done it o' purpose.

APPENDAGE. *Something added to another.* Puttin Esq. to yo'r name, an' then fotchin a hundred o' coals. A dog's tail wi' a dog at one end, an' a tin can at th' tother. That somethin yo' seen floppin an' wabblin at th' heels of a young woman; an' ut's sometimes mistakken for part of her dress.

APPETITE. *A natural desire for good.* Ay, an' bad too. "He's a stomach for owt," owd Mally Raynor said, when their Bill had etten th' sowe ut wur made for "deetin" her warp with. "He's thrown me a day wi' my wayvin; for if I mak some fresh neaw, it'll no' be fit for t' use till t' morn; th' pousement!" An Englishman never thinks he's an appetite unless he con ate twice as mich as anybody elze. Some folk thinken atin's what he lives for.

APPLE. Anybody knows what this is. I think we known too mich abeaut it, for it's caused a deecal o' bother i'th' wo'ld. Ever sin owd Eve made a job of hersel, an' us, too, there's bin moore thievin than ever wur fund eaut. Show a lad a tree wi' some nice yallow-greens on, then examine his breeches knees when he comes whoam at neet. If they're whul, yo' may know he's resisted temptation; but if they're a bit frayed, yo' may raich th' strap deawn. Owd Eve has prevailed.

APPLICATION. Usin th' strap mentioned under th' last word; an' layin on heavily.

APPRAISE. *To set a price upon anything.* Women are sometimes appraised; speshly when they're young, an' single, an' pratty, an' a bit o' brass at th' end o' ther apporn string. Her feyther puts a price on her then. Th' same wi' a bloomin widow, when hoo's gotten o ut hoo wed her husbant for; but wi' this difference, hoo fixes her own price.

APPREHENSIVE. *Quick to understand. Fearful.* Feelin as if ther summat comin o'er yo' or to yo'. A mon's a bit apprehensive when he conno' ackeaunt for wheere he wur or what he're dooin th' neet afore; an' someb'dy gies him a dark hint.

APPROPRIATION. Another name for thievin, but not used as sich. I'stead o' *stalin* a thing, it's takkin it as one's own, that's th' difference.

APPROVER. One ut's bin in wi' others at a dirty job, an' for t' save his own neck turns reaund on his mates an' splits. It's generally thowt that he's aulus th' wo'st o'th' gang. I think th' word's misused i' this case; but it isno' th' only one lawyers misusen.

AQUEOUS. *Watery.* Milk when it's bin baptised. Gin ditto. Yo'r bed, if yo' gotten covered up wi' a sae blanket.

ARBITRATION. Gettin someb'dy to agree for yo' when yo' conno' agree for yor'sels. Then it's never done to th' satisfaction o' booath parties. It would cost less brass to feight it eaut.

ARCHBISHOP. Th' yead shepherd o'er o' shepherds, but not one ut sits on a rail playin a whistle. It's thowt by some that he looks moore after th' *fleece* than he does his flock.

ARDENT. *Hot, fiery.* A lad's *ardent* when he'll stond under a chamber window while his sweetheart's mother empties pitcherful after pitcherful o' cowl wayter on him, an' keeps whistlin for their Sarah to come eaut.

ARGUMENT. *The subject of any discourse.* A bit o' quiet talk abeaut politics or religion, begun comfotably an' wi' good temper,



o'er pipes an' whisky, but finishin up wi' th' table bein knocked o'er, an' two yeads i'th' hesshole.

ARIGHT. *Rightly*. What nobody does, but taks credit for dooin. Summat impossible for a mon to do if other folk mun be th' judges.

ARISTOCRAT. A useless hanger-on o' society. A gilded pauper, livin o' what his great-gronfeyther has stown off somebody elze. One ut looks deawn on folk ut are a great deel *nobler* than hissel. Sometimes a moneyed foo.

ARM. A limb, dividin th' fist fro' th' shooter. In another sense, a thing ut does more *harm* than good. What we kill one another with, for t' save doctors' fees. In a Christian's honds it's a scourge for the wicked, an' th' use on't justified by religion. I'th' honds of a savage it's an instrument for butchery.

ARROGANT. *Haughty, proud*. Generally applied to thoosie ut han nowt to be preaud *on*. If a mon thinks summat of hissel, an nob'dy elze is of his way o' thinkin, he's arrogant. We may simply co him a whitewesht monkey.

ART. Summat at nob'dy understands, if we are to believe o ut everybody says. It's abeaut th' fust word ut comes eaut of a mon's meauth when he's begun o' thinkin he knows summat. It's a hobby that mony a bore rides.

ARTIFICE. *Trick, fraud*. Summat that's ruin owd England. We'n bin so used to dooin as we liken wi' forrin folk that it's made us think we con keep on dooin so; an' neaw they winno stond it any longer, we're yeawlin eaut that we're bein illused. We may sell cotton for silk, an' china clay for cotton, an' buyers mun tak it witheaut grumblin. It wur reet enough before we'rn fund eaut; but neaw forriners are gettin to be as wakken as we are, it's Lord help us! John Bull's a great soft cauve,—reet when he's hommerin a little lad, an' takkin his marbles; but when he gets catcht at a dirty trick, he goes blubberin whoam, an' tells his mother Billy So-an'-so winno' let him put saut on his buttercake.

ASININE. A tendency to lettin one's ears groo till they gotten to be th' proper length for a jackass. Havin th' supposed habits of a donkey, but a libel on th' brute, ut's moore sense, if he'd sense t' use it, than his two-legged brother.

ASSASSIN. *A murderer.* A mon that kills another, an' gets hung for it. Not applied to one ut causes theausants to be killed. He's a hayro; an' th' King or Queen hangs a star on his breast.

ASSERT. *To proclaim.* To tell th' wife yo'n stond noane of her domineerin any longer. That yo' meean havin yo'r unwhisperables back afore hoo's worn 'em done. To claim yo'r reets as a mon.

ASSIGNATION. Makkin it up wi' a young woman for t' meet her somewhere. It's *resignation* when hoo doesno' turn up.

ASSURANCE. *Want of modesty.* Tryin t' look like a lord, when his mother's nobbut gan him tuppence for t' goo eaut with.

ASTRAY. Gettin off th' reet road whoam when we'n bin at th' owd Bell too long, an' findin caursels wadin among bulrushes, an' sheautin for a candle.

ASYLUM. A place for reet folk to be made mad in, an' mad folk made madder. A fit place for a mon ut conno' have o he wants.

ATHEIST. A mon ut doesno' believe as another believes.

ATHIRST. *In want of drink.* As some chaps are th' day after a spree; speshly when they're so put to it they go'en abeaut axin for tuppence to "save life."

ATTEMPT. To try to do summat yo' conno' manage. Every foo has bin guilty o' that trick; an' there's mony a lot moore waitin for their turn.

ATTORNEY. A mon ut charges yo' six-an'-eightpence for givin advice, or tellin yo' no moore than yo' knew before, an' o becose th' law doesno' alleaw yo' to think an' act for yo'rsels.

AUNT; OR "AINT." *Father or mother's sister.*

"Who smacks my arm, to make me cry;
Then kisses me, my tears to dry;
And says—'Th' owd boggart's comin by'?"
MY AUNT."

B.

BABBLER. *A teller of secrets.* Very oft a teller o' lies. Th' wo'ld's full on 'em; an' I dunno' think one fowt's any better than another. Eaur fowt has bin very bizzy for some days abeaut me. Jack o' Flunter's had bin sayin th' tother week at th' owd Bell ut he believed I're gooin t' goo off with a mon's wife. Whispers went reaund th' fowt like leetenin, an' I're watched so closely that it made me wonder what wur up. Some said—I're towd at after—they didno' believe it. But others said they thowt summat would come eaut sometime. "Civil soos aten o' th' draff," they said. When I took th' owd rib to Blackpool th' cat jumped eaut o'th' bag, an' Jack geet his ears warmed. Th' neighbours axt him heaw he could think o' settin sich a scandil eaut abeaut me. "Isno' he gone away wi' their Sarah?" he said, "an' isno' hoo a mon's wife. I didno' say *another* mon's."

BABY, or BABBY. Th' nicest thing i' creation, if we mun believe a mother. An' every mother has th' nicest.

BACCHANALIAN. *One who engages in drunken revels.* But it means a stage or two above fourpenny. Yo' mun looad yo'r cargo eaut



o' bottles, or elze yo'r nobbut a sot. Yo' may get sweelin drunken wi' wine, an' folk 'll say yo'r nobbut "elevated," or ut yo'n "dined." But damp yo'rsel wi' what owd Joe o' Dick's co'es "barrel-tears," an' go singin whoam, an' th' neighbours 'll say, "Yon's yon drunken leatheryead again talkin to hissel."

BACHELOR. A mon ut's too fause to get wed when he's young; an' ut no woman 'll have when he's owd. One ut wonders what he's lived for when he comes to turn up his toes, an' has to leeave his brass to strangers—if he has any to leeave.

BADGER. *A corn dealer.* A seller o' porritch stuff, an' ut provids for a bakin day. One ut gets to know a bit o' summat when bad times are abeaut. Some of his customers han to tell him o sorts o' tales for t' get another figure in his book; an' when they con go no furr, they go'en somewheere elze wi' their ready brass. A badger's generally in a hurry to raise th' price of his stuff when th' market's risin; but very slow to drop it when things are gooin deawn.

BAGGAGE. *A worthless woman.* One ut conno' afford to send her childer to th' skoo; but con mannage to raise three or four noggins o' gin a day.

BAIT. *To set food as a lure.* Moeestly to catch fish. But there's other sorts o' baits set to catch men an' women; heauses wi' showy fronts, an' sich like. A woman's surest bait for catchin a mon is a grand bonnet; an' a sly peep or two eaut o'th' corners of her een. Sometimes it taks a good bankin-book for t' lond him.

BALK. *To disappoint.* Fastenin a bant to yo'r gronfeyther's cheear-leg, an' draggin it fro' under him when he's sittin deawn. It generally maks him *bawk* out, an' say feaw words.

BALM. *The name of a plant.* I' bad owd times *baum* tae wur better known than it is neaw. Eaur folk used to say it wur th' best thing childer could drink for makken 'em into big uns. But that wur when they couldno' raise gradely tae.

BAMBOOZLE. *To deceive.* We get bamboozled when a mon says if we'n send him a shillin's wo'th o' stamps he'll tell us heaw to mak three peaund a week; an' when he's gotten howd o'th' stamps sends us some owd maxims; an' says if we'n live by 'em it'll be as good as three peaund a week to us.

BANK.—A place ut I've aulus had my back to'ard. I could just like t' see th' inside o' one for once.

BANKRUPT. Sometimes a mon ut's bin lookin after *number one* o th' days of his life; an' when he's made hissels reet, he breaks, for t' mak folk believe he's poor, an' nowt to pay with. But when he gets off wi' abeaut sixpence i'th' peaud, he puts his thumb to his nose, an' shows th' wo'ld "bacon."



BAR. A place ut conno' be visited witheaut a bit o' danger, whether it be an aleheause bar, or a bar o' justice.

BARD. *A poet.* What every foo tries to be, an' thinks he is, if he can put two lines o' rhyme t'gether.

BAREFACED. A mon coming int' y'r heause, and helpin hissels to what there is witheaut bein axt. Borrowin a wheelbarrow off yo', an' breakin th' trindle; then gettin it fettled, an' chargin yo' for it.

BAROMETER. *A weatherglass.* Supposed to tell what sort o' weather it's gooin to be; but misses it feawly sometimes. An owd farmer had one hung i'th' kitchen, ut kept pointin to "fair," when it wur rainin cats an' dogs, till one time he took it to th' dur, an' said—"I'll ha' noane o' thy lies no longer. Ift' conno' believe me, look for thysel."

BARREL. A sort of a tub for howdin ale; an' ut a deel o' folk praichen again, when at th' same time it would be a harmless thing if ther no bunghole in it.

BARRISTER. A chap ut'll talk any road for brass; an' mak yo' believe black's white, an' white's no colour.

BASHFUL. Bein ut yo' conno' face anybody when yo'n gotten yo'r sweetheart wi' yo'. Bein so ut yo' conno' look at a wench i'th' face when yo're i' love wi' her. Bein so ut yo' conno' use yo'r knife an' fork when someb'dy's watchin. Leeavin yo'r cooat lap in a young woman's hont when hoo's caught yo' under th' kissin-bush.

BASIN. A useful thing when there's summat to put in it that's thicker than wayter; but a sign o' bad times if yo' con see th' bottom on't when yo're beginnin o' yo'r porritch.

BASSOON. *A musical instrument.* Sometimes co'ed a "hoss-leg." Bill at Matthew's had one when he're a bit younger ut he played i'th' Frog Lone Band. One neet when he took it eaut o'th' corner, for t' practice a bit, he couldno' blow a seaund eaut on't; an' he strained hissel wi' blowin till his cheeks wur like two tuppenny loaves, but nowt could he get eaut on't above a whisper. At last he turned it th' wrong end up, an' th' fire-potter tumbled eaut. One o'th' childer had put it in.

BATTLE. A game ut con be played i' different ways. If two foos are pummellin one another wi' their fists there's no' mich danger of a hole bein made through their soul-cases. But if a theausant or two go'en at one another wi' bullets an' baginets, there's generally a bit o' mischief done ut conno' be repaired. Th' reet side doesno' aulus win.

BAWBLE. *A trifling piece of finery.* Summat that any foo con wear; an' less brains he has, an' moore he'll put on. That ackeaunts for women being so fond o' finery. Summat we trien to civilise savages with, by gotten at 'em through their vanity. That shows what we are eaurselfs.

BEAK. *The bill of a bird.* But sometimes applied to a mon's weatherpeg, when it's big enough for t' keep one side of his face dry in a sheawer.

BEARD. A thing's ut's o' moore importance to some folk than brains, speshly when it saves dicky weshin.

BEAST. What a mon maks hissel into moore than any other animal, yet he coes hissel next to an angel.

BEAUTY. A dangerous quality in a woman, if hoo knows hoo has it. Not o' mich valley when ther's nowt elze with it.

BEAUTY-SPOT. A dab o' soot on eaur Sal's face when hoo's makkin th' porritch.

BEDLAM. A tapreaum after a dograce or a wrostlin match.

BEDPOST. A thing to run again when yo'r gropin yo'r road i'th' dark. Owd Johnny Wusnup said, when he ran again theirs, after feelin for it, it wur th' fust time ever he knew ut his nose wur longer than his arms.

BEE. A thing ut's no moore sense than work for t' find us honey for t' ate an' wax for t' rub cheears with. If wur never known for t' invent machinery so ut it could save wark.



BAWBLE.

BEEF. I've no 'casion t' explain to a Lancashire chap what that word meeans. Some say'n it's th' *flesh o' black cattle*, but I think there's a good deel on't red an' white. Rare stuff for makkin's one's skin shoine an' yure lie deawn. Good, too, for wynt an' muscle. When eaur Joe wur i' training for a race, eaur tother lads gan him their share every other dinner-time; an' he won like owd boots. He said he wouldno' mind runnin a race every week, if it wur nobbut for th' sake o'th' trainin.

BEG. *To live upon alms.* It's a word that's a wider meeanin than that. We say'n *beg* when we wanten someb'dy for t' tak no notice o' what we'n said. When we shoppen a new pa'son, th' fust question we putten to him is, "Con yo' beg?" If he says, "Ay, like a heause afire," we o'erlooken a lot o' other things. Fifty year sin a mon or woman would clem afore they'd beg. When "Owd Blackberry" wife began a-gooin fro' dur to dur, o Hazelwo'th wur shocked. But neaw it's nowt thowt at. It's beg, beg, beg, at every turn. Everybody's showin their hat-linin, oather for one thing or another.

BEGIN. What we're aulus gooin to do, when summat good is to be th' end on't. There's a lot moore beginnin than finishin i' that case.

BEHAVIOUR. What we see little *on* neaw-a-days, unless it's bad. I think sometimes we'n gotten howd o'th' wrong end o'th' bant, an' are pooin th' wrong road; for young folk are gettin past controwl. Rich an' poor, lads an' wenches, they're o alike, as auvish as they can be. That's th' fruits o'th' ash-plant an' th' strap gooin eaut o' fashin.

BEHIND. *Behend.* Wheree I've aulus bin i'th' race for life. Wheree everybody will be ut's any scruples. Butterin one's conscience is o th' go neaw.

BEHOLDEN. *Bound in gratitude.* What nobody likes bein. "When art' bringin that cupful o' mayle back, ut I lent thee?" Billy Softly wife said to Red Peggy, when they'rn havin a word or two i'th' fowt. Peg dashed into th' heause; an' in another minit coome witherin eaut, wi' a cupful o' mayle in her hont. "Here," hoo said to Billy wife, "gi'e me th' empty cup back." Then clippin her arms up, hoo said—"Neaw there's nob'dy i' this wo'ld ut I'm *behowden* to."

BELIEF.—What there's moore rows abeaut than owt elze, unless it be women. Tackle a mon's *belief*, an' he'll put his fist i' yo'r face, as if that could prove that he's reet. If he're gooin straight to th' top shop, an' someb'dy sheauted after him ut he're gooin th' wrong road, he'd turn back for t' have a welt at him.

BELL. Th' "Owd Bell." A place wheree every neet they trien to put th' wo'ld straight, an' gotten doubled up thirsels afore they'n finished their wark. It's a Bell ut con never be *rung*; but

I've yerd it *ring* mony a time wi' song an' sheaut, an' a good hearty yawp.

BELLOWS. *Ballis.* Summat that's used for moore things than blowin th' fire. Sometimes they're used for settin a shopscore on; an' for a wife to fling at th' husbant's yead. I never knew a lad yet but could like to ha' cut th' ballis oppen, ut he could see wheree th' wynt coome fro'.

BENEDICTION. *Blessing.* O ut my uncle Bill gan me, when he shut up his books, beside an I.O.U. for a shillin I lent him one neet at th' owd Bell, an' ut he said he'd pay me back th' fust time he met i'th' tother—well, who knows wheree?

BENEFACITOR. A mon ut maks two blades o' grais groo i'th' place o' one, an' charges nowt for it. He'd be a double benefactor if he could mak some good weather for makkin it int' hay an' heausin it.

BENEVOLENCE. *Kindness, charity.* A thing ut's very much abused, when it's real. But there's a good deal o' Brummageam knockin abeaut. It's co'ed benevolence givin brass for t' build a church or a chapel, when at th' same time th' mon ut's gan it has done so for t' buy a front seeat ticket for th' top shop. Sometimes he gets St. put to his name; an' then he's sure o' bein nicely londed.

BEQUEATH. *To leave by will to another.* Sometimes th' last word a mon maks use *on* before he begins o' gooin cowl. If he's keen o' brass, th' word 'll help to choke him.

BESOM. *A thing to sweep with.* Sometimes it's applied to a woman with a writhen temper:

"Theau cankert owd *besom*, I cannot endure
Any longer a temper like thine is, I'm sure.
Threedywell, threedywell, dan-der-dil-doe."

BESPATTER. To throw dirt at one another, oather wi' honds or tongues. Th' latter is th' dirtiest way.

BET. *To wager.* A foo's argyment. Sometimes *to bet* means gettin sowd up after it; an' th' wife an' childer turned adrift. Bettin helps drinkin to ruin this country.

BETRAY. Gooin a-tellen th' wife I'm at the owd Bell, when hoo thinks I'm gettin nettles for th' Sunday broth.

BEWILDERED. *Being puzzled.* Wonderin heaw it is ut th' sun's risin i'th' west, when yo'n been asleep, an' thinken it's mornin. Wonderin heaw it is yo' keep passin sich and sich heauses when yo'r gooin away from whoam, an' thinken yo'r goon to'ard it.

BEWITCH. *To charm; to please.* I think everyone's bin bewitched in his time, oather wi' a pair o' een or a pair o' legs. I know I've bin so mony a time when I're a yunker. If I'd met her ut's neaw th' owd rib anywheere, an' hoo'd gan me a peep fro' under her bonnet, it 'ud ha' made me feel as if I're being shaken up in a bag o' marbles.

BIBULOUS. Havin th' quality o' raisin one's pecker an' one's little finger at th' same time. It applies to teetotalers as weel as ncese-painters.

BIGAMY. *Having two wives at once.* An' sarve him reet, too, for havin no moore sense, as if one at a time wurno enough, an' sometimes dampertly too mich. It's weel enough i' countries wheere women han to work while th' men sitten cross-legged on a couch-cheer o their time, smookin. I wonder heaw it would act in a certain heause i' Walmsley Fowt. It wouldno' last lung if they'rn weel matched. In abeaut ten minits there'd be nowt to be seen nobbut a lot o' rags, a scitterin o' teeth, an a barrowful o' yure.

BIGOT. A mon ut con nobbut see one way, an' would punce anybody ut looked another. I never meet wi' one but I think he should be stondin at th' end o' owd Thuston's barn, sheautin like a madman, an' talkin abeaut a "howlin wilderness." I shall ha' summat moore to say abeaut him when I come to **FANATIC**.

BILIOUS. Havin a fire somewhere abeaut yo'r pluck, an' summat workin i' yo'r throat like a corkscrew.

BILL. An unwelcome bit o' papper. Summat that nob'dy cares to see, nobbut when he's puttin a Queen's yead on it.

BIND. To tee two foos t'gether wi' a ring.

BIOGRAPHER. A mon ut tells folk moore than yo' known abeaut yo'rsel. He oather daubs it on, or cuts yo' up, just as th' wynt blows. If yo' happen to be good in his books, he flings traycle abeaut like a wesherwoman does suds. If he's owt again yo', he lets yo' have it warm; an' says what a pity yo' ha' no' led a better

life. When a wife writes th' *biography* of her husband, dunno' believe a word on't, It's sure to have a false colourin.

BIPED. *An animal with two feet.* Owd Peg-leg is a *biped*, tho' he's nobbut one foot. I think he ow't to be coed a *monoped*. It isno' necessary one should have a foot for a timber toe.

BIRD. Should be spelt *brid*. Generally understood to be a thing ut's fithert, sich as a sparrow, or a pigeon. But sometimes it's applied to a mon, or a woman, ut we'n a bit of a likin for. Then we sayn "Owd brid!"

BIRDLIME. Sticky stuff for t' catch brids with. If owd Silver-yead's reet it's used for other purposes than catchin brids. He said, when Betty o' Bunker's catcht Joe Smith, "hoo must ha' *limed* her twigs weel for t' ha' caged him."

BIRTHDAY. A time we sometimes wishen never had bin. But that's when things are gooin wrong; or th' wo'ld looks dark. A woman seems inclined to wish that when hoo says to th' husband—"I wish I'd ne'er bin born; I shouldno' ha' known thee then." It's a day ut childer expecten summat gan 'em every time it comes reound.

BITTERS. Summat that's weel mixed up wi' th' sweets o' life. But there's pleasant bitters as weel as those ut makken one grin. A drop or two mixed wi' tincture o' tirpytine are reckoned to be good for puttin one i' atin fettle when th' stomach is a bit sulky. Some sorts o' bitters are favourite drinks wi' those ut liken stonidin at a bar in a mornin, soakin a nip o' bread an' cheese; or a spoonful o' stewed jimmy. These go deawn nicer when there's a pratty pumper.

BIVALVE. A shell wi' two durs, as an oyster; but so planned that a fish conno' get eaut o' one dur witheaut opennin th' tother. So that it would be awkart for it to mak a moonleet flittin.

BLACK. A colour ut's very mich used, an' for very mony things. It's used for mournin o'er those ut we'n lost; an' sometimes for sham frettin o'er those ut con weel be spared. We usen it for paintin characters, when we want 'em to look ugly; for shoon, when we want 'em to look nice. A pair o' black e'en are pratty when they're natural, but when made wi' a fist are as feaw as ow't con be. Verily, *black*, theau'rt a convartible colour.

BLACKPUDDING. *A kind of food made of blood and grain.* That isno' a broad enough explanation. There should be lumps o' fat, abeaut one to th' inch, an' a stuffin made o' five sorts o' yarbs, besides sweet marjoram. It used to be co'ed a dainty sort of a supper for winter time, when folks' appetites wurno' too preaud for common livin, but could be satisfied wi' summat less than turtle and gilded pop; an' two-legged forks wur th' only sort we knew. A sope o' gradely brewis helps a blackpuddin deawn wonderfully.



BITTERS.

BLACKBERRY. A sort o' fruit ut's gotten very scarce. It conno' be groon on wire fences, nor wheere farms are too big. It used to be a great thing gooin a blackberryin, when ther any to be gotten; an' farmers wurno' so very sore. Neaw we con find noather th' blackberry nor th' farmers. They're gooin, like many other things, eaut o' fashin. We shall ha' nowt in a year or two nobbut markets an' cricket greaunds, wi' lones for big dogs i'stead o' little childer, an' fences made o' owd coal-pit ropes.

BLAMELESS. *Guiltless: innocent.* Bein that ut noather mon nor woman con be, if they'n any acquaintances. Moore folk ut

known yo' an' moore yo'n be blamed; even if yo' dun nowt wring, nor neglecten to do owt reet. We'd sooner whiten a black character than let a white un go free fro' blackin. Heaw oft dun we yer it said—"Well, he's to blame as weel as her? He *must* ha' done summat wrung for t' ha' driven her to it."

BLANDISH. *To smooth a thing over.* Makkin it seem to yo'r wife yo'n bin dooin summat very grand, an' ut yo'n be pleasantly remembered for, when at th' same time yo'n bin at some place wheree yo' wouldno' ha' liked t' ha' been catched, if hoo'd had a rowlin-pin in her hont; or th' hond brush.

BLANK. A week-end wi' no wage. A lad's face when he's bin tow'd he mun ha' no supper. A bigger lad's face when he sees another walkin off wi' his sweetheart. A woman's face when hoo's tow'd th' shopbook's full.

BLANKET. A jumpin greaund for springlegged hunters. A cover for a mon's yead when there's summat bein said that he doesno' like yerrin.

BLASPHEMY. Sayin yo'r prayers th' wrung way abeaut. A thing that's moore practised than thowt abeaut. Makkin a bad use of a Great Name, an' sometimes when yo'd ha' folk to believe yo're dooin it eaut o' piety.

BLAZON. *To explain the figures used in heraldry.* I'll give yo' a sample. My cooat of arms is a shield, quartered wi' a bobbin



wheel; a shuttle; a quart pitcher; an' a pair o' clogs; wi' a broth pon for a crest. Motto—*Utile dulci*. The useful wi' the pleasant.

BLEAK. *Pale; cold; chill.* It's a *bleak* pictur', sittin on a rail, on a slope o' moorland, wi' nowt but yo'r shirt on, when snow's just scitterin th' greaund o'er; an' waitin till it's deep enough for t' slur deawn to th' bottom.

BLEED. *To let blood.* This word is used in another sense. It's *bleedin* a mon when he has to keep forkin brass caut of his pocket, an' he hardly knows what for. A wife's th' best at this sort o' bleedin. "Come, Ab, theau knows I've had no new bonnet for three or four yer; an' I think I've waited long enough for th' fashions to come reaund." Theree goes abeaut fifteen shillin. "An' my jacket's gettin quite grey." Another vein oppent. "I could just like to try a pair o' Dolly Varden shoon, wi' heels like a penny cotton bobbin. I think they'd become me. Theigher, that's better than takkin thy brass to th' owd Bell." Th' last drop!

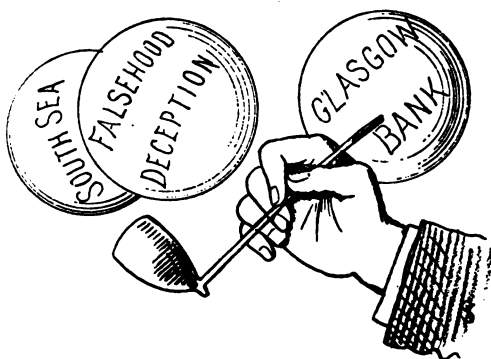
BLEST. *Happy.* It's bein in a *blest* state dreeamin abeaut havin th' toothwarch; or bein bitten wi' a mad dog; or bein sentenced to be hanged; an' findin it caut that it's nobbust a dreeam; an' recollectin yo'n everything ready for gooin to Blackpool i'th' mornin. Another state o' bein' blest is to have three or four cronies i'th' heause, wi' a lot o' new tales, an' some long pipes, &c., &c., while yo'r wife's lookin after a rich uncle, ut's not expected to last mony days. A lad's blest when he's abeaut nine-penn'orth o' copper in his pocket, an' nowt to do for th' day. A wench feels blest when someb'dy has towed her if they wur her they'd never wear long skirts, nor sleeves to their frocks, nor too mich coverin abeaut th' bottom o' their neck.

BLIND. *Blynt.* No' bein able to see a faut i' someb'dy that's spotted o'er wi' em. We con sometimes yer—"He's a soft, *blynt* foo. He thinks their Nan's an angel; an' hoo's at th' owd Bell window just neaw, moppin up her third glass o' gin, wi' a drop o' peppermint in it. Goodness neaws wheere hoo gets her brass fro'; but I reckon so long as he hasno' to find it, he doesno' care."

BLINK. *To wink.* But it's a sort of a wink that has no' a bad meeanin with it; but a quiet battin o'th' e'elid, sometimes th' fore-runner of a blush. Someb'dy has written—

"A *blink* of her e'e
Is worth more to me
Than the smile of a king or a countess;
And t' approach but the tip
Of her cherry-hued lip
Is a taste of the world's primest bounties."

BLOBBER. *A bubble.* I've seen mony a one ut's looked like sollit silver; but when I've blown at it it's gone to nowt. Ther a good deal o' *blobbers* i'th' wold ut areno' made wi' soop an' wayter



blown eaut of a lung pipe. These are dangerous blobbers, for there's no knowin heaw soon they may brast an' leeave nowt beheend. Watty o' Jack's, when he co'ed for his ale, used to say, "Mary, let it ha' blobbers on."

BLOCKHEAD. *A stupid fellow.* One ut yo' con droive nowt into, if yo' usen a gimlet an' a hommer. I wonder why it doesno' apply to a woman? as some *on* 'em are th' stupidest animals i' creation. Try to taich one heaw to set a table eaut, an' if hoo doesno' goo as far contrary to yo'r teachin, it'll be becose hoo'll ha' brokken th' plates on yo'r yead for t' see whether its seaund or not for a start. Yo'd better talk to a stump than one o' these, becose it would be less dangerous.

BLOODSUCKER. A mon ut lends yo' *five* peound for a week, an' if yo' dunno' stump up *seven* for it within a day's time, sends yo' th' flaggers.

BLOSSOM. A fleawer. On some plants it's very short-lived, but when it's on a chap's nose it flourishes till th' plant withers.

BLOWZY. The state of a mon's face when he's been lyin on his back i'th' sun till he con hardly see, an' wonders if his skin has cracks in it.

BLUEBOTTLE. A flee ut likes tamperin wi' yo'r Sunday dinner when th' day's wot. If yo' try to kill it yo' may ha' summat to pay for breakage. Eaur Sal doesno' know to this day but it wur a hen flyin abeaut th' heause ut broke her favourite fleawerpot, when it wur—Well, let her find it out heaw it wur done.

BOARD. A lot o' chaps nob'dy cares to go before. I' some cases they're put to freeten women and childer. I' others for t' just keep folk eaut o'th' greaund, becose buryin would cost moore than keepin 'em alive.

BOARDER. One ut lives on thin diet, so that his londlady and her mother con live eaut of him.

BOBBIN. A peg-shaped piece o' wood, wi' a hole through. Made for t' wind silk or cotton on; but moostly used for throwin at th' winder's yeard, if my expariance is owt to go by.

BODY. A soul-case. A thing we looken moore carefully after than th' soul, tho' we reckon it to be wo'th nowt. It isno' th' only thing we're hypocrites in.

BOHEA. *A species of tea.* Sometimes flavoured wi' "jacky," speshly at merry-meals an' kessunins.

BONNET. A thing that's never th' reet size, nor th' reet shape. Sometimes made th' size of a coal-box, an' at others of abeaut three straws. It aulus costs th' same, no matter what size.

BOOTS. Shoon wi' sleeves to 'em. Generally worn for t' set off a poor leg; or to lift someb'dy on th' road.

BORROW. *To get on credit.* A thing ut's never pleasant to do till a mon's face has gan o'er changin colour. That's after he's forgotten to pay back a time or two. Borrowin wi' some folk meean takkin things as their own.

BOWL. *A round mass of wood.* A thing that knows every word that's said to it, when it's tow'd to do as we want it; an' con

be steered in any direction by writhin one's body, an' slappin one's honds.

BOWLING-GREEN. A place made for healthy recreation; but generally laid eaut for cozy fuddlin.

Box. Having one's yead knocked croot by a blow on one ear; an' set straight by a blow on th' tother.

Boy. Th' happiest bein i' creation. Th' cause o' mony an orchard mystery, an' th' scarcity o' eggs. An instrument to be played sometimes wi' a stick; an' ut gives eaut music sharp an' clear. A wonderful makker-up o' thin lies when th' comfort of his skin is at stake. A little scamp ut never could do wrong for his mother, nobbut when he gets her at loggeryeads wi' his feyther. Then he catches it double.

BRASS. A thing ut's generally scarce wi' me, an' ut nobody has ever enough on. Folk 'll do for brass what they'n do for nowt elze. It's moore peawerful than love; an' 'll soften deawn hate sooner than owt elze. Maks men hypocrites an' dissemblers. "Would theau like me as weel, Joe, if I had no brass?" "Like thee, Betty! I can get brass by workin for it; but I mit strive for ever to get *love* by workin for it; an' it would be like rootin for gowd in a bed o' sond." "Then theau's a chance, for I've lost every penny I had in a loan society." "It's gone a deecal cooler than it wur. I think I'll goo whoam. Good neet!"

BRAT. *A child.* A thing to mak a foo on, by givin it o it wants within raich, an' promisin it th' moon, "When Kitty comes deawn an' plays wi' th' childer." A plaything for young women ut wanten to be mothers.

BREECH. That part o'th' body ut gets mooest whacks.

BREW. What used to be a great institution before wives forgeet heaw. There used to be hardly a fowt but what wur scittert o'er wi' spent hops, speshly at a wakes time. "Win yo' lend my mother yo'r strodde-leg while hoo brews?" Neaw there's nowt o'th' sort, but a deecal moore drunkenness.

BRIDE. A wench ut gets spoilt th' fust day o' her wedded life by trying to dress her like an angel, an' makin her believe hoo'll never ha' to work again. Hoo's o' sorts o' presents sent her by folk ut expecten summat back, when they're i'th' same luck theirsels. Hoo generally drops into her clogs again, an' gie

up th' notion o' ever havin wings, after hoo's had th' fust black e'e.

BRIDEGROOM. The softest leatheryead, for a time, ut con be fund eautside a madheause. Walks upo' sunshoine the fust week o' weddin; th' second week, wonders what he's bin wed for; th' third week, sulks; an' th' fourth week his mother-in-law has to be sent for. "It's a nasty shawm for thee t' ill-use eaur Mary Jane as theau has done; an' i'th' state ut hoo's in, too. If I'd thowt it could ever ha' come to this, theau'd never ha' had to cross eaur dürstep. Come to thy owd whoam, my lass; and stop there till he knows his duty to thee. Yah, theau brute! But what could be expected fro' such a breed as thine?"

C.

CAB. A box runnin on two or four wheels. It wur formerly used for carryin folk abeaut at wur a bit crippled i' their walk. It's moolesty used neaw for screenin gentlemen when they'n lost th' guiders o' their legs, through havin too mich wine, or for young swells to show off in, when they'n a shillin above what they han to give to their mothers. Abeaut August it maks a harvest eaut o' carryin women's boxes, when they'n persuaded their husbands they conno' live o winter if they dunno' goo a-sittin upo' Blackpool pier every neet for a fortnit, hearkenin to th' band. A *cab's* generally driven by an angel i' disguise.

CABBAGE. "Fentin" everythin ut goes through yo'r honds. Makkin *two* pair o' unwhisperables eaut o' cloth ut wur intended for nobbut *one*, an' makkin' th' finder o'th' cloth believe he's groon abeaut three stone sin' he're messurt. A londlady knows heaw to *fent* a dinner, or a sugar-pot, or a tae-caddy. One ut's i' good practice knows heaw to do it witheaut bein fund eaut, or if hoo's suspected, lay it on th' cat. This causes a great deal of pussycides.

CACKLE. *The voice of a goose or a fowl.* Ay, an' summat beside. Some "owd brids" con be yerd cacklin sometimes. Goo whoam witheaut wage, or wi' a cooat-sleeve torn off, or wi' a

little white scented pocket-napkin i'th' place o' yo'r bit o' printed calico, an' wi' two different ackeaunts o' where yo'n bin, an' if th' owd hen doesno' cackle it'll be becose hoo's just takken a pill an' it's stuck fast in her throat. But yo may depend on it hoo'll be i' full crow i'th' mornin.

CADGER. *A huckster*; but moore commonly used to meean a beggar, or that class o' beggars ut con send a cowl chill through yo'r body, by a way they han o' tappin yo' on th' shooother, an' remindin' yo' ut yo'n known 'em i' better days. "An odd sixpence, just for a bite o' summat; or an old waistcoat, or an old pair o' boots, would be a godsend. Can't you? Well, the price o' twopenn'oth?" "No." "This is an unfeelin world; an' th' sooner I take my bloomie hook out of it, the better. You'll hear o' someb'dy bein found in the Irwell to-morrow. I wouldn't have it on my conscience, if I was you, at no price, when a bloomie tanner would make us happy all round. 'One more unfortunate'—oh, thank you! Now for extravagance in penny loaves!"

CALCULATION. Reckonin figures, an' measurin distances. Seein a brid in a tree; an' wonderin if it isno' too nee for th' owd *blunder*.



bush, ut hits th' best at long range, becose th' shot has a chance o' spreedin eaut furr.

CALF. Spelt gradely, *cauve*. A suckin keaw. A lad ut runs to his mother, an' creeps at back *on* her, every time he hits another lad. One ut says he'll mak a hole i'th' wayter, or tighten a rope, if th' wench he thinks he likes says hoo wouldno' have him if his *ears* wur made o' sollit gowd.

CALM. That quietness ut follows a storm. That rest ut comes after th' last word has bin said, an' a gentle dozín off gives yo' security again another blow-up.

CANCEL. To do away wi' an' agreement. Joe o' Donty's said to Mary Jagger, when he'd met her wi' another chap, "Didno' we agree to ha' one another?" "Ay," Mary said; "but I've *cancelled* it." "Well, pay me back th' price o' those new gloves I bowt thee." "But I've cancelled that, too." "Well, then, I'll tell thee what, Mary; if theau're a mon I'd cancel thee wi' my fist, but I wouldno' wipe my clogs on thee neaw."

CANDID. Spakin as one thinks, an' sometimes sayin a bit moore. "Neaw, I'll be *candid* wi' thee, Joe, for theau knows I like bein straightforrard, an' theau's no 'casion t' be vext at what I say. I tell thee this as a warnin not to expect ut I'm gooin t' say black's white. Still, for o that, I'm no' goin t' hurt thy feelins by sayin owt ut's unfair to thee. But anybody ut's known thee as weel as I have ever sin' thy feyther gan o'er threshin thee, will agree wi' me that if he'd twisted thy tongue so as theau couldno' ha' tow'd above one lie at once this fowt wouldno' ha' smelt o' brimstone as mich as it does, an' theau'd ha' had less edgin to do. Neaw, then, that's bein candid wi' thee, witheaut tellin thee o' thy faults."

CANNIBAL. A mon ut has his dinner off another mon's ear, an' doesno' go to th' trouble o' cookin it.

CANNON. An iron argiment. A savage sort of a civiliser. A thing that never did any good, but millions upo' millions o' mischief. I reckon th' inventor on't is neaw singin "Glory be to the King of Peace," in company wi' theausands that his machine has sent to kingdom come; for th' King o' Peace is said to be aulus on th' side o' those ut kill th' mœest; an' that proves that war's a holy sanction. Blasphemy, if owt is!

CANONISE. *To declare anyone a saint.* A poor mon's no chance o' bein made one. If he's brass enoogh to build two churches, though he may be th' veriest wastrel in existence, it winno be long before e'en begin to be turned up at him, and "St." is put before his name. What matter if he has made th' cost o' *four* churches by killin souls, if he builds *two*?

CANT. A word ut's i' good company wi' th' two last. A dangerous sort o' poison to weak minds. Summat that's hard to guard again by strong minds; becose on it havin a holy appearance wi' it. If one mun meet th' d—l, let's have him tail an' o.

CANVASSER. A mon ut engages to go reound a neighbourhood a-tryin to get votes, or promises o' votes, for someb'dy ut's puttin up for a local-boarder, or a member o' Parlyment, or a pump-keeper. If he's paid for his job he generally does his wark i' some aleheause nook; an' marks thoose names off as promises that are th' leeast likely to vote. This gets him a good name among thoose ut engagen him.

CAPITAL. A thing that everybody's short *on*, tho' there must be a lot i'th' country. It's one o'th' moeest peaweful meean's o' shiftin folk fro' one job to another, an' fro' one place to another, ut can be fund. It'll start any sort o' machinery, fro' a factory to a hencote (limited); an' when it runs short, it'll bring abeaut a revolution. Billy Softly has invented a machine for catchin sun-shine, an' bottlin it; but for th' want o' capital he conno' bring it eaut. Some rich mon has offered to bring it eaut for him, if he'll show to his satisfaction ut th' thing is reet. But Billy's so feear't o'th' mon stalin his brains, that he'll show him nowt; so th' country's bein ruinated wi' dark, damp weather through it.

CAPTAIN. *A chief commander.* In a heause it's sometimes th' wife; then th' rule's generally noisy; an' as far as th' second i' command is concerned, rayther strict, an' uncomfortably watchful.

CARD. A bit o' pasteboard, wi' letters, or figures, or pictures printed on it. One sort are used for heathen worship i' railroad carriages. Another sort han names on; an' are moeestly handed to footmen at gentlemen's durs, for let 'em know there's someb'dy theree they dunno want.

CARE. Summat I've had a good deal *on* i' my time. It's what moeest Englishmen are subject to, tho' we sing "Merry,

merry England" sometimes as noisily as if we'd bin a happy lot. But it's generally when th' berm's risin i'th' yead, an' th' heart gets lifted up. When I think abeauf English weather, an' queer times, an' th' dismal seets an' holes we meeten wi' for everlastin, I conno' see wheere we'n any cause to wonder ut we're a drunken lot. When *care* clutches th' heart like a big ettercrop, we takken th' readiest, if not th' wisest, way o' weshin it off.



CARD.

CAREFUL. Mindin what yo're dooin wi' th' good yo' han i' yo'r keepin. Not spendin a penny wheere a haupenny would do. Slidin eaut of a company when it's yo'r turn to pay. Sweepin a lot o'th' fowt up when yo're gettin yo'r coals in. Lyin i' bed till dinnertime ov a Sunday, for t' save a meal. Buyin a dozen almenecks for ninepence, so ut they'n last y' a dozen years.

CARESS. A summat witheaut which life isno' wo'th livin for. It's nice to a mother when her babby's arms are reaurd her neck. It's nice to an owd mon when his owd rib runs her thin fingers through his grey yure, or slaps his yead if it's bare. But to my recollection it's nicest when two yunkers han just divided a penno'th o' sweetstuff, an' hardly known which is squeezin th' tother th' hardest. Yum, yum !

CAROL. A Kesmas song, ut aulus seaunded nice as one lay i' bed of Kesmas mornin—that is when it wurno' sung for brass, an' everythin wur still beside th' music. No troops o' roogh lads, an' roogher wenches, prowlin abeaut, makkin a noise wurr than a fieltful o' cats. There's nowt o' Kesmas laft neaw nobbut th' drink.

CAROUSAL. A genteel name for a fuddle.

CARPET. A thing for t' hide dirt, an' for sarvants to play with at th' back o'th' heause. A necessity in a gentleman's heause, but a nuisance in a workin mon's heause, speshly wheere there's childer. I bowt a *carpet-bag* once, for t' goo away for my holidays to Boggart Hole Cloof, an' when I coome t' examine it I fund it wur glazed o'er wi' a mixture o' buttercakes, trayclecakes, an' porritch. I reckon th' stuff it wur made *on* had belonged to some wayver ut wanted to be thowt summat above his trade. I've wondert mony a time ut folk are feart *on* it bein known ut they belong to a gradely dacent an' honest sort.

CASH. Brass. A very useful thing i' one's own pocket; but dangerous i' someb'dy's pocket ut's a grudge again yo'. A good substitute for beauty; goodness; manners; good breedin; piety; honesty; an' straight-forradness. Brass 'll buy anythin obbut life an' health. It'll buy yo'r friend; it'll buy yo'r foe; it'll buy law; it'll buy religion; it'll buy pa'sons; doctors; I're gooin to say it'll buy lawyers, an' I very nee *think* it would, but I'll say nowt. It'll buy *seemin* love. It'll buy—neaw I'm puttin my hont o'er my face while I blush. *Cash*, theau's moore worshippers than th' Greatest Peawer of o! Reaund thy throne everybody kneels. To thy sceptre everybody bows!

CASTE. *Breed, or race.* That's what it meean i' Indy. I' this country it meean acres. A mon's looked up to, or deawn at, accordin to what he has, or what he has not. "What is your rent roll?" "Fifty thousand." "Happy to make your acquaintance. How d'ye do? Glad to give you a week's shooting." To one wi' no rent roll—"Who are you?"

CAT. A *domestic animal that catches mice.* Ay, an' catches summat elze when it's a chance. Accordin to owd maids it wouldno' do a thing wrong if it wur clemmin. It wouldno' kill a brid any more than a leatheryed with a gun would. It wouldno'

steal my Sunday dinner if it couldno' carry it away. It's a nice innocent sort of a plaything. But if one comes across th' end o' my clog, wi' eaur canary in its meauth, it'll be tampered with, if there's reaum for a swing.



CASH.

CATASTROPHE. *A final event, generally unhappy.* A new babby, where there's nine o'ready. It's a *catastrophe* when a mon taks a woman to th' church, thinkin hoo's an angel, an' finds eaut i' two minits after he's said th' word, an' put th' foo's emblem on her finger, that hoo's a brid of another fither.

CATCH. *To lay hold on.* A good thing to do sometimes. A sparklin young widow of abeaut seventy is considered a good catch if hoo brings summat beside her bonnet an' pattens—just an odd theausant or two; an' very badly plagued for t' get her wynt. After wearin eaut a second-honded un, it's a good catch gettin'howd of a bran new un, wi' another theausant or two; an' not o'erloaden wi' raspy temper. "To *catch* it" has another meeanin, as I con weel remember. I fancy I con feel sore places neaw.

CATERWAUL. (Lancashire, *caterwaawe*.) A duet sung wi' two cats, when yo'd like t' drop a hauve a breek between their ears. Jack o' Flunters coes 'em "skyleet bagpipes."

CATSUP. *Ketchup.* A nice sort o' stuff to help a tender steak eaut o'th' seet, but doesno' mak a very pleasant drink, as thoose colliers fund eaut when they'rn guzzlin it in a mistake for champagne.

CAUDLE. A nice soothin drink made o' wine an' other good things, an' gan to women at th' same time as they gi'en childer cinder tae.

CAVIL. To have a dispute as to whether a square peg in a reaund hole, or a reaund peg in a square hole, is th' mooest objectionable.

CAUSTIC. A brunnin liquor. Sometimes used for warts, an' for droppin on women's tongues when they'n worn th' end to a seg wi' talkin.

CEDE. *To give up to another.* Hondin o'er th' argyment to th' wife at th' same time as th' breeches.

CELESTIAL. *Heavenly. A blessed state.* I once yerd eaur Joe an' Dick, when they'rn childer, talkin abeaut Heaven, an' their notion of a grand place wur a shop wheere ther plenty o' traycle-cakes an' no bobbinwheels.

CELLAR. A place that poor folk han no use for, unless it's for t' keep hens or ducks in. Th' only time I care to go into one is on a wot summer's mornin, when everybody elze is asleep, an' disturbin th' whul heause by tamperin wi' a cork. "Thieves, Ab! Oh, it's him hissel ut's plunderin abeaut."

CENSURE. Th' pon co'in th' kettle.

CEREMONY. Mooestly an empty performance, but what big

folk liken t' indulge in. Th' mooest substantial and sensible ceremony that I con think on is hommerin th' table when th' lid of a potato pie has just bin cut into. Th' shorter th' time it lasts an' th' better.

CERTAIN. *Sure.* Billy Softly says there's nowt ut's certain nobbut th' rent chap turnin up every week.

CHALK. A useful sort o' stuff when pockets are empty an'



"tick" 's alleawed on. For o that too mich use on't is a cuss to th' country.

CHALLENGE. *A summons to combat.* A jorney throwin his hat deawn, an' axin someb'dy t' punce it.

CHAMBER. Formerly a lodgin place for boggarts; an' wheere strange noises could be yerd at neets.

CHAMPION. *A hero.* Generally a poor mon, an' a foo; speshly a champion feighter. I never seed one yet ut had a yead th' shape o' other folk's. It had aulus bin so pown as to remind one of an owd kettle ut's bin punced abeaut th'fowt for a week or two.

CHANCE. *Fortune.* It's said that everybody's a *chance* i' their lifetime; but I've oather missed mine, or it's late i' comin, for I've seen noane yet. I'm of opinion ut chances are sometimes made.

CHANCERY. Havin yo'r yead between another mon's arm an' his ribs, an' gettin yo'r face polished wi' his fist.

CHANGE. Summat we're aulus wantin, no matter heaw weel we're dooin. If a mon's single he wants to be wed; an' if he's wed he wants to be single. If he's a lad he wants to be a felly; an' if he's a felly he'd give a good slice of his ears to be a lad again. An' we're never i'th' reet place, nor at th' reet job. But

it's rayther awkart for a mon ut gets it int' his yead ut he hasno' getten th' reet woman for his wife. Sometimes it leeads to a *change* ut ends i' ruin.

CHAOS. Th' wo'ld before it wur a wo'ld. A heause on a weshin day; or when th' whiteweshers are in it. A flittin.

CHAPEL. A place ut poor folk used to goo a worshippin o' Sundays, before it wur made int' a fashin fair for bonnets, an' ther less boastin abeaut collections.

CHARACTER. A thing that's as varied as folk's faces. Fro' th' wo'st to th' best there must be at leeast a million degrees. There's nobody witheaut a *character* o' some sort; an' if we mun believe o ut everybody says abeaut one another, there's an average o' nine eaut o' ten characters had better be parted with, if it wur possible to drop 'em. But no mon maks his own character; nor is it at his own disposal.

CHARGE. What very few folk know how to do reetly. It depends a good deecal upo' thoose ut han to pay. If th' pocket's deep, an' weel filled, we hardly know heaw mich to say, to charge enough witheaut it bein thowt we'rn chargin too mich. If we'rn sure there'd be no grumblin, what we intended to charge a shillin for we should ha' th' impidence to ax eighteenpence. If a mon pays readily, he has to have it put on next time. Th' same wi' thoose ut will ha' summat knocked off. "Heaw are yo' sellin yo'r plums?" owd Bowzer wife once said to Potato Jack. "Fourpence a quart," Jack said. He'd bin sellin 'em at tuppence; but he knew his customer. "I'll give yo' thrippence, an' no moore," Bowzer wife said. "Yo' shall have 'em, Missis, as it's yo'," Jack said; so th' owd besom gan a penny a quart moore than her neighbours had.

CHARITY. A thing moore talked abeaut than practised. There's a good deal o' different sorts on't. We can be charitable witheaut givin, by sayin a kind word abeaut a neighbour. It's *charity* when we given where's wanted. But th' deautfullest sort o' charity is that ut howds up a bank note to th' leet afore it's dropped into th' collectin-box.

CHARM. Summat that's neaw gone eaut o' fashin, but wur formerly used by wenches for t' mak certain lads go slavverin after 'em. Jinny at Adam's tried to catch Brocky wi' a charm;

but it wur so long i' actin ut hoo're very nee gettin shelved through it. Hoo wore one o'th' little booans of a sheep's trotter hung reaund her neck, like they wear'n crosses neaw. Owd Ailse Briggs had tow'd her that any lad ut plucked it away would have her. Jinny did a deecal o' breastin up to Brocky; but it wur no use. At last hoo said to him one day, at a towffy devidin, "Theau darno' pluck this away, Jim."—"Ay, I da'say," Brocky said; "theau wants t' hook a buzzart, doesta? Theau's bin to owd Ailse Briggs, havin thy fortin tow'd, hasto? It'll noane fit, Jinny." An' it didno' fit.

CHASTEN. *To correct; to punish.* Makkin a lad feel cool, an' pleasant, an' mild, by tryin to get his steeam up on th' principle o' friction; an' makkin him he conno' sit.

CHATTER. A thing that con be realised best wheree there's four or five women t'gether, an' a new bonnet th' question.

CHEAT. *To defraud.* A harmless sort of a sin, ut con be practised witheaut injury to yo'r conscience till yo'r fund eaut; then—"Dear me! heaw could it have happened?"

CHEER. Plenty o' sugar, an' lemon, an' long pipes. Yo con ha' yo'r wayter warmed to yo'r likin; but tak care yo' ha' no' it too strong o'th' pump.

CHESTNUT-TREE. A tree formerly planted for t' build a smithy under, wheree childer could—

"Catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor."

Seldom we meet wi' a chestnut-tree an' a smithy i' company neaw-a-days.

CHICKEN. A nice brid for th' table when it's groon to abeaut th' size of its mother; an' hasno' gone to th' skoo too long, nor had so mich exparience i' different markets. I've tasted chickens i' my time ut seemed to be full o' owd memories, ut they didno' want to part with—recollections o' their gronfeythers, an' when they'd their combs cut for th' fust battle. Hauve a dozen teeth, badly distributed abeaut one's meauth, are hardly a match for these memorial *chickens*.

CHILDHOOD. Th' only time i' life when we are no' foos, or summat wurr. Red boot an' white sock days. When we're

pleased wi' little things, when we sheauten at th' candle an' wanten to catch th' canary, when we're fondled by young women an' tow't by little lads to say bad words. When th' moon is a brass button to us an' we crien to have it. When th' aint Mally an' th' aint Sally dun their best to mak us believe we're sent into th' world for t' be sucked, an' etten, an' tossed up, an' smacked, an' tickled, an' daubed wi' traycle, an' hung up by th' legs, an' rowled on th' table, till we're ready for th' fust pair o' little breeches; an' then begin to find eaut we're sent i' this wo'ld for t' be made to stare at twenty-six big blots on a big pasteboard; an' if we conno give a name for everyone, we han to have it hommered into us. This is th' beginning o'th' realities o' life. *Childhood* is th' romance.

CHILL. That sort of a sensation a mon feels when he's bin to th' warkheause for relief, an' he's tow'd there's nowt for him.

CHIMNEY-CORNER. A snug place to sit in ov a winter's neet, when th' kettle's singin, and th' toast is bein piled up; an' ther a lot o' faces abeaut ut would rayther be awhoam than anywhere elze. Th' best skoo for childer to be at.

CHORUS. Th' bumpin up of a song; generally th' best part o' th' operation, if th' noise is owt to go by.

CHRISTENING. *Kessunin*. As far as childer are concerned it's an excuse for toasted curran' cakes; an' extry brew o' tae, coloured wi' a sope o' summat they co "jacky." It's a time when women spaken a good deel o' their own mind, an' a bit o' other folks'.

CHRISTMAS. Supposed to be a merry time, but gotten neaw to be th' dismalest i'th' year. Folk when they trien to be merry, just becose they're expected to be, conno' get as mich as a leg eaut o' their dumps, so they aten an' drinken till their e'en are ready to fly eaut o' ther yeads. Then they han to keep company wi' th' "blue uns" for a week or so, an' wishen Kesmas would never come again. A time for rent an' bills. Truly a merry time!

CHRONICLE. *A registry of events*. My owd rib keeps one again me. Yo' should see th' entries. Here are some for a sartain week not to be named :—

Mundy.—Went eaut at seven o'clock. Said he're gooin to a co-op. meeting. Wur seen at th' "Owd Bell" at a quarter

past seven. Coome whoam at a quarter past eleven, chewin a bit o' wut cake as if he'd nobbut just bin to th' gate. Knocked his cheear o'er i'th' nook wi' tryin to sit deawn, an' followed it. Co'ed me "owd Blossom." That wur a sign he hadno' bin to a co-op. meetin.

Thursdy.—Went eaut at eight. Said he're out o' sorts, an' would goo an' see Siah at owd Bob's. At haue past eleven I yerd someb'dy potterin at eaur keyhole, an' someb'dy puncin a'dur. Him an' Siah had swapt keys.



CHRISTMAS.

CHURCH. Same as chapel, obbut a bit different. A cozy shop for sleepin in i'th' summer time, an' a place for musty smells i'th'

winter. We con generally find eaut theere whoa's somebody and whoa's nobody. Thoose ut getten theere th' fust on a Sunday mornin are nobodies, an' thoose ut go'en stalkin in when everybody elze has looked i' their hat an' keaunted twenty, are somebodies. That's th' reason they mun be seen an' yerd.

CIPHER. A nowt. A mon ut alleaws his wife to have o her own road, an' darno' say hoo's i'th' wrong. O th' use he's for is to be put a-side of another figure. He meeans summat then.

CIRCUMSPECT. Bein particular abeaut what yo're *seen* dooin, not abeaut what yo' dun. Preferrin th' back dur of an aleheause to gooin in at th' front. Th' same wi' a popshop, or a peepshow.

CLOO. A thing never known i' Lancashire sin' th' middle ages. There's bin one or two fund buried i' owd ruins, an' battlefields, an' there's one hung up for a curiosity i' Manchester College. It's a thing to be worn on th' foot, like a shoof. Th' top part's



made o' leather, an' th' sole o' owler wood, fastened to th' top wi' nails. It's said that when it geet agate o' swingin in a feight, it would clear a felt sooner than grapeshot. There's summat like 'em worn neaw-a-days, but for weight an' thickness conno' be compared.

CLOWN. *A coarse, ill-bred man.* Accordin to thoose forriners ut liven i'th' back part o' England, it meean a Lancashire mon. An' I'm nobbut soory ut some of eaur writers han helped to mak it eaut ut we are a breed o' yorneys. Tim Bobbin started it, by makkin it seem as if "Tummas o' William's" wur abeaut th' biggest leatheryead upo' th' face o' this clod. An' if it hadno' bin for sich as Edwin Waugh, th' wo'ld mit ha' gone comfortably t' sleep, wi' its mind made up ut this corner o'th' lond wur throng packed wi' foos. But Ned hissel, an' Sam Baimfort, an' Sam Laycock, an' one or two lesser leets, han shown that eaur bit o' greaund con raise summat elze beside folk ut hardly known when they're th' reet end up. When Tim made Tum what he wur, he mit just ha' towed us ut some o'th' finest men ut ever hondled figures, an' some o'th' deepest thinkers, wur then knockin at their looms. Owd Billy Shakspeare had th' same faut. O his workin folk are *cleawns*. English history has very little nobility eautside a palace.

CLUB. A place to hang eaut at at neets when we should be awhoam, helpin th' owd ticket to keep th' childer straight, an' dooin one's share o' sittin, as if th' neest wurno' filled wi' pot eggs.

COACH. A box on four wheels, made to carry idle folk abeaut. Sometimes used by eaur nobbs to send to buryins, wi' nob'dy in 'em. If Billy Gardener sent his wheelbarrow to a buryin, becose he couldno' goo hissel, what would his neighbours think abeaut him? An' yet I conno' see ut th' number o' wheels should mak th' difference.

COAL. A sort o' stuff we dunno' know th' value on. We should know heaw to prize it better if every mon had to get his own.

COARSE. *Not refined.* A mon's considered *coarse* if he coes a thing by its reet name. If he wur to say a spade wur a spade, he'd be turned eaut o'th' skoo. But if he wur to co it "a-er-a-hem-a-yaas-you-know-why-hem-hem," he'd be considered a skollar.

COAT. A thing ut gi'es a character to th' mon ut wears it. If it's of a poor quality, he con have as mich reaum as he likes when he's walkin through th' fowt. If it's of a good sort, an' weel fronted wi' dickey, he conno' stir for someb'dy havin howd of his hont. If it's a *red* un, he'll have a swarm o' young women after

him, on th' principle of a buzzart flyin at a candle. Glare and glitter for empty yeads.

COB. A thing to mend a fire with.

COBBLER. *A mender of old shoes.* A mon ut's no use neaw-a-days, if he's nobbut *owd* shoon to mend. Th' shoon we wear neaw are generally past mendin afore th' newness is worn off 'em.

COCKNEY. A man ut thinks hissels th' fust Englishman i'th' lond, but conno' talk English. He coes everybody born eautside th' seaund o' "Big Ben" a "bladdy caintryman."

COFFEE. A mixture o' mony sorts o' things, chiefly burnt acorns an' owd crusts.

COFFIN. Th' last suit o' clooas we're messurt for, an' never grumble abeaut th' fit.

COIN. A thing everybody's short *on*. It's bin worn so smoot, wi' bein knocked abeaut, that it slips eaut o' one's fingers before we known we han it. Well, it's so wi' me, chus heaw.

COLLAR. That part o' one's cooat that's made for th' wife to get howd *on* when hoo thinks it's time t' goo whoam. It's very convanient for her to stick to wi' one hont, while hoo coaxes wi' th' tother.

COLLECTION. Some folks' religeon.

COLLEGE. A place to scrape thick yeads, an' mak 'em fit to be worn.

COLLOP. A word that I never yer made use *on* witheaut it makkin me hungry. Very useful wheere there's a big family. When Billy Softly wur bringing his childer up he could mak a quartern o' bacon last a whul week. He'd ha' teed a bant reaud a collop, an' th' lads had to swallow it i' their turns, an' have it plucked back again. One time their Bill swallowed th' bant an' o; an' he flew eaut o'th' dur off th' end of his feyther's foot for it.

COMET. A baby star afore it's shortened.

COMIC. Summat so miserable we cannot help laafin at it. "Ab-o'th'-Yate's Dictionary," as a sample.

COMFORT. What we never get anywhere beside awhoam, or at some place like whoam. Happiness is like a mid-day blaze. Comfort, th' quiet sunset.

COMING. Summat that never comes. What a waiter says to one customer whiles he's *waitin* for another ut he thinks is gooin t' give him sixpence.

COMMISERATE. To tell a chap heaw mich we feel for him, when at th' same time we'n sent him th' bums.

COMMITTEE. Generally th' biggest noodles of any body o' men. Collective impidence.

COMMON. A place for geese to pastur on. Commons' geese that han pasturt upo' good lond, an' con cackle like women.

COMPANY. Summat th' owd rib says I'm too fond *on*. Good when it is good; but bad when it's bad. Aulus pleasant when long pipes are i' full blaze; an' they'n just put another kettle-full o' wayter on th' fire, an' nowt to pay.

COMPETITION. One part of a body worryin th' tother.



CONTORTION. *Twisting. To writhe.* Things we seen after a week's Kesmas fare. Pictures that creawd reaund th' bed, an' mak yo' wonder if yo'r at th' wrong shop; or whether yo're havin a taste o' that fun that's said to be waitin for thoose ut han lived for theirsels, witheaut thinkin there are other folk i'th' wo'd beside.

CONTRABAND. *Prohibited.* Th' cause o' smugglin, i' moore senses than one. I've had contraband buttercakes before new, smuggled to me by my mother, when my feyther has had me fastened up in a lumber chamber, for t' clem a hauce a day. I've bin smuggled mysel through a back window when I dustno' goo in at th' front dur, for fear o' meetin a clog on th' swing.

CONTRACTOR. A mon that engages to do a job for so mich, an' when he's finished it wants as mich more ; happen double.



CONTORTION.

CONTRARIENESS. A very strong quality i' some women, speshly wives. "What shall we ha' to dinner to-day?" "Pleéas thysel." "Broth?" "Nawe, I'll broth noane to-day. I'll mak a potato pie." If I'd said a potato pie, hoo'd ha' said broth. "Shall we have a walk?" "Nawe, I'll stop i'th' heause t' neet." "Mun we ha' just an odd rubber i'stead o' gooin caut?" "Nawe, it's too fine to be i'th' heause. Theau never *will* tak me a-walkin."

CONTRITE. *Penitent.* A lad's *contrite* when he's cut o th' buttons off his clooas, an' gambled 'em away wi' tossin, then goes whoam, weshin his e'en wi' his knuckles, an' wonderin if his feyther has fund that stick ut he'd lost, or had gotten another i'th' place on't. I've bin contrite mony a time.

CONTRIVE. *To plan.* Th' poorest o' folk are th' best contrivers, speshly i' cookin an' translatin clooas. I've had mony a butter-cake ut's bin innocent o' butter. My mother would ha' pottert a wut-cake off th' bread-flake; put it through some operation that I couldno' find eaut; an' I'd ha' gone yellin i'th' fowt; an' gotten th' tother childer reaund me; everyone wantin t' bite, becose they thowt it summat grand. Hoo tow'd when I're groon up that o ut hoo did wur to wap a piece o' wut-cake i'th' boiler; then scitter some saut on it, an' double it up. Wurno' that contrivin? Th' same wi' clooas. Hoo contrived for t' mak me a pair a treawssers eaut o' my feyther's owd uns by just shortenin th' slops. When I'd run deawn th' fowt wi' 'em on, they'd ha' flapped abeaut my legs like skirts; an' childer would ha' sheauted—"Yon's Ab comin wi' his tight-slacks on."

CONVERT. *To change.* A word ut's a good deecal misused. We'n converted colliers; converted showmen; converted cobblers; but no converted lawyers, or pa'sons.

CONVIVIAL. *Festal; social.* Drinkin everybody's health, an' gooin in for a good yead-wartch. "No heel-taps." "Cock yo'r little fingers." "He's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny." "Hip, hip, hooray!" "One for his wife!" "We won't go home till mornin."

COOL. A stranger comin, an' witheaut bein axt, drinkin yo'r pint up, an' sayin it's very nice for a warm day.

CORK. A useful sort o' bark. It'll oather do for stoppin bottles, or stoppin folk fro gettin fuddled. There's a good deecal on't used for makkin white folk int' niggers, so ut nob'dy con see when they're blushin.

CORN. A word that needs no explainin here. It's weel understood—sometimes too weel. There are two sorts—one we couldno' weel do witheaut; but th' tother—"O, my! I wish theau'd keep thoose clumsy shoon o' thine away fro' my foot. Theau's spoilt my Sunday *corn*."

CORNER. A comfortable place when we meean th' chimbly corner. But nob'dy likes to be driven into a corner.

CRUSTY. Bread o'er-baked. An owd mon ut's o'er-lived his better temper.



CRUTCH. A true friend when there's no other to lean on. There are moore sorts o' crutches than thoose used by cripples. Time wur once when childer wur crutches to their parents, an' propped 'em up i' their owd age. Neaw that's reversed. Feythers an' mothers, i' their owd age, han to be crutches to their childer.

CUDDLE. *To lie close.* "Come, just an odd squeeze, owd crayther! Ay, that's nice. Another; nicer. One moore; myum—nyum!"

CUFF. *A blow with the fist.* A cleaut i'th' earhole. A slap i'th' chops. Moore i' use years sin than neaw. Mony a time used i'stead of a word. Sometimes thowt necessary to give two cuffs at a time; one to knock th' yead croot, an' th' tother for t' set it straight again.

CUNNING. *Artful.* Tryin to come th' owd so'dier o'er one. Layin a trap, sometimes to get in it theersels. I remember a *cunnin* trick I one time helped to play; but th' biter geet bitten.

Ther me, an' Alty o' Jack's, an' one or two moore, would set a trap for owd Linderinbant. It wur wakin-time; an' we could see th' owd lad's laithe (fly) swingin to and fro, an' we agreed to disturb him. We delved a hole facin his dur; an' filled it wi' slutch eaut of an owd pit; then scittered it o'er wi' hess. When we'd done that, Alty crept to th' loomheause window, an' sheauted—"Owd Linderinbant!" We knew that would fotch him; an' it did. Th' loom stopt; an' Alty darted away fro' th' window. But he'd forgotten th' hole, an' leet chock up to th' knees in it. Then we yerd a yeawl; an' we could see owd Linderinbant liftin him eaut by th' ears.

CURIOSITY. Wantin to know what shouldno' be known. Pryin into other folk's bizness. Peepin through nicks o' doors, expectin to see summat. Women han this quality very big. If every



woman must be sarved as Blue Beard wanted to sarve his wife for peepin where he'd forbidden her to do, we could fill o th' coalpits i' England up wi' their yeads.

D.

DAB. *A blow with something moist or soft.* A very good illustration o' this word may be had by a mon gooin to his owd rib when hoo's agate o' weshin up th' dinner pots, an' axin her for a shillin to go down to th' Owd Bell with. If he doesno' get a *dab* i'th' face wi' th' dish-cleaut, he has her better i' hond than I have mine.

DABBLER. *A superficial meddler.* A Jack-of-o-trades, an' th' mesther o' noane. A mon ut when he's sick of his loom tries to be a loom cobbler, an' thinks he's th' best at th' job that ever hondled a wot-yal (hot-awl). If he doesno' give up thinkin so, he gi'es up th' job when he finds that nob'dy thinks as he does. He goes on tryin different things, wi' th' same success, an' generally ends up wi' quack docterin. Sometimes he taks to praichin at heause-ends.

DAD. A word ut used to be considered vulgar by thoose ut co'ed theirsels "Nines." Neaw it's i' fashion among tip-topppers, sich like as shop-keepers an' jerry sellers. Ther noather feythers nor mothers neaw nobbut among gradely folk. Th' tothers are o gotten int' childer again, sayin "Dad" and "Mam," an' wearin socks.

DAGGLE. *To dip negligently in mire or water.* I' Lanky it's *dag*. "Nawe, Betty, let's no' go deawn that dirty lone, we shall be *dagged*." "Theau'lt come eaut o' that wayter, wiltno', theau little snicket. Look heaw theau'rt *daggin* thy frock. I'll warm thee." I' former times it wur considered next to a sin havin *dagged* clooas. Neaw thoose are th' mooest i'th' fashion that are th' best road sweepers.

DAIRY. A farmhouse wi' a good pump somewhere hondy. A pit's dangerous, becose jacksharps mit be fund i'th' milk.

DAISY. A yearly visitor to this country, an' comes donned i' nowt but a "white an' yallow hat." He's generally seen before cowl weather's gradely o'er, so ut he con ha' th' fields to hissel. Sometimes he brings a very big family with him.

D—N. A word ut's gooin eaut o' use, becose it isno' thowt vulgar enoogh.

DAMSEL. *A country lass.* Sometimes it meean an owder person, as when we say'n—owd *damsel*, owd ticket, owd rib, owd stockin-mender, owd potato-scraper, or owd porritch-makker.

DANCE. (*Lanky, doance.*) *To put in lively motion.* That's what it used to meean. Whoa could ha' seen a single-step, or a three-hond reel, or a Heelond fling, or a gradely owd country jig,



withhout one's heart an' feet gooin with it? Neaw there's nowt o'th' sort. What's co'ed dancin is nobbut slurrin on th' floor, bowin to one another, suppin coffee, an' stoppin up o neet.

DANGER. Summat childer like bein in, if they known it. A lad would rayther walk on a hee wall anytime than on safe greaund. A mon 'll goo into it, too, for some things—an empty name, or a woman.

DANGLER. A yorney ut hangs abeaut a wench, an' doesno' know but he's coortin her, till someb'dy moore i' yearnest punces him off th' durstep, an' taks howd o' two-armful o' that he dustno' touch. He's very oft to be seen hanging abeaut barmaids.

DARK. That time o'th' neet ut we co'en *after dark*. What used to be th' signal for childer creepin to'ard whoam, an' lookin sharply beheend 'em, for fear "owd Mungo" wur lookin eaut for 'em. "Come, Billy, let's goo whoam afore we seen summat."

DARLING. A second wife, an' a young un, to an owd mon. One ut con sit on th' reet side o'th' hearthstone, an' stond bein co'ed a "duck," witheaut qua-a-ackin.

DASTARD. A mon ut'll slink quietly past another, then turn back, an' give him a cleaut at back o'th' yead. One that'll punce a woman.

DAUGHTER. Th' mesther an' misses o'th' heause. Hoo manages th' mother, an' th' mother manages th' feyther.

DAWN. That part o'th' mornin when hens droppen off their peearch, an' sparrows begin a-chellopin, an' a lot o' tired foos creepen whoam, like cawls, after makkin a neet on't at a doance.

DEAD. Gone; snuft eaut; punced stoo o'er; gan up his spoon; takken his reed an' gears in; paid his reckonin; shut his books; laid his wheel by.

DEBT. A thing sooner gotten into than eaut. It sometimes divides friends by makkin an enemy o'th' mon ut owes it. "Here," he says, when he's payin th' last shillin he intends dooin; "tak that, an' think thysel weel off ut theau's gotten so mich. Some folk wouldno' ha' paid witheaut bein made. It's lucky for thee ut I ha' no' sheddled thee."

DECEIT. A quality o' moral natur uts gotten very plentiful. Neaw-a-days, it isno' what we are, but what we're fund eaut to be. If we can deceive th' wo'ld to th' finish we shall leeave a good name behind us, tho' we may ha' bin th' biggest scamps i' creation.

DECLARATION. A way o' backin up th' truth, or a lie, as th' case may be.

DECLINE. To be axt by someb'dy if yo'd lend 'em five shillin, an' puttin yo'r honds i' yo'r pockets, an' sayin yo'd rayther not.

DECOCTION. What Sam Smithies co'es for when he wants some wot wayter an' lemon, an' sugar, mixed wi' summat elze.

DECORUM. *Decency, behaviour.* What we see very little on neaw among young folk that their parents han letten bring theirsels up. They're too mich eaut o'th' heause for larnin mich good, oather i' behaviour, or owt else.

DECOY. *To lure.* Jack o' Flunter's comin' to eaur loomheause dur, an' sayin ther's some rare dooins at th' owd Bell. Some chaps fro' Manchester, wi' plenty o' brass. He knows that'll *decoy* me off th' loom.

DEDUCT. *To take away.* To put it straight, it meean's fentin. I've stood a good deecal o' *deductin* i' my time. A shillin off for this thing, sixpence off for that, till, when I've bin expectin to draw i'th' teens o' shillins, I've had my brass fented till it's gotten deawn to an odd figure. I reckon it's done i' moore trades than wayvin.

DEEDS. Writins o' property. Summat I never hondled yet, nor ever mun, unless some rich yorney has a better likin for me than I've any reason to think he has. I could like t' knock th' dust off about a square yard o' sheepskin for once. I could have a comfortable sneeze eaut on't. Th' best sort o' snuff that could be takken. Accordin to Joe o'th' Fowt's mother it doesno matter whether yo'n property or not, if yo'n th' writins. When th' "Gravel Gate Flood" threatened her bit o' property, hoo said—"Never mind if th' heause *is* wesht deawn, th' writins are safe."

DEFACE. *To spoil.* Makkin God's green yearth into a wilderness o' breck an' cinders. Killin trees an' plants wi' sulphur. Hoidin th' nicest part of a woman's face by hangin a fringe o' yure o'er it, an' makkin ~~her~~ spindle-shanked by wearin three inches deep o' boot heels. Coverin a nice flagged kitchin floor wi' a bit o' dirty carpet. Riddin up farm fences, an makkin th' green lones of owd England into stretches o' wire rope, an' iron hurdles, i'stead o' lowerin th' rents o'th' farm. But they're better for hunters, I reckon.

DEFAME. *To censure falsely.* To co a chap a thief, becose we feel that he's a honester mon than one's-sel'. To co a woman a what-is-it, becose her character shows eaut too breet for eaur's to be seen. A *defamer* is th' wo'st sort of a snake ut creeps; an' a weel-planted clog-toe would do it no hurt.

DEFEAT. *To overthrow.* I've bin *defeated* mony a time with-eaut bein o'erthrown; an' I dunno' think I'm th' only one by a theausant or two. Challenge yo'r wife to a tongue feight o'er owt, an' I'll bet yo'n ha' to give in. I never knew th' *defeat* upo' th' wife's side nobbut once; an' hoo're so mortified hoo went an' teed

one end of a rope rearound her neck, an' th' tother end to a nail. When th' husband fund her he seed hoo'd one e'e oppen an' th' tother shut, He felt at her hont; it were warm. "Oh," he said to hisslel, "hoo's noane deead yet. I'll let her have another haue heaur afore I cut her deawn." Hoo cut hersel deawn afore th' time; an' fairly gan in ut hoc're *defeated*.

DEFIANCE. Th' wife flourishin th' rowlin-pin when th' husband has threatened to use his fist.

DEFLECTION. *The act of turning aside.* Aimin at gooin to a teetotal meetin, an' londin at th' owd Bell.

DEFORM. To fasten a young woman up i' clooas as tight as th' skin of a blackpuddin, till when hoo walks hoo has to twist hersel abeaut like a dolly in a tub, for t' get one knee past th' tother. Wi' this practice hoo gets so *deformed* that her knees are aulus feightin wi' one another; an' her legs stond eaut like two clooas props.

DEFRAUD. To get howd o' brass by a dishonest trick, an' makkin it appear as if yo'rn gettin it honestly. Th' mooest dangerous sort o' thievin.

DEGENERATE. To fo off i' quality. A race, or breed, that's runnin eaut. A family ut's bin noted for strappin youngsters, dwindlin deawn to sickly-lookin things ut are no' fit to face th' wo'ld. Th' present state o' taste i' music, an' actin, an' readin,



an' morals, an', I may say, i' religion. Gooin back to th' animals they say we sprung fro'—*monkeys*.

DEGRADE. To be sent to th' bobbinwheel after a week or two's trial at th' loom.

DEJECTION. *Lowness of spirits*. Sometimes browt on by a week's spree. At others by no' bein able to see wheere th' next day's dinner mun come fro'. This is a very common cause. *Dejection* in a lad o' nineteen yo' may depend on't has bin caused by some wench, ut he's thowt a deal abeaut, turnin up her nose at him, an' walkin eaut wi' another.

DEITY. Summat there's a million opinions abeaut, an' happen no' one reet, tho' everyone's sure.

DELIGHTFUL. Th' tricks and fancies o'th' best, an' prattiest, an' th' funniest choilt i'th' wo'ld, speshly when it daubs yo'r shirt front wi' gingybread an' traycle; an' sticks its fingers up yo'r nose, an' int' y'or meauth; an' gets on yo'r knees wi' its feet, after it's bin trampin abeaut i'th' hen-pen; then collars howd o' two hontful o' yure, ut's bin weel brushed. If yo' dunno' laaf at that till yo'r ready to split, yo'r a bear.

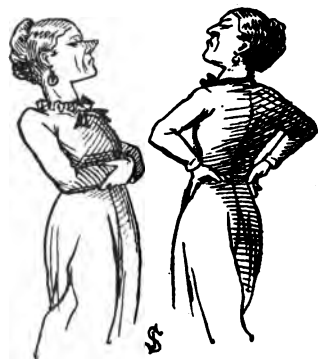
DELIRIUM. *Light-headedness*. Moore liable i' women than men. It can be browt on by th' want of a new bonnet ut conno' be had; or th' coolness of a sweetheart ut's alus bin as warm as sunshoine.

DEMON. *A spirit*. A woman ut's gotten a lot o' various sorts o' *spirits* in her, speshly if hoo's had a fair dose fro' th' corner shop.

DEPRECIATE. *To bring a thing down to a lower price*. One time I hadno' drawn as mich divi. as I expected fro' th' co-op.; an' eaur Sal wanted to know heaw it wur. An' I towd her they had to lay so mich by for *depreciation* o' stock an' machinery. "What's th' méeenanin o' depreshashun?" hoo axt me. I said "Longer a stock is on hand, an' longer th' machinery worked, th' value on't kept lessenin. So they han to lay summat by for t' mak up for what they're losin." "Heaw mich should I ha' to lay by for *thy* depreshashun?" hoo said; an' I met th' question by puttin my hat on, an' gooin to th' Owd Bell.

DIFFER. *To be at variance*. Havin a *difference* between two women is common enough i' every fowt. I know it is i' eaur. Childer, an' clooas-lines, are generally th' causes. They'n fratch, an' co one another names, an' say things abeaut one another, ut

men couldno' think on. Then when they'n turned o th' dirt o'er they could root up, they darten into their heauses, an' enden their spite oather wi' th' husbant or th' childer.



DIFFICULTY. *That which is hard to accomplish.* Facin th' rent chap when there's nowt to pay with. Ditto, th' shopkeeper. Owd Juddie says there's a greater difficulty than that—keepin their temper deawn when there's nowt to draw.

DIG. *To work with a spade.* A nice sort o' wark, too, when it's turnin o'er a bit o' garden. But there are folk i'th' wo'ld ut would turn up their noses at it, as if th' job wur dishonest or degradin. I consider wark is a blessin when it's no' unhealthy. An' what would come *on* us if everythin grew witheaut cultivation is moore than I dar say. If wark is th' consequence of owd Adam misbehavin hissel, when he'd nowt to do nobbut lie under a fig tree watchin his clooas groo, I conno' see that it's a very great cuss. If we hadno some gradely wark to do we should alus be i' mischief; an' to *dig* is th' fust thing.

DIGEST. *To dissolve food in the stomach.* Th' last thing some thinken abeaut when they're sittin deawn to what they co'en a good "feed." Owt that tickles their taste they'n peg into till their buttons begin a flyin; an' becose they find it hard to *digest*, they begin a-swearin at their liver. Owd Jim Owdham's sort of a dinner's quite as bad, if not so expensive as "green fat." "What's

to do wi' yo', Jim?" "My dinner doesno' agree wi' me."
 "Wheay, what han yo' had?" "Nowt."

DIGHT. (*Lanky, deet.*) *To dress.* Used to be a word i' very common use among owd fashint cotton wayvers. While silk wayvers would say "I'll finish this *dressin* th' fust," a cotton wayver would say "I'll finish this *deetin* th' fust."

DIGNITY. *Elevation in rank.* Stickin up for one's honour. No' dooin a thing that's lowerin to us. That hoss stood on it's *dignity* ut refused to help at drawin a cart becose ther a jackass i'th' shafts.

DILAPIDATE. *To pull stone from stone.* James o' Tummy's wur fond o' usin big words; an' he'd gotten howd o' this. He're a builder by trade; an' he're engaged once for t' poo an owd heause deawn; an' when he made eaut his bill for th' job, he wrote, "To dilappidatin one hous, *so mich.*"

DILUTE. To tak th' strength eaut o' wayter by puttin whisky to it. This is happen truer than it looks.

DIMPLE. Summat that comes afore wrinkles, an' is a good deecal nicer to look at.

"A cherry cheek, an' dimpled chin,
 Are things that cause weak yeads to sin."

JUDDIE.

DIN. A disagreeable seaund ut con oather be made wi' a Garman band or a woman's tongue. Th' band preferred.

DINNER. A welcome meal to a hungry lad; speshly if there's plenty to go at, and no line drawn. A disappointment to him when there's too mony at it. "What art' cryin for, Bill?" "Eaur praicher's come'n to eaur heause to his dinner." "Well, an' what if he has?" "We didno' expect him; an' I shall ha' to be 'leawanced eaut. It's owd Calamity, too; an' my mother says he maks sich a noise ut it shakes o' his breakfast to th' bottom; an' he con ate four plateful. Boo, boo!"

DIP. Summat ut wur i' greater practice fifty years sin' than it is neaw. Fancy six *on* us reaund th' table at porritch time; a hole made i'th' middle o'th' dish, an' filled wi' traycle. Spoons i' hond, waitin for th' word o' command—"load;" then *dippin* i' turns. I dipped eaut o' my turn once, an' geet floored for it, beside bein pegged back two turns.

DIRECTLY. Never.

DIRT. Summat that, if owd folks' sayins are to be believed, everybody has to ate a peck *on* i' their life.

DIRTPIE. Th' fust lesson i'th' art o' cookin. I wonder if there's anybody ut's lived till they con cut their own nails ut never made one.

DISAGREEABLE. A bad property i' anybody ut's gotten too mich on't. But there are thoose ut con never be agreeable.

DISBURDEN. *To ease the mind.* "Come I'll yez my mind o' thee for once," Dobber wife said to Jack o' Flunter's wife. "What for?" Jack's wife said. "Theau's bin co'in me a *prudent* woman, hastno?" Dobber wife said, an' hoo geet her nails ready. "An' what if I did?" Jack's wife said. "I'll let thee see," Dobber wife said; an' hoo lounded o ten fingers at once i' Jack's wife's yure. "Neaw, then, I'm satisfied," hoo said, as hoo walked off wi' yezzy victory. "Co me a prudent woman again, an' I'll gie thee a bit moore."

DISCALCEATION. *The act of pulling off shoes.* I wonder if th' word applies to clogs as weel.

DISCHARGE. *Explosion.* Little Donty were huntin abeaut their buttery once, for t' see what his wife spent so mich brass on, an' he fund a tin kenister, wi' "pickled salmon" printed on it. "Oh, I see heav my wages goes," he sed to hisselt, thinking he'd made a "find:" "but I'll bauk my lady o' this." So he whizzed it at th' back o'th fire. In abeaut a minit after he lounded i'th' fowt, wi' a sheawer o' glass ut fell abeaut him like fireworks. Th' kenister wur have filled wi' peawther, ut his wife used for blowin soot fro' under th' oon. They co'n him "pickled salmon" neaw.

DISCLOSURE. That secret yo'n just tow'd yo'r wife.

DISCONTENTED. Never satisfied. Aulus at war wi' fate. A Republican when livin under a king; an' a Royalist when livin under a republic.

DISCORD. A procession wi' six bands in it, an' o playin different tunes at th' same time. Some idea o' *discord* may be had while watchin th' scholars i' Manchester o' Whit Monday.

DISCOUNT. Chargin yo' twenty-one shillin for a peaund's wo'th o' stuff, so ut they con knock th' odd shillin off. It looks so like givin yo' summat, that yo'r quite as happy with it.

DISCOURAGER. A mon ut deals i' "wet blankets." Tells yo' others han tried before, an' never succeeded. Some han bin so far ruined by what yo'r gooin to ventur on, that they'n never looked up again, nobbut at th' warkheause chimdy. He generally taks credit for havin moore sense than anybody elze; but through luck bein again him, so far he's succeeded i' nowt hissel. He's a twin brother to a "Job's comforter."

DISCOURSE. A bit o' talk ut's not exactly a sarmon, any moore than it is a blowin off o' aleheause blether. It's like between th' two. Sometimes a *discourse* is gan to tell us summat we dunno' know; at other times summat we dunno' care to know; but offer to tell us things that we know moore abeaut than th' spaker.

DISCREPANCY. One witness at a trial swearin 'at th' mon wur knocked deawn o' *this* side o'th' road; another ut it wur o' *that* side o'th' road; an' a third swearin ut it wur o'th' *tother* side o'th' road. Th' evidence doesno' weigh for mich then; an' th' prisoner generally gets off.

DISDAIN. *Scorn.* Windin one's nose up to an angle o' forty-five, when we meeten a poor relation.

DISENCHANT. *To free from the force of enchantment.* Ned o' Bob's wur *enchanted* by th' appearance of a young woman ut he used to see i' full blaze o' pink an' white, an' yure ut shoint like a black Spanish hen. He thowt ther noane sich a meauthful o' beauty nowheere; an' he could hardly sleep for thinkin abeaut her. One Sunday mornin he're havin a walk eaut; an' he passed th' heause where this charmer lived. He seed her wi' her yure like a mop, an' a neetcap sleauched o'er it, feedin th' pigs. He're *disenchanted* then.

DISGRACEFUL. Any sort o' conduct that isno' exactly to eaur likin, tho' it may no' be so bad after o.

DISGUISE. To get yo'r face hud at th' back of a beard like a hoss's tail. It mony a time hides a very plain un.

DISHONESTY. A word ut's gooin eaut o' use, because there's no 'casion for it. Nob'dy's *dishonest* neaw, not even if they're dooin yo' eaut o' everythin.

DISHONOURABLE. Not payin yo'r gamblin debts; any other sort meeans nowt. Pay, or not pay, it's o th' same.

DISSENT. Bein different to other folk, sometimes for th' sake o' bein different.

DISSUADE. Persuadin a woman not to do summat hoo's said hoo'd do. If there's ony mon con do that I should like his acquaintance. He mit mak hissel into a very useful member o' society.

DISTANCE. *Space between any two beings.* Eaur Local Board han th' best idea o' *distance* of anybody I ever knew. Two rows o' heauses han bin built across th' fowt for t' mak a short street, so they must be leeted. This is th' minit on th' books:—"That two lamps be placed in Gate Street at an *equal distance from each other.*" Heaw could they be owt elze, I want to know?

DISTRAINING. Sendin th' bums, or, as some folk co'en 'em, th' "flaggers," when we conno' get th' rent off a tenant. Some landlords, or their agents, are very sharp at th' practice.

DITCH. (Lanky, *doitch.*) A place for drunken folk to tumble in.

DITTY. *A song.* When a mon says he'll "sing yo' a little ditty," it generally turns eaut to be abeaut th' length o' my arm, an' every verse he'll sing twice o'er, beside th' chorus bein done three times.

DIVERT. *To turn from any course.* To tak brass ut has bin left for edicatin th' poor an' usin it for edicatin th' rich. That's *divertin* it.

DIVIDEND. "Divi." Summat th' owd rib likes to finger. Mooest stockinmenders han th' same failin.

DIVORCE. Jackin-up a partnership between mon an' wife. Mooestly caused by a third partner, ut's browt no brass into th' firm.

DOCILITY. *Aptness to be taught.* Yo' may readily taich a dog, or a hoss, things yo' want 'em to do: but try yo'r peawer on a lad ut yers a lot of his companions eautside, playin "I spy." If yo' mak any impression on him it'll ha' to be done by gettin him across yo'r knee, an' knockin th' dust eaut o' that part of his lower garment that has bin used for a sledge.

DOCTOR. A mon ut con tell what yo' ail by smellin at his stick, an' maks yo' poorly when yo' ail nowt by tellin yo' to keep yo'r pecker up, an' no' let owt trouble yo'. Tak plenty o' exercise, an'

keep off "Jacky." Ate nowt but what has bin well cooked, an'—
"Two tablespoonful every three hours."

DOG. A sort of animal that ladies carryin abeaut wi' 'em, if it's ugly. If it's good lookin it's put to some sort o' wark. If it's come off poor parents it gets knocked abeaut, an put to shifts. But if it's good tempered, it has sometimes th' privilege o' havin its tail decorated wi' a reasty tin kettle.

DOLE. (Lanky, *dow*.) *Provisions, or money given in charity.* Sometimes no' very evenly. If yo'n bin very attentive to church or chapel, poo a long face, an' walk slow; dunno' be feart o' sayin yo' ha' no' tasted for three days, an' by th' next week yo' may be one moore of a family, an' th' hearts o'th' *dow*-givers shall be oppent. Tak care yo' dunno' smell o'th' brewheause. Some forgotten that, an' makken a mistake.

DONKEY. An animal o'th' jackass breed, but walkin on two legs like a mon. Its yead is very similar to that of a jackass, but



th' ears are longer, an' moore pointed. It's habits are various. Sometimes it carries a cane, an' taks wine an' biscuits. But there's one species that'll drink any ameaunt o' "swipes."

DOUGH. Very necessary stuff for a bakin-day. It would be a poor time witheaut it. A grand bit o' fun it used to be watchin

th' dough rise i'th' mug, an' gettin seased for liftin th' cloth up. It would get excitin when it coome to th' time for sheautin—"Mother, it's runnin o'er."

DOWRY. A wedding portion, understood to be what th' bride brings. Summat to mak th' husbant think he's wed into a grand family. Wi' wayvers it used to be a loom, but, as I've said afore, eaur Sal browt nowt nobbut a neetcap an' a pair o' pattens.

DRAWING-ROOM. A place where ladies an' gentlemen shaken honds wi' one another, then looken big, or soft just as it happens. They han to say th' missis never looked better, an th' dowters are "chawming." Then wonder heaw it is ut sich a pair o' scraggs con get sich a creawd o' young swells reaund 'em. Feel stiff an' awkward till th' cigar-box is named, then, oh, happy release fro' boredom!

DREAM. *A phantasm of sleep.* Sometimes th' happiest state o' one's life, speshly when we dream abeaut findin brass, or ut we're lads again; an' we han abeaut us thoose faces we'n seen th' last on; an' ut we're among fields ut are green; an' cherry-trees ut are hung wi temptin bunches. When we'n etten abeaut a peaund o' poork to supper we may have a different time on't—flyin deawn coalpits, or havin a bull after us, an' just gettin pinned in a corner; or havin killed someb'dy, an' feelin th' rope reaund one's neck ut has to punish us for it; or bein i'th' army, an drawn up for battle, wi' a grinnin Cossack just ready for a fly at us, an' there's no plan o' gettin eaut o'th' road.

DRUNK. Th' next state to dreeamin, but taks longer to get eaut on't. What some folks would alus be if they could. We may co it th' test of a mon's brains, whether he's a fool or not.

E.

EAGER. *Ardently wishing.* A lad stondin at a gate, waitin for his sweetheart ut never offers to turn up; an' if he's eaut o'th' heause another haue heaur, there'll be a skinful o' sore booans i'th' mornin.

EAR. A part o' one's body ut's subject to a good deecal o' stretchin when it's young an' tender. If mine had kept bein stretched as they wur at one time, I could ha' teed 'em ov a knot o'er my yead neaw.

EASE. Feelin comfortable. Sittin in a two-armed cheear, wi' a pipe, an' summat warm at yo'r elbow ut isno' quite as dry as th' pipe. No' carin heaw th' wo'ld's waggin, but a bit thankful that someb'dy cares a bit moore abeaut wark than yo' dun yo'rsel. Billy Flippit says he's noane idle, but he con do wi' a good deecal o' yez (ease).

EASTER. Curran bo' time. My mother used to mak 'em moore spotted eautside than inside. Heaw hoo shapt it I never could mak eaut; but hoo did. An' hoo made 'em so stiff I could ha' punced 'em for a footbo, witheaut 'em givin way. It used to be rare fun for eaur Sam an' me, bettin on th' currans ut showed theirsels every bite. They couldno' keaunt 'em as they're made neaw.

EAT. That ut we liken dooin when th' stomach's reet an' th' teeth seaund. No' mich pleasure witheaut, unless it's summat sich like as we conno' get howd on. I feel i' pain sometimes for th' owd rib, when I see her mumblin wi' her one tooth teed in wi' a waxed bant.

EAVESDROPPER. A listener under windows. No' so mich practised neaw as it used to be. Tum o' Sloper's went a-hearkenin under owd Yeb window, thinkin he mit yer summat said abeaut him, becose he co'ed hissels cooartin their Sally, an' he're jealous of another chap. He d stood awhile before he yerd owt. When he'd stood there abeaut an heaur, an' wur welly starved to deeach, he yerd owd Ailse say, "Art' gooin eaut, Sally?" "Nawe, no' t'-neet. What dun yo' ax that for?" "Becose I thowt I yerd Tum o' Sloper's clogs upo' th' stones," owd Ailse said. "He's no 'casion t' come," Sally said. "I've better fish i'th' basket than him. What mun I goo eaut to a long slammokin foo like him for?" Tum had yerd enough. He went no moore.

ECONOMY. Makkin th' mooest o' everythin. Savin when yo' con witheaut clemmin yo'rsels, or th' childer. No givin to th' pigs that ut yo' con ate yo'rsels, nor hondin o'er to th' rag-mon a smirt witheaut a petch on it. Warmed-up porritch is a dainty neaw unknown.

EDGE. To mak yo'rsel safe for some o'th' chances of another life, after yo'n done th' wo'st you could i' this.

EDIBLE. *Fit to be eaten.* Ther's lots o' *edibles* lyin abeaut th' country ut are fit for atin, an' ut we turn up eaur noses at, becose we dunno know what they're wo'th. Spend a penny on a Swede turmit, an' cook it gradely, an' yo'n say there's nowt nicer; besides, two would be a dinner for four.

EDUCATE. *Formation of manners in youth.* Should be; but I deaut if such *edication* ut we're givin neaw is dooin owt o'th' sort. It's nobbut sharpenin tools; no' taichin heaw to use 'em.

EFFECT. *Consequences.* Put yo'r foot on a woman's street-sweeper, an' if yo' dunno' both see an' yer an *effect*, it's becose yo'n shot into th' next hoidin shop yo' could find.

EFFEMINATE. *Womanish:* wi' this difference, a mon ut's *effeminate* never files yo' deawn wi' his tongue. It's nobbut his Miss Nancyishness ut gets him th' name o' bein' effeminate.

EFFICIENCY. A word ut's i' great use at elections, speshly for local boards. Not one in a theausant knows what it meean; but it's a big seaund with it, an' that's enoogh for th' "free an enlightened."

EFFORT. *Struggle.* Tryin to squeeze yo'rsel through six inches of a gap when there's a bull at th' same side o'th' hedge, wi' its tail up, an' its yead deawn.

EFFULGENT. *Shining.* Th' wife's face ov a pay neet when hoo's keautin up a good week's wage.

EGOTIST. A mon ut likes yerrin hissel talk abeaut hissel. He generally talks "shop" i' company.

EJECTION. Causin a mon to have a swift passage eaut o' yo'r heause, by usin th' same motive peawer yo'd apply to a foot-bo.

EIGHTEEN. Th' best time o' life.

EIGHTY. That time o' life ut maks a mon feel there's a change comin on, whether he's ready for it or not.

ELECTION. A time o' great bother, an' bad feelin; when slutch is thrown reet an' left; an' a mon's name isno' wo'th a quart o' fayberry. When a devil's praised up like an angel; an' a dacent chap is rubbed o'er wi' th' blackest soot. A godsend for aleheauses an' printers, an' folk ut are at a loce end.

ELECTOR. A mon ut used to walk abeaut at election times wi'

one hont held beheend, like a net, for t' see what sort o' fish he could catch. A silver-coloured shoiner would do if ther nowt better, an' he'd vote for thoose ut had driven it i'th' net. But if a gowd-coloured un dropped in, he'd change his sheaut; an' tak one colour eaut of his hat for t' put another in. For o that, he're one o'th' "free an' independent." Th' Ballot Act has stopt o that.

ELEGANCE. *Beauty without grandeur.* A woman in her mornin printed calico dress, before hoo dons her afternoon's horrors on, an' begins a-sweepin th' roads. Eaur mothers wur aulus elegant, becose their mornin dress did for th' day.

ELEVATED. My pluck when I've had summat for t' raise it. Jack o' Flunter's yead when he's singin.

ELOPE. *To run away.* A chep an' very dacent plan o' gettin wed. It saves th' cost o' coaches, an' gaudy dresses, an' cakes, an' breakfasts, an' fiddlers. Besides, everybody isno' watchin, an' talkin, an' gigglin, an' makkin gam; an' sayin th' bride 'll be wearin clogs that day twelve months; an' hoo'll ha' to sit by hersel o' neets, wi' cleauts hung afore th' fire, an' a little pobby can upo' th' hob. Eaur weddin wur th' next dur to an elopement. But eaur Sal says if hoo had it to do o'er again, hoo'd ha' had a rope ladder to it, an' ha' done th' job gradely.

EMBARASS. *To perplex.* To be fast what to do if, when yo're a lad, yo'n gotten yo'r sweetheart at th' bottom o'th' garden, pleasantly keautin th' stars an' wonderin what they are, an' th' owd chap comes eaut wi' a candle an' a thick stick; an' there's



no chance of escape, nobbut by gettin up to th' gallows-buttons in a doytch. To be undecided whether to keep in th' fryin-pon, or jump into th' fire.

EMBEZZLE. *To adorn.* Some women looken better when they're *adorned* a bit; tho' I'd rayther see th' owd rib ov a weshin-day, when hoo's slattin suds abeaut; an' slaps me i'th' face wi' a weet shirt if I ax her for a shillin, so ut I con get eaut o'th' road. White satin, an' pink trimmins, could never mak her look so weel as then.

EMBEZZLE. Bein trusted by yo'r wife wi' haue-a-creawn, for t' buy odd things for th' heause; an' co'in somewhere with it when yo' yern a noise, then forgettin whoa th' brass belonged to, till yo're reminded on it when yo' gotten whoam by feelin ten fingers among yo'r yure, an' yerrin words spit i' yo'r face like red-wot sparrowbills. I've *embezzled* as mich off eaur Sal as would ha' transported me for life, if it had belonged to anybody elze.

EMETIC. Summat yo'n need noane *on* if yo'n goo an' ride a ranty-pow upo' th' sae. I've bin as weel cleared eaut as if I'd bin "drawn," like a turkey.

EMPLOYMENT. Wark. Summat we never owt to be short *on*; nor to seech, an' beg for.

EMPOVERISH. To get o yo' con eaut o' lond, an' put nowt in it. A practice ut wants stoppin.

EMPTY. A buttery wheere th' moice winno' goo into.

ENAMOUR. *To enflame with love.* To mak a lad he conno' sleep for th' thowts of a lump o' beauty lapt up in a gingham frock; an' creawnd wi' a "pig-i'th'-poke" bonnet.

ENCUMBRANCE. A family o' childer, if yo' thinken they are; but not unless yo' dun.

END. *The extremity of anything.* We oft say'n "th' latter end o'th' week," as if it had *two* ends, an' no beginnin.

ENDURE. *To bear.* Sittin i'th' nook wi' th' yead wartch, an' bein reminded abeaut every ten minits that it sarves yo' reet.

ENEMY. A mon to be forgiven, if yo' conno' thresh him.

ENGLISH. To be summat above what any other country con produce. A mon to feight, an' swagger abeaut it.

ENJOYMENT. Sittin on a nail-yead hearkenin to comic songs. Playin at shy widow, an' bein dropt on by a young duck o'

seventy, beaut teeth. Sittin, an' sheautin, an' drinkin till yo' dunno' know wheere yo' are, nor heaw yo'r hat geet under yo'.

ENLIGHTEN. To tell a mon summat he doesno' know, nor wouldno' thank yo' for tellin him.

ENOUGH. That ut we never han if we liken ; but very soon too mich if we dunno' like.

ENSLAVE. *To reduce to servitude.* Sometimes it's done unwillingly to thoose ut are *enslaved*. But there are slaves ut are very willin to wear their bonds ; I meean sich as would run after a party, an' let th' leeder on it walk o'er 'em ; or a mon ut carries his wife's pattens when they walken eaut, an' has to ax her for every haupenny he spends. *I know summat abeaut that.*

ENTERTAINING. Inviting yo'r friends to goo an' ha' supper wi' yo', an' findin yo'r owd ticket at th' back o'th' dur, wi' th' fire-potter i' one hont an' a kettle full o' boilin wayter i'th' tother.

“ Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.”

Th' fire-potter would ha' bin a hard thing to digest.

ENTHUSIASM. Sheautin for some great mon, an' findin it eaut that it's nobbut his flunky.

ENTICE. To howd a pot eaut o'th' Owd Bell window, an' drawin to'ard yo' a mon ut's sworn through thick an' thin he'd never taste again.

ENVY. Seein someb'dy better off than yo'rsel, an' wishin some bad luck would come to 'em. I should say it's th' mooest uncomfortable feelin a mon or woman could be punished with.

EPICURE. A mon ut, if it could be done, would have everything ut's good for atin mixed up into one meal, if it would mak th' stuff fifty times better, an' swallow it at one go.

EPISTLE. *A letter.* Generally begun i' this fashion :—“ I rite theese few lins oppin to find yer wel as it leevs me at pressent thank God for it and my usband too and all of us sissy as gott the meezles and is very bad and birty as got the ooping kof.”

EPITAPH. *An inscription on a tombstone.* I' some cases a big, thumpin lie. “ His benevolence was only exceeded by his virtue ; ” when th' owd rascal would ha' sowd anybody up for thrippence ;

an' would ha' mopt abeaut wi' drunken women till th' childer would ha' sheauted him. So mich for epitaphs.

EQUAL. *Like one another in bulk.* A messurment i' some things ut con never be decided on to everybody's satisfaction. "Keep company wi' thy equals," is a bit o' advice it would puzzle one to follow. One mon thinks hissel above another, an' another thinks hissel above him; an' among women it's ten times moore puzzlin, for they're every one above one another, an' a good way, too.

ERR. What nobody ever does, if we mun tak their own word for it. Summat never to be forgiven in a woman, if her "very good" sister women must ha' their own way.

ESQUIRE. What every mon is at an election time—

" Be he tinker, be he tailor,
Be he cobbler, or nailer,
' E-s-q.' his name they tack to,
Though he may be a very Jack-foo."

F.

FABLE. A lie tow'd so that we can larn summat fro' it by readin it. But childer conno' gawm heaw it happens that i' former times lions, an' mice, an' jackasses could talk, speshly jackasses. Eaur long-eared relations seemed to have had a bit moore sense than they han neaw-a-days. So mich for thee, Neddy!

FACE. *The countenance.* Ay, an' summat moore. It's a pictur we liken starin at, whether it be owd or young, or between th' two, an' witheaut knowin which part we liken th' best. We praisen e'en, lips, cheeks, chin, nose, brow; but tak away any one part fro' th' tother, an' what an ugly remainder there'd be! We picturn angels wi' a woman's face, becose there's nowt nicer upo' this yearth when it's noane eaut o' gear. But let her have it in for yo', or see it wi' a black an' yallow daub round one e'e, an' yo'n have very little inclination to go deawn o' yo'r knees an'

worship it. Th' "human face divine" gets wofully marred sometimes, speshly when th' painter lays his colours on wi' his fist.

FACTION. *A power in a State.* A body o' folk ut aré aulus reet, while everybody elze is wrong, an' are ready at any time to break a lot o' yeads, just to prove they are reet. One faction conno' exist unless there's another to keep it alive an' i' feightin fettle, an' booath are never so happy as when they're lettin dayleet i' one another's hats, or drawin "claret" witheaut a corkscrew.

FADE. *To wear away.* Th' comin o' wrinkle time. Havin' th' black o' yo'r yeads turned into rindles o' silver, as if snails had bin creepin among it. *Fadin* time is when yo' wondern if th' looking-glass is as good as it wur once, or if it's tellin lies. When single women getten on th' shelf, an' single chaps can hardly say a good-tempered word. Th' sunset or th' autumn o' life.

FAIN. To be as a lad is when he's his fust suit o' button-ups; or, if he's a bigger lad, when th' wench he's fixed his e'en on consents for t' have a walk wi' him, an' hoo treats him to two lemon-drops. A dog, when it's had th' tin kettle unteed fro' its tail, an' yo' geen it a feed o' wut-cake an' milk, an' yo' tellen it to lie deawn upo' th' hearthstone, an' if it's a mind to stop wheere it is it may. If it could do some good for yo' then it would.

FAINT. A state o' queerness ut comes o'er some women when they conno' have o they wanten. Sometimes they mak a noise like a skrikin pig, but droppen their music when they yern a bucketful o' wayter bein talked abeaut.

FAIR. Bein jannock. Toein th' mark. Dooin that ut's reet by one another. Some folk sayn they're dooin fair when they're not, an' wanten everybody to be *fair* wi' 'em when they takken every advantage they con theirsels. Sometimes it meean a place wheere jackasses grin through hoss collars. At others it meean a nice white skin, or leet-coloured yure. It's a word very mich used i' poetry, speshly th' soft-yeaded sort.

"Fair is her face, excepting those
Two cherries ripe beneath her nose."

FAIRIES. Beins we believen in when we're childer, but never seen; an' as th' pictur o' their dooins fades wi' time, we wakker

up to th' truth ut Tom Thumb wur a little humbug, an' ut th' keaw never swallowed him, but that we'n swallowed him mony a time o'er, and wi' a welcomin guttle.

FAITH. *Belief.* An article ut's very scarce, if it's real an' seaund, but plentiful wheree it's manufactured eaut o' shoddy. "Theau may ha' *faith* i' my dooin it," owd Matty Jinks said, when hoo promised her nevvyy hoo'd leeave him o her brass when hoo deed. "I'd rayther have a bit to be gooin on with. I should be sure then," th' nevvyy said. That seaunded like havin a *deaut*, so hoo laft him nowt, becose, I reckon, he'd no *faith*.

FALL. Owd Adam's great mistake, or elze owd Eve's. I think it wur th' owd besom ut wur th' cause o'th' mischief. Hoo're towd not to touch th' apple, an' that's just the thing hoo'd do, if hoo're towd not to do. Aulus th' rule o' contrary wi' women. If I want my owd rib to graise my clogs, I tell her if hoo touches 'em I'll knock her into th' middle o' next week. Th' consequence is, in abeaut ten minits they're put under my nose, wi' abeaut a buttercake thick o' tallow on 'em. I've won my point. If Adam had towd his wife to get him a peck o' apples, hoo'd ha' seen him jiggered th' fust. So we should ha' bin saved a lot o' bother.

FAME. A grand thing when it's seen at a distance, but an owd hat when we getten within arm's length on't, an' we feeln as if we'd rayther send eaur foot through it than don it on eaur toppin. We should like it better if we could get howd on't sooner. But it ages wi' waitin.

FAMILY. A word o' mony meeanins. I dar'say, when it wur made, an' were tumbled new eaut o'th' mint, it wur intended to apply to mon, wife, an' childer, livin under th' same roof. Neaw it has a wider meeanin. "He comes of a good family" is very commonly said of a young chap ut has a bit o' brass beheend him. Th' *family* meeanins th' whul breed as far back as it can be traced, till it comes to one o'th' gronfeythers bein a pig droiver, or a stone breaker, wheree th' "good family" ends. It's an empty word when it's used for owt beside its fust meeanin.

FAMINE. Not aulus caused by th' *scarcity of food*. There's sometimes a decal o' clemmin done when there's plenty abeaut, but conno' be getten at. There's summat wrong somewhere when that's th' case.

FANCY. Formin an idea abeaut summat witheaut seein it. Thinkin a woman wi' a grand name is a grand woman, when hoo's as plain as a berm bawler. One would be inclined to *fancy* that th' heause Jim o' Philip's lives at wur summat no' mich short of a palace when we seen th' name, "Woodbine Bower," tho' it's nobbut a four-loomed loomheause, built at th' front of a dirty lone, wi' a marl pit at th' back, an' hardly a whul fence to be seen abeaut it. It's mony a generation sin' ther any woodbine grew abeaut there, if ever it wur known at any time. There's lots o' wild *fancy* caused by fine-seaundin words.

FAREWELL. *The parting compliment. Adieu.* "Here's my cap, an' fourpence; theau'll never see me no moore. Gie my respects to my feyther an' mother, an' tell 'em t' look after th' buryin brass."

FARMER. A mon ut's noted for his grumblin, for one reeason becose he's th' mak-spoort for th' weather. It rains when it should be fine; an' is dry when his lond could do wi' rain; till it gets him so i'th' habit o' complainin that, if th' weather's dooin its best he'll not own to it. If his crops are big, he's nobody to get 'em in; an' he says folk neaw are so idle an' independent they'n work noane if they'n a chance. Then he's two or three keaws gone off their milk; an' his londlort says he'll raise his rent. No wonder at him bein a grumbler.

FARTHING. A piece o' coin we used to mak eaut o' button-tops, by flattenin th' shank. I took one once to owd Nannie's, for a farthin's wo'th o' carrits; an' th' owd dame turned it o'er, an' examined it, then gan it me back. "Here," hoo said, "tak it back, an' knock th' shank a bit flatter, then theau shall ha' thy carrits." They'r'n noane partikilar abeaut brass i' thoose days. It wur good if it wur th' reet shape.

FASHION. *Form, make.* A thing as variable as th' wynt, or th' weather, but moore so. It's a strange disorder among women; an' no' mony cases are known of its bein cured. Whenever a dress, or a bonnet, begins a-lookin nice, wi' one's e'en bein used to it, they're sure to change it for one as ugly at th' fust seet as sin. Fro' coal-box bonnets they geet to spoon bonnets, an' then to no bonnets at o, wi' a beehive made o' deead folks' yure stuck on their yeads, wi' three straws an' a ribbin on th' top ov o, like a

little lad on a rushcart. Th' same wi' dresses. No' long sin' they had 'em wide enough for t' shelter a haue a dozen childer when it rained. Neaw a drop o' rain couldno' touch th' skirt, till it



raiched th' mop at th' bottom. Men are a bit like women. Th' hat's never reet for some, wi' others they're aulus abeaut fifty year beheend. Yo' may know th' character of a mon by his hat.

FAST. A word ut contradicts itsel. We say'n he's *fast* when he's very loce; an' *fast* when he's under lock an' key. We say'n *fast* when he's gooin at sich a speed he con hardly keep on his legs; an' *fast* when he's brokken deawn. I wonder which is th' reet meeanin. Th' word's used for clemmin, too.

FAT. What mooest Englishmen aim at bein at one time o' their life. It wur used to be reckont a sign o' bein hearty. "Eh, theau looks weel, Betty. I wish I're as *fat* as thee. Theau hasno' put o that flesh o' thy booans wi' atin nowt nobbut porritch. Nawe, nawe; sheep's-yeads, an' liver an' bacon, moore like. Theau'll be ready for killin soon. An' look at me, what a blim-worm I am."

FATHER. (*Lanky, feyther.*) A mon ut's sent into th' wo'ld for t'poo childer's ears, an' thresh their mother. O' very little use in a heause after he's come'n off his loom. Doesno' get mich likin fro' th' childer as th' mother does, after he's begun o' dustin their clooas when they're on their backs. "Mother," a little lad said, when he're beginnin his prayers, "I'd rather say 'Our Mother in Heaven,' than 'Our Father.'" "What for, Tommy?" th' mother wanted to know. "Becose feythers hitten harder than mothers."

FAULT. A thing never, or seldom committed, if eaur own judgment mun rule.

FAVOUR. *Kindness.* Very mich axt for i' these times. "Win yo' do me a favour?" is a very common question, an' shows heaw we're losin eaur independence o' character. *Favours* are very oft sheawered upo' folk that are no' th' leeast desarkin *on* 'em, while th' tother thing could be said—at thoose ut deserven a *favour* are th' last to get it.

FEE. A sort o' payment for dooin nowt a workin chap has no chance o' gettin howd *on*. I'd like to be paid wi' a *fee*, an' give a recait for it wi' a Queen's yead *on*. It would be different to powlerin deawn to Manchester, wi' a cut that, if I've luck o' bein paid i' full, I may draw eighteen shillin for, after bein a fortnit i' wayvin it.

FEEL. *Touch.* We *feel* when we dunno' touch, that is, for one another. We *feel*, too, when we want summut to touch—a hond ut's cowl, or a cheek ut's lost its bloom, or lips that are closed for ever.

FEET. Things that are sadly abused one way or another. They're formerly intended for walkin on; but neaw they're put to corn grooin, an' th' cultivation o' bunions. Ther some other uses for 'em—hoppin; puncin; stampin; byettin time; turnin feel-loss-o'-speeds, an' treadmills. Ther various sorts an' shapes—dumpy feet; floppy feet; pratty feet; an' feet ut are put eaut o' shape wi' bobbin-heeled boots. There's no part o'th' body, unless it's th' waist, ut gets so mich punishment, for t' put it into a shape, as a foot does. We're gettin into a limpin, hawmplin, waddlin race; an' o' for th' sake o' fashin.

FELLOW. (*Lanky, felly.*) A word used i' mony a sense. Sometimes it meean a swaggerer. "Look what a *felly* he is."

At other times it meens a sweetheart. "Susey, has yo'r Ann gotten a *felly*?" "What dost ax that for, Ellen?" "Nowt, nobbut hoo stonds at eaur heause-end, wi' her arms lapt up in her apporn, an' a lad wi' her. They'n stond theere for heaurs t'gether, an' never spake a word; so I think they mun be coortin."

FEMALE. *A she.* I' natural history a woman is described as a *female*; but co her one; an' yo'n wish yo'rsel eaut o'th' road sooner than yo' con get. "What do you think of yourself, you *female*?" Missis Parkiton said to her back-dur neighbour, ut had bin sweepin dirt on her flags. "I'll gi'e thee *female*, Madam Starch, ift' coes me that again," th' neighbour said.



FEET.

FENCE. *An enclosure.* If a hedge, it's for lads to mak gaps through. If a stone wall, it's for 'em to poo th' stones off th' top, an' rowl 'em into th' road. If wood rails, it's to provide for th' fifth of November. If iron palisades, it's for 'em to hook th' slack o' their treausers on, an' hang by it.

FENDER. A hearthstone fence. Summat yo' darno' put yo'r feet on if th' owd rib sees yo', no matter heaw coud they may be. If a blob o' porritch plashes on it, hoo sheauts eaut—"Eh, my fender!" Th' word is sometimes applied to a haue circle o' lads an' wenches, sitting reaund fro' oon to hob.

FERRET. *An animal of the weasel kind.* Th' word's very oft' used for t' meean huntin eaut some sacret. "Hoo's bin very sly o these years; an' I conno' see heaw hoo con afford to dress as hoo does, an' nobbut a factory wench. But if there is owt bad abeaut her I'll *ferret* it eaut." If it wur *good*, nob'dy would mak it their bizness to look after it. Sich is life, speshly among good Christian charitable an' forgivin folk.

FETTL. *To do trifling business.* Tell a woman hoo's dooin triffin business when hoo's *fettlin* th' heause up again Sunday; but be eaut o'th' raitch o'th' mop, or yo'r dicky may be *fettled*. If hoo's th' hond brush i' play, hoo may *fettle* yo'r meauth with it.

FIB. *A lie.* Mooestly looked on as a *white lie*, or one there's no hurt in. Yo' may co a mon a *fibber* witheaut mich fear o' consequences. But co him a liar, an' he may happen try to get at yo'. Or he may happen content hissel wi' sayin "Thean'r't another."

FIDDLE. *A stringed instrument.* Said to ha' bin invented by a cat, an' played on for t' charm mice eaut o' their holes. When it's played on by a gentleman it's coed a *violin*. But if owd Planker wur raspin at it in an aleheause nook they'd say he're *fiddlin*.

FIFTY. Th' age a woman never passes. When hoo's raiched forty-nine hoo turns back. Ax her what age hoo is i' five year after an hoo'll say forty-four. Hoo knows it by so-an'-so happenin at sich a time, an' hoo're gooin in eleven then. There's no disputin it.

FINE. A word o' mony meanins. A substance is *fine* if it's very smo, an' *fine* if it's big; *fine* if it's pratty, *fine* if it's nice tasted, an' a *fine* sometimes touches yo'r pocket. Forriners may weel be bothert wi' eaur language.

FINERY. *Show, splendour.* That ut a woman never set her e'en on yet, ut shows hoo knows nowt abeaut it. What, a woman or a wench understond *finery*! Never!

FIRE. *The element that burns.* A comfortable thing when it keeps within th' grate, but no' so pleasant when it gets into th' bed curtains, or within a foot of a peawther can. Show a Lancashire chap a fire-place, an' he'll turn his back to it if there's no fire in, or if it's on a wot summer day.

FIRST. At th' yead o'th' loomheause, or owt elze. What every conceited foo likes bein, even if he's nobbut leeadin up pace-eggers. He mun have his face extry blacked, an' summat in his button-hole. Th' fust babby in a family may be known by th' way it's feyther carries it when it's i' long clooas. Think abeaut that, yo' feythers, an' sweetat. Yo'n o' bin guys i' yo'r time.



FIRE.

FISH. An animal made for punishment, if it isno' mindin what it's dooin. Let it fancy a worm wrigglin on th' eend of a hook has come theere of itsel, o' purpose o' bein gobbled up, an' it's even bettin ut it taks th' worm's place, an' gets jerted eaut o' th' wayter. *Fishin* is coed th' "gentle craft." I should like to have a fish's opinion abeaut it, sayin nowt abeaut th' worm!

FIST. *The hand clenched.* When th' knuckles are like white knobs it's generally a sign o' war; an' mit no' be pleasant if yo' put yo'r ear close to it,—well, not if in a hurry. Th' meetin mit cause yo'r ear to be moore warm than comfortable, heavever th' fist went on.

FIXTURE. *A piece of furniture fixed in a house..* It's usally reckoned in wi' th' price when th' heause is sowd. Eaur Sal says when th' Owd Bell is sowd *me* an' owd Juddie will ha' to be reckoned in as *fixtures*. Hoo thinks it would run th' good-will up to a bigger price.

FLAG. *A broad stone for paving floors.* Summat yo' darno' set yo'r foot on if it's new cleant, till yo'n had th' bottom o' yo'r clogs tirpytined an' beezwaxed. It's a good thing for childer when they're larnin to walk. It's a tendency to harden 'em wheree it shouldno' be tender if they are to have their share o' timber visitations. Every choilt is supposed to ha' brokken a lot o' *flags* in his time.

FLAME. *The passion of love.* Feelin o ov a swither becose yo'r inside has been set a-fire by a pair o' e'en ut han sent flashes o' leetnin through yo'r senglet. Lots o' things han bin recommended for sleekin it eaut ut han never bin fund o' mich use. "What's to do wi' thee, Joe? Art' i' love?" "Ay, I am, mother; I'm o ov a swither just neaw." "Well, drink plenty o' cowd tae; that'll sleck it eaut."

FLANNEL. A sort o' cloth eaur gronmothers wur fond o' wearin; an' ut they reckoned wur good for everythin, speshly *red* flannel. Rheumatis, shakin fits, pain i'th' back, an' a disturbance among th' rumblers. If a lad had th' tub-wartch, "give him a dose o' kester-oil, an' lap him weel i' wot flannel; an theau'll see he'll ail nowt i'th' mornin'."

FLATTERER. A mon ut wants to persuade yo' yor a decal better a mon than yo' are; but he's generally summat i' view when he's daubin it on. "Theau'rt a rare good chap, Jammie. There's wurr folk than thee i'th' we'ld. Wilt' stond a pint?" "Nawe." "Jammie, I said there's wurr folk than thee i'th' wo'ld; an' ther' is, but *they han 'em fast.*"

FLAY. (Lanky, *fleigh.*) *To strip off the skin.* "Neaw, Sam-i-well! If theau doesno' come i'th' heause, an' doff thoose weat stockings, I'll *fleigh* thee wick."

FLEA. (*Lanky, fleck or fleigh.*) A bed acrobat. A chap ut, when he's a bit lively, con jump abeaut five hundert times th' height an' length of hissel. If I could do th' same, I could tak a spring fro' th' front o'th' Gowden Bo, clear th' top o' Hazlewo'th Pow, an' lond i'th' owd Bell fowt. This animal's very fond o' dinin' off raw babby.

FLINCH. (*To shrink from any suffering.*) Gooin a-havin a tooth drawn; an' runnin away, after yo'n knocked at th' doctor's dur.

FLIT. (*To fly away.*) A wayver's *flittin* is summat different to that. Let me get four oak looms i'th' fowt; an' anybody ut con *fly away* wi' 'em is welcome to th' lot.

FLOP. *To clap the wings with noise.* Ay, but it's another meeanin than that. Owd Lucy Smith had bin an arrand one frosty mornin, when ther snow on th' greaund. Ther a curry (slide) on th' road, ut th' lads had made; an' it wur just scittert o'er wi' snow. "I'd no sooner set my heels upo' this curry," hoo said, "than I coome deawn *flop*."

FLOUNCE. (*Lanky, fleaunce.*) *A furbelow.* A sort of an arrangement o' cloth boxes, or pigeon holes, fixed to th' bottom of a woman's dress, an' intended for t' carry as mich dust, an' dirt, as con be collected. Ther used to be a rhyme i' eaur fowt, ut wur supposed to ha' bin made by a woman givin orders abeaut a new dress. "Let it be

Walkin width,
An' sidin sidth,
Two broad tucks, an' a *fleaunce* on."

FOGGY. Lyin i' bed in a mornin, wonderin wheere yo' wur th' neet afore, an' what sort of a tale yo'n tow'd th' owd rib.

FOIST. Knockin a chap's hat o'er his een, and makkin him believe another mon has done it.

FOLD. A fowt.

FOLK. *People.* A very whoamly word, an' means a great deal. We liken sayin—"eaur folk," "gradely folk," "owd folk," an' "young folk." We seldom say "bad folk." We liken to meean *good*, when th' word's used.

FOP. *A coxcomb. A man of small understanding, one fond of dress.*

Well, I dunno' know heaw I con mend that, unless I say he's an empty-yeaded, struttin, shufflin foo, ut thinks becose he's i' love wi' hissels, everybody owt be i' love wi' him. He's generally born wi' one e'e weaker than th' tother; an' has to wear one-windowed spectekles as soon as he's gotten into his yorneyhood. He's so



fond o' colours in his dress that he'd ha' clooas made eaut o' th' rainbow, if th' stiches would howd t'gether. He's an animal that should never be axt to mix among gradely folk, speshly if there's young women i' company.

FORAGE. *To wander in search of provisions.* That meean as far as an army is concerned. But I've known a good deel o' *foragin* done by folk ut never wore a red jacket. Thirty year sin' it wur very needful, when we had to depend moore upo' this

country for what we had to ate. It wur common enough for t' see folk gooin fro' shop to shop, tryin to raise a bakin. "Where art' off to wi' that basket, Sam?" "We'n clemmed as long as we con, so I'm gooin a-*foragin*."

FOREHEAD. That part o'th' face ut a mon likes showin, an' a woman prefers hoidin. Hoo'll ha' summat to put o'er it, oather a belt reound her yead, or curtains o' yure hung fro' th' top; or a black rag, coed a "fall," fastened under her bonnet. That foo ut wanted to lay hissels deawn, an' "dee," for "Annie Laurie," must ha' seen moore than is generally exposed, for he says—

" Her *brow* is like the snaw-drift;
Her neck is like the swan;
Her *face* it is the *fairest*
That e'er the sun shone on."

He must ha' lived i' different days to these.

FORFEIT. To lose by some breach of condition. There's a game I've mony a time played at ut they co'en *forfeits*. "Theau looks a bit yonderly this mornin, Joe. What's up?" "My wife's gettin into a young woman again." "Well, theau owt to be pleased at that. But heaw dost' meean?" "Hoo's begun a-playin at *forfeits*." "The deuce hoo has!" "Yoi; hoo popped my best clooas above a year sin', an' neaw they're *forfeited*."

FORK. A thing that's moore i' use neaw-a-days than it wur formerly. When I're bein spooned sich things wur hardly known i' some families. They used a knife an' fingers. Fotch a mon neaw caut o' some owd nook, where they conno' yer a railroad whistle; set him a knife an' fork; then yep up a load o' potatoe pie on a plate abeaut th' size of a fryin-pon, an' th' fork'll soon disappear; so will his left hont. They'n booath be on his knee, an' he'll shoo'l in his mess wi' th' knife.

FORWARD. (Lanky, *forrad*.) *Premature, early ripe*. Yorneys, or besoms o' fifteen, settin theirsels up to be men an' women. Tum o' Jim's said to Sally o' Sam's, when th' wench's feyther had bin grumblin abeaut her keepin company wi' Tum, an' theyrn booath short o' fifteen, "Tell thy feyther, if he says owt any moore, I'm ready to tak thee any minit." Thoose wurn *forrad* brids.

FREEDOM. Th' opposite o' slavery. A state o' bein moore talked abeaut than understood. A mon 'll sing

"Rule Britannia,
Britannia rules the waves,

Britons never, never, never-r-r shall be *slaves*,"
when at th' same time he's takken a hoss's place i'th' shafts of a carriage, an' happen his dowter's workin sixteen heurs a day wi' her needle, for just a bare livin. An' this is a *free country*.

FRIEND. A mon we dunno' like, if he's done us a good turn. Obligations dividen folk.

FROLIC. *A wild prank*. Gooin abeaut at neets, stalin mops; an' emptyin raintubs; an' puncin durs; an' firin a pistil at a loom-heause window, at th' same time squirtin blood i'th' owd wayver's face. Ther's a danger o' that bein an expensive frolic. It wur very nee costin me my ears once.

FURIOUS. *Mad with rage; passion of anger*. If yo' want to be put in a proper state have a writ sent yo' for summat someb'dy elze owes, but yo' mun pay. Look o'er th' bankruptcy list, an' find someb'dy "gone" ut owes yo' a lot, an "assets nil." A two-thri bills thrown in would help th' steem to get up wonderfully; an' yo'd doance a caper yo' never larnt in a tapream. A word or two fro' th' wife, abeaut sarvin someb'dy reet would be as good as a barrowful o' coals on th' fire.

G.

GABBLE. Monday afternoon talk, when th' taepot's on th' table, an' six women reound it. Or what we con yer at pump time, if there's a lot waitin o' their turn.

GABLE. That part of a heause ut's built o' purpose for young chaps to rub their backs again when it's too fine to be at their looms. It's sometimes used by portrait painters, i' whitewesh. But that style o' art is deein eaut.

GADDER. A mon, or a woman, ut has nowt elze to do nobbut goo fro' heause to heause, tellin an' yerrin tales. "Yond's th'

owd sargeant on his reound, I see. He's gotten a new tale, I con see by th' speed he's gooin at. He'll drop into Billy Softly's; an' he'll farm Billy's loom-rail for an heaur. Then he'll goo an' gi'e Siah at owd Bob's a dose. Siah's brewed; so he'll stop theree two heurs. I wish they'd get on th' Crymeer War. I shouldno' be bothered with him then."



FURIOUS.

GAG. *To stop the mouth.* A thing no' very yezzily done, unless it's wi' a bribe; an' then it isno' aulus safe. Jack o' Flunter's thowt he'd gag th' wife once; but he couldno' manage th' job gradely. It wur at a time when he co'ed hissels teetotal; an' he'd

a bet of a new hat ut he lasted eaut sich a time. One neet he londed whoam fro' Manchester wi' as mich weet inside as he could carry, an' as mich eautside as his clooas would howd. He'd gotten drunken, an' bin deawn in a doytch. He promised his wife a new pair o' boots if hoo'd never tell; so hoo agreed; but i' two days after I yerd her sayin to eaur Sal, "Eaur Jack's gotten so fond o' wayter sin' he turned teetotal, ut he lays him deawn in it neaw. He tumbled in a doytch tother neet, an' coom whoam wi' his clooas soppin weet."

GAIN. *Profit.* What's gotten by sellin a thing for moore than it's cost. Jack o' Bet's wur for makkin a fortin once by th' profits on sellin shuttles to wayvers. He sent his wife eaut hawkin 'em reaund abeaut th' neighbourhood. "What mun I sell 'em at?" hoo wanted to know. "Theau mun *ax* a hauve-a-creawn apiece for 'em," Jack said; "but *get* three shillin ift' con."

GALL. Owt yo' dunno' like swallowin, noather wi' yo'r throat nor yo'r ears. A bitter pill.

GALLERY. Th' top shop in a theayter, wheere th' best judges sitten. Wheere sometimes there's a better performance than there is on th' stage.

GALLON. *A liquid measure of four quarts.* Oather quarts or gallons are less i' Rachda than they are i' Hazlewo'th, or elze Tim Bobbin had a deep guttle, even when he're laid i'th' greaund; for Sam Bamfort says, when he went a-seein Tim's grave—

"I browt him up a deep breawn jug,
Ut a *gallon* did contain;
An' he took it at one blessed draught,
An' laid him deawn again."

GALLOWS. A machine for taichin folk heaw to doance upo' nowt; and witheaut a fiddle. A patent swing ut yo' con have to yorsel for an heaur at a twel, witheaut anybody sayin "Theau's had it long enough; it's my turn neaw."

GALLOWSES. Straps for t' keep yo'r unwhisperables fro' slippin o'er yo'r clogs. Sometimes used for gettin a polish on a lad's skin.

GAOL. A place for t' prepare folk for th' gallows, or to keep 'em eaut o' mischief, or to box 'em off, an' ticket em' so ut they'n know

where to find 'em. A place where yo' can be quiet in, an' no be bothert wi' folk wantin to borrow summat. A skoo where yo' can larn to live on very little, an' yo'r larnin 'll cost yo' nowt. A



feedin shop where there's no fear o' clemmin, nor gettin uncomfortably fat. Th' wo'st on't is there's no latch keys alleawed, an' yo' han to be in very soon i'th' neet.

GAP. *An opening in a broken fence.* A godsend to a lad at brid-neezein, or blackberry time. Talk abeaut gowden gates to a marble palace! A gap is a grander openin to a ragged whelp ut knows th' hedge on th' tother side's "black o'er" wi' plumpin fruit. Owd Thuston used to mak a gap o' purpose at blackberry time; an' by that means he saved his fences.

GAPE. If yo' wanten t' see what gradely gapin is, go to Manchester ov a Whissun Setturday. Yo'd think folk wur oppenin their meauths for t' catch summat, when they're nobbut starin at

a window, wheere there's dolls, an' Noah's arks, an' wooden monkeys in. It's gotten th' name o' "gapin Setturday."

GARDEN. A piece o' greaund ut nob'dy owt to be witheaut; for there's nowt prattier, nor moore civilisin, than a weel-looked-after garden. If a mon has a wife wi' a raspy tongue, a walk among fleawer beds 'll tak some o'th' sharpness off. Hoo may look at a rose, an' think heaw like her cheeks it is; an' heaw quiet it can be! Aulus smilin, an' never caut o' temper. A beehive helps. Hoo'll no say hoo's kilt wi' wark when hoo's watched th' hummabees a bit.

GAZETTE. A printed papper ut a mon likes seein his name in; speshly if he owes a theasant or two, an' nowt to pay it with nobbut his heause things. He con have as mich o'th' road, or th' street as he likes then; an' nob'dy 'll follow him for t' tap him on't shooother. If he'll get caut o'th' seet th' air may feel a bit fresher.

GENEALOGY. *Pedigree.* For a sample read th' fust chapter i' Matthew; an' then try to trace yo'r own family back. Very few con get furr than a great gronfeyther witheaut gettin a good deecal mixed up. That's furr than I con get. Sometimes th' owd rib 'll say my breed coome o'er th' herrin pit.

GENIAL. Bein good company; able to tak a joke as weel as give one. A lot o' folk conno'. There's nob'dy better natured than Joe Timmis. If anycne points a joke at Joe he begins a-laafin afore any o'th' tother company, an' sometimes he vexes th' joker with it. One neet Sam Nadin thowt he'd gie Joe a turn o'er wi' a tale he had to tell abeaut him. When Sam had finished, Joe said, "Hast done?" "Ay," Sam said, an' he tried to laaf. "I could ha' tow'd it better mysel," Joe said. "Theau's missed it abeaut me bottlin porritch." "If' mentions bottlin porritch again I'll knock thee o'er into th' nook," Sam said. "Oh, it wur *thee*, wur it? I'd forgotten," Joe said, laafin. "I'll tell thee what, Joe, theau'rt no gentlemon," Sam said, sulkily. "If *theau'rt* one, thank goodness I'm not," Joe said, an' he'd o'th' company laafin with him, an' drove Sam Nadin caut. Joe Timmis wur *genial*.

GENTLEMAN. A clooas-peg.

ENTRY. Quality. Folk ut are above spakin to better folk. Arrogant, useless lumber.

GENUINE. Gradely. Th' real stuff.

GEORGE. A mon ut we swearn by. St. George. wur him ut killed th' Cockey Moor snake, an' co'ed it a dragon.

GHOST. *The soul of a man.* Sometimes it's th' body, an' it very oft happens that it's summat harder than oather *on* 'em. A stump wi' a shirt on, an' a turmit lantern for a yead, has bin



known to freeten owd codgers ut han purtended they didno' believe i' ghosts. There's not mony *real* ghosts bin seen sin' railroads wur made. Th' screamin of a steeam whistle has "laid" th' whul family.

GIANTS. A breed o' monsters ut went eaut o' fashin long afore ghosts. They'rn used to be fund moolesty abeaut Cornwall, wheere they fed upo' childer, an' wurno', at a pinch, above tacklin stronger mayte. They'rn a great terror to folk, till a lad they coed

"Jack" sank holes for 'em t' drop in, an' couldno' get eaut. He then mined under their toppins wi' a colliers' pick, an' settled th' lot, so it's said; but I think a bit o' common sense had moore to do wi' it than Jack.

GIBBET. A cage they'r'n used to put folk in, an hang 'em up to dry. They cured carcasses i' thoose days witheaut saut, or stickin 'em i'th' chimdy. It must ha' bin very comfortin to folk ut didno' want to be buried, beside bein a meean o' savin th' buryin brass to th' family. A lad could goo an' have a look at his feyther years after he're deead then. But nob'dy frets becose th' custom's gone eaut o' fashin.

GIBLETS. *The parts of a goose which are cut off before it is roasted.* "Where are th' giblets, Sam?" a mon wur axt ut had a wick goose under his arm he'd bowt at Rachda market. "Egad," he said, "I mun turn back; I'd forgotten thoose."

GIDDY. *Heedless; thoughtless.* A wench is giddy when hoo talks so mich abeaut chaps ut not one 'll have owt to say to her. They think'n hoo's a bit off her yead.

GINNET. Jim Grimes had a notion ut this wur a grand word, an' would figure weel i' poetry. So he wrote a love letter to Jinny Skooals, an' it finished up wi' these lines—

"My loveliest *ginnet*,
I'll wed thee in a minit."

"What's a *ginnet*, feyther?" Jinny said to her owd dad. "A mule," wur th' onswer. In a day or two after that Jim Grimes turned up wi' his een welly scrat eaut.

GIRL. An owd woman. Th' word used to meean a young wench. But co one a *girl* neaw, an' hoo'll slap yo i'th' face. But when a husband coes his sixty-year-owd wife "old girl," or "owd gel," hoo puts on a smile ut maks her look young again.

GLIMMER. *Weak light.* Waugh sings—

"Come what's the use o' fratchin, lads, this life's noan so lung,
So if yo'n gether reawnd I'll try my hond at a sung;
It may show a guidin *glimmer* to some wand'r'er astray,
Or haply gie some poor owd soul a lift on the way."

GLOOM. A loomheause wi' no wark in it. Th' wife's face when hoo conno' see her road to a bakin. Ditto when yo' gotten whoam at a time when yo're tow'd "everybody elze has bin i' bed these two heurs."

GLORIOUS. Havin th' wo'ld in a bant, an'—moore to come in. Bein i' capital 'singin fettle; an' th' owd rib by yo'r side, pipin a note or two in. Havin a go wi' an owd crony, an' livin owd times o'er again. Gooin whoam wi' an unsartinty as to whether th' sun's risin or settin.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was *glorious*,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

GLUM. Bein i' that state o' feelin caused by thinkin yo'n just an odd shillin i' yo'r pocket i'th' mornin; but find after feelin it's nobbut that gallows-button ut coome away th' neet afore.

GOBBLE. Put a dozen hungry chaps in a reaum; set 'em a basin o' stew apiece wi' plenty o' slip-go-deawn in it; an' yo'n find eaut what it is to *gobble*.

GO-BETWEEN. A *mediator*. Bobby Burns wur a *go-between* once. His companion, John Blane, wanted Bobby t' spake a word for him to a young woman ut would ha' nowt to say to him. Burns whispered to her a bit while John stood by; an' e'enneaw he turned reaud to his companion, an' said, "Jock, ye may gang hame." After that th' lass wur Burns's "Bonnie Jeane." He wed her.

GOOD. A class o' folk ut thinken theirsels so perfect they need no thrutch for t' get a front place i'th' top shop. But if they yerd th' trumpet seaund they'd be off like red-shanks; an' wouldno' care whoa they elbowed back at th' gates.

GOSSIP. One ut goes abeaut th' fowt tellin tales, an' very oft for t' set mischief. Goes to Jack o' Flunter's wife, an' tells her Jimmy at Billy Softly's has bin puncin their Bill. Then goes to Billy Softly's, an' tells Billy's wife 'at Bill o' Jack's has so bin hommerin their Jimmy. Then there's a fluster among th' women.

GOVERNMENT. A body o' men ut never could do reet for everybody, an' never will. A fair mark for a bit o' good black-guardin. Aulus playin a game at "in an' eaut." Done things

when they're *in* ut they cussen others for dooin when they're *caut*. O parties are mich of a michness, when they're playin at that game.

GRAVE. Th' last hangin-caut shop. A place wheere th' change o' weather is never felt; an' wheere th' inhabitants never bother their yeads abeaut rituals; nor what Government's i'



peawer; nor whether th' Russians han their e'en fixed on an extry bit o' lond; or whether th' Turks intend dooin one quarter o' what they'n promised to do. A heause they ne'er send th'

bailies to for back rent ; an' th' doctor's never wanted. Where they're never i'th' road on a weshin-day ; an' are never blown up for bein late in at neet. An' for o these privileges, it's th' last place anybody i' good health wants to flit to. Sometimes it's a refuge for th' weary ; mony a time looked forrad to as a blessed change.

H.

HABITATION. *A place of abode ; a dwelling.* To an Englishman it's reckoned to be a castle. But it conno' be a very strong castle if a pair o' "flaggers" con walk in, an' tak owt eaut they'n a mind for a fortnit's rent. An' that's done very oft. Beside, th' way some o' these castles are built would leead one to think they'rn put up for t' knock deawn wi' th' leeast trouble. There's a row o' these *habitations* just eautside Hazlewo'th ut are moore accommodatin than happen wur intended by thoose ut built 'em. Thoose ut livin in 'em han no 'casion to goo into company at neet. They con sit on their own hearth-stones an' talk to o their neighbours i'th' tother heauses. I've seen some queer habitations i' Manchester, an' would like eaur Bishop to see one or two on 'em.

HACK. *A hired horse.* Owd Thuston bowt one once off a cab chap. A weary owd piece o' skin an' bo oan it wur. Jack o' Flunter's said it wur fit for nowt nobbut hangin hats or milk cans on. Owd Thuston thowt he could feed it up so ut it could draw two churnins ; so he put it eaut to graze. But th' owd rip had forgotten what green stuff wur for ; so never nibbled. It wur th' same wi' hay, an' wuts. It couldno' remember ever havin any. But when it coome across a line o' clooas, didno' it sam into 'em ? If it hadno' bin for seein another hoss aitin hay i'th' fowt one day, owd Thuston's wouldno' ha' had a rag to their backs in a fortnit. It fed like a pig after that ; an' turned eaut to be as good a tit as ever went on th' farm. A change o' diet sometimes maks a wonderful difference, speshly when good provender taks th' place o' shirts an' stockins.

HAG. *An old, ugly woman.* Abeaut three hundert years sin it wur a misfortin to a woman to be a *hag*. Hoo're very nee sure to be coed a witch. An' bein a witch meant hangin, if anybody would swear to her dooins. Thoose wur queer times.

HALCYON. *Placid; quiet; still.* It is said ut there's a sae-brid coed *halcyon*; an' when it's hatchin, th' sae's aulus *calm*. I've wished mony a time eaur fowt had bin th' sae when there's bin some hatchin gooin on.

HAMPER. A thing ut seldom finds its road into Walmsley Fowt; an' is never sent to wheere it's mooest needed. If anybody's getten one, weel packed wi' summat beside straw, they'n no 'casion to pay th' carriage; an' they con ha' th' empty back wi' my best thanks. I dunno' want everybody to be sendin at once. One at a time 'll do. We'n very little accommodation for carts abeaut eaur gate.

HANAPER. *A royal treasure basket.* One o' these properly handicapt I should prefer to a hamper.

HANDSOME. Summat beside good looks. There's dooin a thing in a *handsome* way; an' sayin things ditto; an' behavin ditto. If a mon or a woman think theirsels *handsome* witheaut these qualities, they'n their opinion to theirsels. Nob'dy 'll share it wi' 'em.

HAPPINESS. A frame o' mind or feelin seldom raiched. Moore it's striven after an' furr it goes away. It's like runnin up Stan-nage, for t' catch th' moon. There's mony a grey-yeaded owd foo ut's torn his flesh wi' scramblin after *happiness*; an' neaw looks back to a time when some o'th' pleasures o'th' wo'ld wur real; but he wurno' satisfied. He fancied ther summat better ut brass would buy if he could nobbut get howd of enough on't. He'd getten as mich as he thowt would lift him into th' seventh heaven; an' happiness is ten times furr off than ever it wur. It's not to be had *here*.

HARD. *Firm.* When applied to a heart it's a bad quality. When applied to times, it maks one soik. But to a mon's ears, or yead, it's a quality to be wished for. "What art' dooin i' that tub, Joe?" wur axt of a mon ut had brokken th' ice in a rain-tub, an' then wur stondin up to th' neck in it, wi' a face as blue as owd Joe o' Dick's appron. "I'm tryin t' mak mysel *hard*," Joe chattered eaut. "Come eaut, theau yorney! Theau'rt noane covered

wi' yure, nor fithers, nor scales. Theau're never intended for noather an otter, nor a duck, nor a fish. Stop theere a while, an' theau'll be *hard* enough in a day or two; but theau'll be between four boboards."

HARDHEAD. (Lanky, *hardyead*.) Skulls must ha' bin thicker i' former times than they are neaw. I've seen owd Dick Chaddick, when he're in his pomp, send his yead reet through a kitchen dur. But he couldno' get it back again. It wur like havin it on a fish-hook. Little Dody advised him to go forrad; but that wur quite as impossible. "Send for Copper-nob," Dick said, "he'll get me loce." Copper-nob wur a great tupper, so he're sent for. Th' owd lad soon seed what wur wanted, so he set his yead like an owd billygoat, an' leet wi' sich a sos again owd Dick's gable-end that his shooother wur driven cleean through th' dur, an' he're released.

HARMONY. What we con yer in a tapream where there's a lot o' factory lads, ut han bin used to a leaud noise, singin chorus. If that wouldno' charm th' yure off a mon's yead, nowt would.

HAT. *A covering for the head.* Not aulus. Jim o' Jack's used to carry his under his arm when it rained, for fear on it bein spoilt. Some chaps wearn their hats so as to be a coverin for one ear. Others to be a shelter for their nose. I know one or two ut wearn theirs hangin o'er their neck; but that's aulus a sign they'n bin *sittin* somewhere for an heaur or two.

HAZEL. *A nut-tree.* But *hazels* used to do summat beside grooin nuts. If my feyther had a nice *hazel* stick, he seemed never to be satisfied till he'd knocked th' bark off again my buttons.

HEAD. (Lanky, *yead*.) Th' top garret of a mon's bodily heause. A thing ut's made moore on eautside than inside; speshly wi' women. Hats, bonnets, ribbins, curls, paint, an' frippery bear me eaut i' sayin that. If yo' seen a mon very partikilar abeaut his yure, or thatch, yo' may depend on't, th' insoide-furnishin is very scant.

HEADACHE. (Lanky, *yeadwartch*.) Sometimes a sign o' bad digestion. At others a sure sign ut ther summat good stirrin th' neet afore. Billy Softly coome creepin eaut o'th' heause one mornin wi' his yead hooped reaund wi' a napkin. "What's to do

wi' thee, Billy?" I axt him. "I're at th' Owd Bell yesterneet; an' ther a bad smell coome up th' slopstone pipe. My yead has never bin reet sin'." "Wur ther owt stirrin beside th' bad smell, Billy?" "Well, ther two chaps fro' Manchester theere; an' they'd moore brass than brains." "I thowt ther summat moore than a smell. I reckon theau'd a good *taste*, chep."



HEADS.

HEALTH. A thing we care nowt abeaut when we han it; but get witheaut it, an' it's "Oh, dear me!" If we'rn at as mich trouble for t' keep it reet as we are for t' get witheaut it, we should be summat beside bein better tempered folk.

HEARSE. Th' only state carriage a poor mon has a chance o' ridin in; an' then nobbut once.

HEART. A mystery to everybody. We talken as though a *heart* had summat to do wi' thinkin, an' feelin, when it's nobbut a sort of a boiler for droivin th' engine. "Eh, heaw con theau find

it i' thy *heart* to ill-use that wench as theau art doin'?" What had th' heart to do with it? It wur a badly-balanced brain ut wur th' cause o'th' mischief.

HEAVEN. A place made for *me*, an' no' for *thee*. I'm reet, an' theau'rt wrong; an' noane but th' reet may hope for t' get to *Heaven*.

HEEL. A good friend to rely on when there's a row gooin on no' far off yo'. Sometimes it's better to tak to than th' toe. But that depends upo' th' weight of a mon yo' han to tackle.

HEIR. A mon ut comes in for summat he ne'er worked for; an' doesno' know th' vally *on*. Sometimes it happens ut he isno' th' mooest desarvin; an' quite as oft it happens ut he's a foo.

HELP. What no animal needs as mich as eaur own sort. It's help me to do this; help me to do th' tother; till fro' th' beginnin o' life to th' finish it's one great cry for *help*. It's weel bestowed wheree it's weel desarved; but some folks never trien to depend on their own feet. These mun be i' dadins o'th' days o' their life.

HEMP. A very innocent sort o' yarb when it's grooin; but when it's dried, an' spun, an' twisted into a rope, an' one end on't gets teed reaud a chaps neck, it begins to have a very guilty, an' murtherin look. A rope thrown to save is another thing o'gether.

HEN. *The female of a bird*. Sometimes it can be applied to another sort o' animals. Some women 'll go cluckin abeaut th' heause like a *hen* ut's broody, speshly when everythin isno' gooin on to their mind. If a *chicken* has bin i'th' mophole; or one lad has torn his breeches; or another has spent his skoo-wage. Then th' cluckin's leaud; an' very oft it's followed wi' a scrat an' a fluster.

HENPECKED. Alleawin one's sel' to be th' poorest scrawl i' creation. Givin up everythin to th' wife,—soul, body, breeches, clogs, stockings, an' shirt. Never bein alleawed to have a warm penny i' one's pocket. If ever there's one gets in, it has to be eaut before it con get warm. Havin to go reaud to th' back dur after th' front dur flag has bin mopt; an' tow'd to play wi' th' childer i'th' loomheause till th' hearthstone's dry. Havin to ax to goo eaut when yo'n done yo'r wark; an' gettin leeaf by a promise ut yo'n tak two o'th' youngest childer wi' yo'; an' co at th' Owd Bell for some berm; but not to sit deawn chus whoa offers t' pay. A *henpecked* mon hardly dar put his heels deawn when he walks.

HERS. Everythin in a heause.

HERMIT. Th' happiest mon alive, if he thinks his own company is better than that ov other folk. He con aulus sit i'th' reet place; an' never gets two hont-full o' fingers among his yure. He con carry th' key of his dur in his pocket; an' never has to ackeaunt for wheere he's bin. Hasno' to bring his pockets full o' little clogs everytime he goes eaut; an' doesno' get sauced an' seaused for lettin th' babby tumble i'th' hesshole. Happy chap!

HERRING. A bullock ut's never had th' cattle disease. Generally roasted whul, an' before it's skinned.

HISTORY. Th' lives o' kings an' feighters, not o' nations an' races. Very oft so mixed up wi' lies there's no findin eaut which is th' truth. Every part finishes up generally with—"and ——— reigned in his stead."

HISTORICAL. Deautful.

HIVE. A place for workin, an' wareheausin th' good things o' bee life in. An example to idle folk.

HOME. (Lanky, *whoam*.) Th' softest restin-place for a weary foot. A centre to wheere every thowt turns when we're in a strange lond. Th' breetest spot upo' th' yearth.

"Be it ever so humble,
There's nowheere we con tumble
Ut feels hauve so nice."

"Hill me up, mother, it's like bein among angels."

HOT. Th' effects o' climbin a steep hill on a summer day, wi' th' sun blazin on t' yo'r yead, an' not as mich wynt stirrin as would shake th' wing of a midge. It's moore to be felt when yo'n twelve score of a carcas inside yo'r clooas, an' not a drop o' nowt to be fund.

HOTCOCKLES. A play summat like blindman's buff. Yo' han to have a napkin teed o'er yo'r een; an' if anybody hits yo' a welt aside o'th' yead, yo' are to gex whoa it is till yo' gexen th' reet un. I've had my ears warmed mony a time wi' playin *hotcockles*.

HOTHOUSE. (Lanky, *wotheause*.) *A house where tender plants are raised.* But ther some *wetheauses* where tender plants would have a bad time on't, unless raisin by th' strength of a leg would do

'em good. I've known a *heause* made so *wot* a sallymander would ha' looked reaund for th' coolest place. Th' yeat may be gotten up at very little expense, if yo'n just try to warm th' wife, for a start. Yo'd soon have a *wotheause* then.

HOUR. (Lanky, *heaur*.) Considered to be the twenty-fourth part of a day, but sometimes awkarty reckoned. Ax a wife when hoo's gooin eaut a-shoppin heaw long hoo'll be away. If it's after dinner, an' hoo says just an heaur, yo' may kalkilate upo' four, an' then hoo'll threeap yo' eaut o' two heurs an fifty-nine minits. An heaur's a long time when yo're waitin o' yo'r sweetheart, but a short un when yo're waitin o' bein hanged.



HOT.

HUG. *Close embrace.* Thoouse ut are fond o' bein squeezed till they very nee parten, an' say'n "squeeze me tighter," should try a bear for a change. I dar'say th' owd lad would give 'em every satisfaction, if grip wur everythin ut wur wanted. But th' company mit not suit so weel.

HUMAN. *Having the qualities of a man.* Some things are more human than some men, tho' they are no' th' same shape as men. They dunno' kill things for th' sake o' killin, an' co'in it sport. They'n moore feelin for their fellow-crayters than *human* beins han, if they dunno' want a meal off 'em.

HUMBLE. *Modest.* If a mon's too humble dunno' trust him. He'll creep up yo'r sleeve if yo' dunno' mind. If he talks wi' a whine, just lay a switch across where he's tenderest. If he'll stond that, shove him up th' hesshole.

HUMORIST. A chap ut maks yo' melancholy wi' tryin to mak yo' laaf; that is, if it's his profession. Sometimes a mon pleases th' best when he isno' tryin.



HUG.

HUNGER. Th' best sauce to a meal, but not pleasant takkin. For o that, I could mony a time like to be hungry, if ther a prospect o' owt for th' teeth to do.

HUNT. A barbarous pastime ut's come deawn to us fro' eaur savage state, when huntin wild animals wur necessary for eaur

safety. But neaw we hunten th' mooest timid things i' creation, not becose we want 'em for atin, but for th' pleasure o' seein 'em torn to pieces. An' this is a great ladies' pastime. Shawm on 'em! But *ladies* (?) wur aulus fond o' owt savage, cruel, an' bloody.

HYPOCRITE. *A dissembler in morality or religion.* I sometimes wonder what would be th' upshot if every *hypocrite* tore th' mask off his face. There'd be sich a gloppenin as hasno' bin known sin' th' sun an' moon stood still. Eh, what a swarm there'd be!

I.

ICE. Stuff made for lads to slur on i'th' winter, an' pleeas foos i'th' summer. A pleasant thing when a mon's gooin twenty mile an heur o'er it, but not so nice when yo'r feet go'en a yard in a second one road an' yo'r body th' same speed another road. This latter motion is generally followed by a—well, summat savage eaut o'th' meauth. *Ice* has bin useful as a substitute for glass. Billy Chatham, th' glazener, wur gooin through Bullock Smithy once, when glass wur dearer than it is neaw, an' he thowt of a plan for savin his stock. Ther a pit nicely skimmed o'er wi' ice; so he laft his crate at a aleheause, an' went his reaund wi' nowt nobbut his putty an' tools. "Con I fettle yo'r window, missis?" he said at th' fust heause he coome to wheere ther a brokken quarrel (square). "I'll do it for fourpence." "Ay, yo' may do it, but wheere's yo'r glass?" "It's sich a weight to carry abeaut wi' me, so I laft it at yon aleheause," Billy said. "Well, get it put in." Th' owd lad took th' messur o'th' hole, then went to th' pit an' cut a square o' ice, an' had th' window fettled in a jiffy. Billy never went to Bullock Smithy any moore, tho' it's said that th' woman kept a look-eaut for him a whol month; an' th' neighbours wondered if hoo baked every day, as hoo'd aulus th' rowlin-pin in her hont. I've yerd Billy tell th' tale hissels.

IDEA. *A mental image.* "Mother, Jimmy Chaddy wants t' know if I've gotten any *ideas* i' my yead." "Goo an' tell Jimmy Chaddy ut thy yead's kept as cleean as his, an' clanner too!"

IDIOT. A mon or a woman ut has too mitch sense to work, an' too little for owt elze.

IDLE. Bein bizzzy dooin nowt. "Go to thy wark, theau *idle* thing, theau!" "Mary, I'm noane idle, but I'd th' misfortin to be born *tired*."

IDOL. A thing to be worshipped—made o' wood, an' stone, but chiefly *gowd*; sometimes flesh an' blood.

"Theau'rt the *idol* o' my heart,
Where oft I feel a smart,
My dearest life!
Let us meet no more to part,
But jog in Hymen's cart
As mon an' wife."

That wur Joe o' Dobby's love letter to Betty Allen. But Betty sent word back hoo'd ha' noane o'th' "cart" bizness; it must oather be a carriage or nowt.

IF. A word ut owt to be punsed out o' every dictionary. It stonds i'th' road o' mony a good action, an' does for as mony excuses. I had no' thowt once to ha' letten it have a shop i' this dictionary, but *if* I hadno' some leatheryead would ha' grumbled.

IGNORAMUS. A chap ut purtends to know summat, when at th' same time he knows nowt.

ILL. Bein eaut o' fettle for wark—a complaint moeestly felt ov a Monday mornin, speshly after a wakes Sunday. Mark o' Billy's had these Monday mornin beaups very oft, an' couldno' scratch at his wark. He laid it on th' bowel complaint. "Tell th' mesthur eaur Mark has th' bowel complaint, but if he's better at dinner-time he'll come to his wark." "Mesther —, Mark o' Billy's sends word ut he's havin th' bowel complaint till dinner-time." That saved Mark's bacon. If th' message had bin 'livered i' any other fashin he'd ha' bin bagged.

ILLUSION. *False show; counterfeit.* Fancyin a dress piece is o silk when it's one hauce cotton. Sellin sichlike goods for o *silk*

has done moore injury to eaur silk trade than o th' duties ever put on it. It would ruin any trade. Folk winno' buy wooden nutmegs a second time, not if they known it.

IMBECILE. A woman ut has bin browt up to be a "lady," but hasno' meeans to back her. Hoo's like a choilt among folk ut han bin dragged up.

IMBIBE. *To drink in.* To swallow yo'r "lotion," or yo'r "constitutional," or yo'r "leawance," or yo'r "save life," or yo'r "wheel graiser," or yo'r "e'e oppener." To "liquidate."

IMITATE. *To copy.* Women are great *imitators*—not o' one another, but o' men; if not exactly i' ways, they are i' dress. Hats, jackets, collars, neck-garters, bree—well, no' yet, but they're comin to it; they'll wear *thoose* at last.

IMMATURE. *Not ripe.* Bein men afore they'n begun a-usin any Sheffield ware, or women before they'n cut their second teeth.

IMMEASURABLE. A mon's wants. Thinks he'll be satisfied wi' just another theausant, but finds he's furr off than ever when he's gotten it. A woman's spite when hoo thinks her neighbour is a bit better lookin than hersel.

IMMEDIATE. Accordin to some folks' promises it meeans in a week or two, or a month or two.

IMMORALITY. What nob'dy's guilty *on* till he's fund eaut.

IMMORTALITY. What everybody's lookin forrad to. A life witheaut a leease. A good mon's freehowd.

IMP. A limb o'th' owd lad. A yonker ut's so full o' frolic he conno' keep eaut o' mischief.

IMPATIENT. Wishin yo'r uncle would break his neck, if he's made yo' his sole heir.

IMPERIL. To hang a lad by th' feet wi' his yead deawn a well, when his clogs mit come off.

IMPOSTOR. *A cheat.* A chimdy sweeper passin hissels off for a duke would be an *impostor*, but if a duke wur to pass hissels off for a chimdy sweeper he wouldno' be co'ed an impostor; still, I conno' see ut there's any difference.

IMPOTENT. Tryin to do summat in a dreeam, sich as gettin eaut o'th' road of a bull, or tryin to don yo'rsel i' yo'r garters.

IMPRECATION. Sayin yo' wishen So-an'-so wur blank blanked, for a blank, blank, blank!

IMPREGNABLE. Yo'r wife's pocket. Yo' may yer th' jink, but yo' conno' get at th' brass.

IMPRESSION. Th' mark ov a clog iron on a mon's shin, or a finger-nail on a woman's face.

IMPROPER. What yo'r neighbour does, but yo' never dun yo'rsel—so yo' thinken.

IMPROVIDENT. Spendin o' yo getten, for fear o' havin t' save summat for someb'dy elze; then runnin short yo'rsel through it.

INACCURATE. *Not exact.* Yo' may tell a mon what he's sayin is *inaccurate*; an' he'll try to prove by words that he's not. But tell him he's lyin; an' he'll prove by other meean that it's someb'dy elze ut's lyin—upo' th' floor.

INCANTATION. *Enchantment.* This word owt to be spelt *ink-antation*; for it's by that, or summat elze, that ink is made. It's supposed that witches or wizarts han a great deaal to do with it, as it must be charmed; becose it con be made to give joy or sorrow, pain or pleasure, just at th' will o' thoose ut are usin it.



It must be a very peawerful fluit, if what Lord Byron says is true when he writes—

“ Words are but wind, but a small drop of *ink*
Is that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.”

INCAPACITY. *Inability.* A word ut's very oft used when talkin abeaut a goverment. It doesno' matter which party's i' peawer, that ut's eaut blames th' tother for their *incapacity*. Th' owd rib has begun a-usin th' word, tho' hoo says hoo doesno' know th' meeanin on't.

INCH. A very uncertain messur. When folk say'n “ Within an *inch* of his life,” or “ He's killin me by inches,” I'd like to see th' rule they messurn by.

INCOG. *Unknown.* Joe Berry, as ragged a cowt as ever wur known i' Hazlewo'th, an' o through drinkin, wur teetotal once for six months. He saved some brass at th' time, unknown to th' wife. So one day he went whoam wi' a new suit o' clooas on—a gradely buryin suit. He knocked at th' dur, an' their Bet oppent it. “ Does Joseph Berry live here ? ” he axt. “ Ay,” his wife said. “ Yo' con come in, an' read me a chapter, if yo' pleasen, mesther. Eaur Joe's ta'en to better ways, so I may as weel, too.” Joe wur so fain hoo didno' know him ut he's bin on th' teetotal ever sin'. It mit do a lot o' folk good, gooin whoam *incog.* for once.

INCOME. Summat a wayver knows nowt abeaut. I con prove that by th' way eaur Sal onswered a chap ut coome to eaur dur one day. “ What is your husband's income ? ” he said. ‘ He has noane,’ th' owd dumplin-makker towed him. “ He's nobbut a wayver.”

INCOMPREHENSIBLE. That's a big word, ut meean *not to be understood*. Billy Softly thowt one day he'd bother his wife, so he towed her hoo're *incomprehensible*. Wi' that hoo off wi' one of her clogs, an' flung it at him. Billy says hoo's bin *incomprehensible* ever sin'.

INCONSIDERATE. Not carin for other folk as weel as yo'rsel. If I wur to tak a blackpuddin whoam, an' never ax eaur Sal to have a bit, hoo'd use that word to me, if hoo knew it, an' sarve me reet, too.

INCONSISTENT. Praichin up th' doctrine—"Love your neighbour as yourself," an' practisin yo'r foot again his cooat-laps.

INCONSTANT. *Not steady in affection.* No' likin yo'r wife, after hoo's clemmed th' childer, an' turned 'em eaut naked, an' popped th' last rag for drink.

INCORRIGIBLE. A woman under th' conditions named above. Owd Juddie's advice—"Dreawn her."

INCORRUPT. A mon ut winno' tak a "tip." Find one, an' bring him to Walmsley Fowt, an' we'n show him at a penny apiece.

INCREASE. One every year, an' twins for a finish.

INCREDIBLE. Fuddlin a whul week, an' tellin yo'r wife it's nobbut cost yo' abeaut fourpence.

INCREPATE. *To chide.* "Theau'rt aulus *chastisin* me wi' so-an'-so." Yo' con yer even folk ut con read say that.

INCUBATE. *To sit upon eggs.* Whoa'd like, unless they'rn pot eggs?

INCURIOUS. A woman ut wouldno' like to oppen a letter sent to her husband, speshly if it's in another woman's writin.

INDEPENDENT. That ut nobody is; but every foo likes boastin o' bein. A state o' bein ut's impossible.

INDIVIDUAL. What nob'dy likes to be coed, an' yet he is one. "I'll tell thee what, Jammie, theau'rt moore than a foo; theau'rt an *individual*." "Co me that again; an' I'll raise a lump upo' that turmit o' thine."

INDULGENCE. Two women joinin at a gill ov a weshin-day, when their husbands han a quart apiece happen every neet.

INDUSTRY. Wi' some folk it meeans makkin a hole one day, an' fillin it up th' day after. Some *industries* are no better than that.

INFANT. A thing to play with, an' spoil. A musician, when it's at a concert, ut's moore notice ta'en on than anybody on th' platform. "Nicy, nicy."

INFER. *To draw conclusions.* If a man says to me, "Ab, ther bigger thieves than thee," I may *infer* that he meeans I'm a thief, tho' he doesno' say I'm one.

INFERNAL. Brimstone an' traycle.

INFIDEL. A mon ut doesno' believe as I believe.

INFIRMARY. A place very little cared for by thoose ut owt to care moolest—that is, when they're weel an' hearty.

INFLICTION. A mon singin ut never tries nobbut when he's drunken. "What han they bin dooin at thee, Tum, as theau'rt makkin that noise? I'll gie thee a penny if theau'll wipe thy een, an' give o'er." "Oh, let him *sing* it eaut." What th' wife says when hoo wakkens, an' doesno' know what time yo' went to bed.

INFLUENCE. What a mon has to get if he wants a shop of any sort i' this prosperous owd England.

INKLE. *Tape.* "Ay, theere they wur; fratchin one minit, an' th' next as thick as two *inkle* wayvers."

INN. *A house of entertainment for travellers.* Used to be. Neaw it's for thoose ut dunno' travel, nobbut fro' one table to another. A moppin shop.

INNKEEPER. *A man who keeps an inn.* If that meean th' lond-lort, heaw con it be, when th' inn keeps him? I think a fuddler is th' mon ut (helps) keeps th' inn.

INSULT. To co a mon a gentleman when yo' dunno' meean it.

INTEMPERATE. Drinkin *wayter* till yo' conno' see th' road whoam. Tellin a sober chap he's wurr than a drunkart.

INTERREGNUM. Th' time between killin an owd rooster an' gettin a young un for t' fill his place. Widowhood.

INTRUSION. Gooin into company wheere yo're noane wanted.

INVALUABLE. A good wife. Ten times better if hoo doesno' keep tellin yo' hoo is. A soverin just when it's wanted. A nice rindle o' wayter on a wot summer day when yo'n no brass i' yo'r pocket.

INVARIABLE. Aulus bein th' same. Never changin, nor bein changed. Like a wife's temper, eh? "Drop that, Ab," I yer someb'dy sayin; "theau knows a deecal better." A woman's temper! Is there owt i' this wo'ld ut's moore *variable*? Jonty Breawn wur sayin one neet, i' strange company, that his wife had as level an' as cool a temper as a frozen pit. Never flew up at him; never gan him a wrang word, chus what he did or said. "Then hoo's under a stōne," one o'th' company said. "Theau's gexed reet," Jonty said; "hoo's gotten owd Billy Sax'on's gag on."

INVASION. Zulus comin t' owd England, for t' put us straight accordin to their notions. Then brunnin eaur heauses deawn, an' takkin eaur cattle, an' everythin they could lay their honds on, an' co'in it a "brilliant victory." Then if we catcht 'em on th'

blynt side, through knowin th' country better, an' kilt a lot *on* 'em, they'd co it a "cowardly massacre." Change shops, or read backart.

INUENDO. *A distant notice; a hint.* "I dunno' say, nor I dunno' want to say, an' I should be th' last i'th' wo'd to say, ut oather thee, or thy childer, han stown my coals. But what would theau think if theau seed a tricklin o' sleck fro' thy coal-rook to my dur some mornin? That's a cap for thee, an' if it fits thee theau may wear it." That's *inuendo*.



Intrusion

INTRUSION.

INURE. Bein browt up hard. Havin one's hoide tanned while it's young, so as it'll be fit for summat when we're owder. There's hardly a lad i'th' fowt neaw ut hasno' a skin ut would do to mak pickers on, it's bin so pown wi' one thing an' another—sich as clogs, haue breek, turnin-on pegs, rowlin-pins, an' other leet

artillery. That's bin done to *inure* him to th' hardships a wayver has to go through.

INVENT. To mak up a good lie ut seaunds like truth. A dangerous sort of an *invention*. A clumsy liar gets fund eaut afore he's done any mischief. But a good teller of a lie may hoide hissel at th' back of another, if there's any danger o' bein fund eaut. Eaur Sal says I've bin paid for mony a lie I've towed abeaut her, an' fund th' stuff for t' mak it on. *Invention*.

INVERT. To stond on yo'r yead.

INVEST. To put yo're spare brass into summat for it to mak moore. If yo' wanten it to mak too mich th' job's risky. Some o' mine's *invested* in a very safe shop. "That's true," I con yer th' owd rib sayin, "if theau meens th' Owd Bell."

INVIDIOUS. Praisin up a good singer to th' stars, an' sayin nowt abeaut another quite as good. I've seen 'em scrat one another like two cats for that.

INVISIBLE. That odd shillin yo'n kept eaut o' yo'r wage after th' wife has bin abeaut yo' when yo'n bin asleep. Sometimes *me* when eaur Sal thinks I'm i'th' loomheause.

INVITE. To ask to any place. "Yo're *desired* at th' funeral o' Robi'son Breawn, to-morrow, at one o'clock. Han yo' owt at back o'th' kitchen dur, Betty?" "Ay, theau shall have a pot'l, if theau'll wait. He went rayther suddenly at last." That used to be th' country way o' *invitin* to a buryin. It's very nee gone eaut neaw. Th' "pot'l's" gone long sin'.

INWARD. (Lanky, *in'art*.) *Internal*. Joe at my Gronny's wur boastin once heaw his chitty (greybob) could sing. A companion said he'd never yerd it sing any. "I dar'say not," Joe said, "becose it does it *in'artly*." O Mally at th' rain-tub's ailments han bin *in'art*.

IRIS. *The rainbow*. Th' nicest bit o' bridge architecture ever built. Nob'dy con build one like it, an' put th' same colours o' stone in. My uncle Jammie used to tell me when I're a lad ut a rainbow wur th' road to th' top shop. If they could give a good ackeaut o' their conduct i' this life when they geet to th' middle o'th' arch, it wur o reet. But if they couldno', they'd th' bottoms o' their clogs graised, an' slurred back again. I've looked eaut mony a time for one o' these slurrin doos, but seen noane yet.

IRON. Owd England's greatness. If it hadno' bin for that there'd bin no parks or pleasure greaunds i' this country. We should ha' had to work i'th' greaund wi' wooden tools; an' it would ha' ta'en o th' lond there is to ha' kept us. No engines; no railroads; no ships bringin us moore than we con ate. We



Iron

should ha' to a woven i'th' winter, an' delved i'th' summer; an' if ever it had come short, it would ha' bin a case o' clemmin. What when *iron* an' coal are done up? Eh, whorr? Th' sae mit be

England's glory, then, but there'd be nowt mich nobbut saut wayter for us. Never mind thoose ut han to follow us, fire up!

IRONY. *Saying one thing and meaning another.* "I should think, Joe, there's nob'dy i' this fowt ut understonds a loom better than theau does." "Mony a one says that." "It seems to gi'e thee no trouble, speshly when theau'rt at th' Owd Bell." But Joe couldno' see through it.

IRRECOVERABLE. A good humbrell when yo'n laft it somewhere. It's strange ut nob'dy knows their own after they'n put it deawn. I believe if I wur to put a silk un, wi' a silver stick, in a corner among a lot o' others, I should tak th' wo'st there wur when I went away. That's th' way o'th' wo'ld, is it no'? Someb'dy deaubts it. Th' same wi' hats as wi' humbrells; they're *irrecoverable*, unless they're bad fits.

IRREGULARITY. What a weel-to-do chap is sometimes guilty on, ut in a poor mon would be co'ed thievin. That's th' way good cloth very oft escapes prison, when his poorer neighbour would ha' to ha' climbed up th' endless stairs for an heaur or two a day.

IRRELIGIOUS. Not walkin abeaut wi' yo'r een upo' th' greaund, an' yo'r two thumbs dooin squirrel practice. No' singin hymns o th' day o'er, an' tellin yo'r neighbour he's gooin on th' broad road. *Swearin* is *irreligious*; but lvin, an' chettin, an' uncharitableness are, to some folk, things ut con be yezzily squared up wi' th' Great Judge of o.

IRREPARABLE. *Not to be repaired.* Some folks' shirts are thowt to be so neaw-a-days ut would ha' to ha' bin *repaired* thirty year sin'. I've known 'em to be repaired till there's bin noane o'th' owd material laft, not even th' feaundation. One patch has bin laid on th' top of another like slates on a heause roof. They'rn so thick they couldno' dry 'em by hangin 'em at th' front o'th' fire, so had to bake 'em i'th' oon. It wur th' same wi' women's clooas; but yo' seen nowt o'th' sort neaw.

IRRESOLUTE. *Not determined.* Han yo' never seen a woman at a railroad station hesitatin whether to cross or not when a train has bin a haue a mile away, then jumpin on th' line when th engine's abeaut twenty yard off? I have, mony a time, an' used feaw words o'er it. That's bein *irresolute*.

IRREVERENT. Tossin i'th church which pays for a glass o' gin for th' pa'son when th' sarvice wur o'er. I've seen it done, an' i'th next pew to wheere th' churchwardens han bin sittin; but it's above thirty year sin'. A nice flock o' sheep i' that fowt!

IRREVOCABLE. Stickin to what we'n said, but wishin we hadno' said it. If we could co th' word back, we would, but it's gone—it's too late—it's *irrevocable*.

IRRITATE. *To make angry.* "It wouldno' do for me t' tell o ut I know abeaut thee, but there's mony a one bin transported for less. Ay, theau may shake thy fist, but theau darno' hit me, becose I've said nowt yet." That's *irritation*.

ICICLE. A nice thing to look at when we see one hangin fro' th' speaut, an' we're sittin by a good fire, wi' th' newspaper, an' a pipe, an' a *foot-warmer* at one's elbow; but it's a cowl look-eaut seein an *icicle* at th' end of a chap's beart.

ITEM. *Also; a word used when any article is added to the former.* Owd Bowser used to fuddle a week at once at th' "Gowden Bo," but he'd never a haupenny in his pocket o th' time. If he coed for a fresh pint, he'd ha' said "Tell Bill." That meant "set it on." His wife would ha' gone th' week after an' ha' paid th' shot. But ther a new londlort, ut coome fro' Manchester, an' i'stead o' chalkin ale scores up at back o'th' kitchen dur he wrote 'em in a book. Bowser didno' like that, becose he couldno' see heaw he're gooin on. One day he'd a bit of a dust wi' th' londlort, becose he thowt he're reckonin too mich. "There's *item* so-an'-so," Mesthur Bunghole kept sayin. "*Item* be—*dashed!*" Bowser broke eaut at last; "I never tasted a drop o' *item* i' my life. I shall pay for nowt nobbut fourpenny." They'n coed th' londlort "Little Item" ever sin'.

ITERATE. *To repeat.* A way ut some folk han o' tellin a tale. They conno' be satisfied till they'n tow'd it twice o'er. If they'n had a pint or two they'n tell it a dozen times, if anybody 'll hearken 'em.

ITINERANT. *Wandering.* Ther a chap i' Hazlewo'th once ut they coed "Little Johnny." He're too fause, an' too weel larnt, for t' like wark, so he began a-makkin pills ut would cure owt, an' sellin 'em at different markets reound abeaut ov a Setterday neet. But he never went to one teawn twice. One neet he're sheautin

his pills i' Rachda Market, an' a mon coome up to him rayther in a way. "Here, owd weezle beart," he said to Johnny, "wur theau ever i' Owdham?" "No, but I'm going next week," Johnny said. "Theau'rt gooin neaw," th' mon said, an' he knocked Johnny off th' stoo. He dropt bein an *itinerant* doctor after that; it wurno' safe.



Item

ITEM.

IVORY. Useful stuff when it's i'th' reet place, an seaund—better than two rows o' pot, fastened to plates wi' rivets. But heaw is it teeth are not what they used to be? Han yo' ever

H

noticed heaw mich less they are than formerly, an' heaw soon they're gone? They'rn used to have 'em like rows o' mustard spoons, an' could ha' won a grinnin match at sixty; neaw they're moolesty *bowt* uns. I'll tell yo' what, there's too mich poison i'th' air. If we go'en on manufacturin chemicals for o th' wo'ld there'll be no *ivory* t' be seen in a chap's meauth in a while, an' trees an' fleawers 'll be quite as scase.

IVY. A nice plant to cover a heause or an owd chapel wi'. It's aulus seemed to me to ha' religion in it, someheaw—quiet, sober religion. No' that ut rants abeaut, or shows itsel i' fine clooas, an' fine buildins; nor that ut carries God abeaut as if they had Him in a show, an' wur aulus drummin up, an' sheautin "Walk in." Nawe, gradely religion—that ut maks no moore noise than a babby sleepin on yo'r knee, or a soft summer breeze among th' *ivy*.

J.

JADE. A woman ut goes abeaut wi' her stockins eaut at th' heels, an' an owd ragged dress on, when hoo could afford to wear better, if hoo wurno aulus slutherin to a bar window, an' comin eaut wipin her lips. *Jades* are gettin too common i'th' country, even i' places wheere slovenliness an' drink wur once considered a crime. Skoo boards an' pa'sons, what are yo' dooin?

JAM. *A conserve of fruit.* What no lad or wench ever tasted on, if their own words must be believed; but I'd like to see one ut's never bin i'th' cubbort when there's nob'dy watchin.

JANUARY. That month i'th' year ut's made a great deecal moore on than any other, on th' pretence that it's th' fust. I never could see ut it wur any better for that. I think it's th' owd tale of "a new besom sweeps cleean." Why it's made a day for extr'y "religious observance" I dunno' know, seein that it's an owd Pagan custom. Why not have a New Month's Day as weel as a New Year's Day? One would be abeaut as sensible as tother.

JARGON. A Lancashire chap's talk i'th' ear of a Cockney, an' a Cockney's talk i'th' ear of a Lanky.



JAM.

JAW. A very important part of an animal's yead, speshly a non's. If he hasno' good action in it, this life's wo'th very little o him, becose he seems to live for atin an' drinkin, moore than

atin an' drinkin to live. A woman's is used moore partiklarly for another purpose, an' must be worked by different machinery, as it con wag faster than a mon's. A jackass's jaw seems to ha' bin a good weapon for feightin wi', tho' wheere Samson geet that fro' ut he hommert th' Philistines wi' bothers me. He wouldno' tak it eaut o'th' donkey's yead while it wur wick, surely, an' I never yerd tell o' one deein yet.

JEALOUSY. A green plant ut groos in a mon's yead, an' maks him an' everybody abeaut him miserable. Sometimes it leeads to murder an' th' use of a rope. It's a sayin ut wheere there's no *jealousy* there's little love. My owd mowffin-makker wishes I wur a bit jealous o' her; hoo thinks I should stop awhoam a bit moore. Happen I should, an' moore than hoo'd like *on*. I've aulus believed that there's th' mooest jealousy wheere there's th' leeast cause.

JEOPARDY. *Hazard, danger, peril.* Findin yorsel between a bull an' a strong runnin wayter; an' calkilatin which it would be best to face, till yo'r tossed wi' one into th' tother. Owd Donty Heawart wur i' *jeopardy* once wi' th' Chamber Ho bull. But when it coome at him he managed to dodge it someheaw, an' geet howd of its tail. He'd a thick stick wi' him; an' didno' he gi'e th' bull belltinker? Rayther. It couldno' shake owd Donty's grip chus heaw it ran an' jumped abeaut. At last it thowt it ud wesh him off, so it dashed into a pit. But Donty kept stickin, an' weltn away wi' his stick at a reaund o' beef. Th' bull, feelin as if one part of its hoide had bin tanned enoogh, an' th' stick went no leeter, gan th' job up, an' made for th' shippin, wheere owd Donty laft it, a wiser an' a quieter bull. They'rn mony a day afore they could get it eaut o'th' shippin again; an' ever after it aulus peeped, for t' see if owd Donty wur abeaut, afore it ventured eaut. Th' bull felt i' *jeopardy* then.

JESSAMINE. A fleawer ut's a good deaal sung abeaut, or used to be when songs wur wo'th singin. This is a sample:—

“ My Chloe was a-walking through the meadows one day,
A wreath of sweet *jessamine* her brows did entwine.
I said ‘ My dear damsel, come hither, I pray;
I have guineas of gold, and they all shall be thine.’ ”

Isno' it grand? No "Come into the garden, Mauds" after that.

JESTER. A mon ut maks yo' miserable wi' tryin to mak jokes, speshly puns. I aulus feel as if I'd like to puns(e) him eaut o'th' company. Hallo, Ab, owd lad, what art' up to? Howd a leet! Theau'll be gettin punst eaut thysel ift' doesno' mind.

JILT. A woman ut's havin a chap on th' stick by purtendin hoo likes him. Sends him up into th' seventh heaven by promisin t' meet him, an' then—— "Be at th' pitfielt gate at nine o'clock, an' I'll come to thee. I'll let thee see then whether I like thee or not. Nawe, Joe; I shanno' let thee have *one* till then." Joe goes to th' gate, an' waits. He hearkens for a foot till he could ha' yerd a meause trot past. At last he sees summat comin. It's *her*. But there's a dark shadow with her. That shadow turns eaut to be a substance. Oh, brimstone an' traycle! Hoo's gotten another chap wi' her! If that besom isno' a *jilt*, I could like to see one, an' help to dreawn her.

JOBBERNOWL. A leatheryead. Th' makkin o' this word wur caused i' former times by folk tuppinn their yeads again stone walls, for t' see which could knock a stone eaut th' soonest. That ut won wur co'ed th' champion *jobbernowl*. It wur a favourite sport before books wur printed. An' ther some sports neaw-a-days ut ha' no' mich moore sense in 'em than tuppinn stone walls.

JOCULAR. Takkin th' whalebone eaut o' yo'r throat, an' bendin yo'rsel to a bit o' fun. Considered to be better than physic to an ailin body, beside bein pleasanter takkin. A *gradely jocular* chap is wo'th his keep anytime.

JOG. A comfortable way o' gettin o'er th' journey o' life.

"Come, Mary, link thy arm i' mine,
An' jog along wi' me,
An' dry that little drop o' brine
Fro' th' corner o' thi e'e."

—*Waugh* (a bit autered).

JUBILEE. A *public festivity*. Sometimes a little bit private. There used to be a *jubilee* at eaur heause every bearin-whoam day, speshly if we could raise an ornimented bakin. A plain bakin

would nobbut create a moderate jubilee. Th' lads wouldno' stond o' their yeads, nor th' wenches bring their dolls deawn th' stairs, for sich an occasion. But an ornimental bakin day, when I'd browt a whul suvverin whoam at once; an' we'd curran' mowffins, an' gradely butter on th' buttercakes; that wur th' time for rejoicin. There'd a bin a lad on his yead i' three eaut o'th' four nooks; an' th' wenches would ha' stuffed their dolls' stays wi' summat beside sawdust. Rich folk known nowt to what a wayver does abeaut a jubilee.

JUDGE. A mon ut tells a jury what to do when they dunno' know theirsels, ut happens very oft. A judge never shows off so weel as he does when he's twelve ignorant leatheryeds to talk to ut han made up their minds to do as they're tow'd. That's th' reeason they allus piken folk for a jury ut han just sense enoogh for t' know when they're hungry. Th' emptiness o' their stomachs mony a time decides th' fate of a prisoner.

JUG. A useful thing to go to th' well with, if yo' ha' no' a can. Sometimes it's put to a different use, ut's happen no' quite so harmless. When it's remarked, "Yon *jug's* gooin o'er th' road again," yo' may depend on't it isno' for fotchin wayter. It's for summat a bit stronger.

JUGGLER. *A cheat, a tricky fellow.* One ut gets o'er yo' by makkin yo' yo' conno' believe yo'r own e'en, or yo'r own wits. He's no' very dangerous as long as yo' keepen yo'r brass i' yo'r pocket; but let him finger a hauve-creawn, an' it's thirty pennies to one yo' dunno' see th' same coin again. But there's political jugglers, an' religious jugglers; an' these meauntebanks con mak yo' believe black's white. I' squarin an Act o' Parlyment, or turnin a text, yo' never known fro' these jugglers when yo'r own judgment is to be trusted. Leeadin big parties, an' buildin big praichin shops, moore than sarvin their Makker, or their country, is th' aim an' end o' these *jugglers*.

JULY. Th' only month i'th' year we expecten a bit o' summer; an' then, as a rule, it's weat. I think eaur Government, if they'n owt to do wi' th' weather, mit do a bit to'ard balancin things a bit better, if they couldno' pleease everybody with it. We're havin owd-fashint winters wi' a vengeance. Just an owd-fashint summer or two, when we could sit i' hedge-backins a whul day, hearkenin

brids sing, i'stead o' bein at eaur looms, would be like a dreeam o' owd times to us. But havin three winters for no summer is enough to turn any Gover'ment eaut.

JUNCTION. *Union, coalition.* An' I say *weddin*. That's a *junction* ut, like wheere two railroads come t'gether, shouldno' be run into wi' full steeam on, an' brakes eaut o' gear. If th' matrimonial weather isno' foggy, but o looks breet an' clear, th' points may be wrong, an' yo' may be shunted goodness knows wheere. If th' points are reet, th' line yo' han to work on after th' junction may no' be th' reet guage, or th' sleepers may be badly laid. Oather mit cause th' engine an' th' tender to part company; then it would be wo-up wi' th' journey.

JUNE. Th' companion month to July, an' quite as bad behaved. If July carries th' deggin-can abeaut wi' her, June works th' ballis, an' blows as cowl as March. We see no June roses neaw till August, an' then we're preparin for wakin-time. Whoa con fancy these lines neaw?—

“Centre of summer's golden arch, sweet June,
When every winged songster is atune
With fullest-throated music, 'twere no year
Without thy crowning glory.”

JUNIOR. *One younger than another.* What no lad likes to be in a family, if eaur Dick's ideas are owt to go by. “I wish I'd bin eaur Ab,” he said to me once in his bell-button days. “What for?” I axt him. “Becose he gets o th' new clooas,” he said. “Eaur Joe never has noane nobbut when eaur Ab has worn 'em till they're too little for him. An' I get noane till they're too little for eaur Joe. Then look heaw they *shoine*; an' heaw oft they'n had new gable-ends put in.” It seems it's a privilege to be th' owdest, even in a wayver's family. *Juniors* han to be satisfied wi' th' slatterins.

JUNKET. *A stolen entertainment.* I're havin a *junket* to mysel one day, an' geet surprised at it. I'd fund a mine o' Kesmas pies on a shelf o'er th' kitchen dur; an' I yammered to be at 'em. Th' temptation geet too strong for me at last; so I crept fro' my wheel when th' looms wur knockin at it; an' up th' dur I went

like a cat. I'd just gotten as mich of a pie i' my meauth as my clog would ha' howden, when th' looms stopt. "Bobbins!" my feyther sheauts. I dustno' stir for my very life. "Bobbins!" he sheauts again. No onswer. Then I yerd him say, "Is yon young sparrow hoppin abeaut th' fowt again?" an' he geet of his loom; an' coome eaut o'th' loomheause, an' looked abeaut. He must ha' seen a tuft o' my toppin above th' kitchen dur, for he said—"Oh, that sparrow's foragin, is it? I'll see what his wings are like," an' he hit me sich a blaitch upo' th' slack, that pies flew o roads. He cured me for *junketin*.

JURY. See under JUDGE. No moore con be said abeaut 'em nobbut ther sometimes twelve led sheep, wi' this difference, sheep wouldno' *toss* for a verdict.

JUSTICE. *The virtue by which we give to every man what is his due.* Dun we aulus practise that virtue? *Justice* is sometimes pictured as a woman, wi' a napkin teed o'er her e'en, an' howdin a pair o' coffee weighs in her reet hont. I'th' tother hont hoo's a so'dier's neck-chopper; what for I dunno' know; becose anybody ut uses a sword does so for "glory," no' for *justice*.

" His not to reason why;
His but to do and die."

Or, as Burns has it—

" But bring a Scotsman frae his hill;
Clap in his cheek a hieland gill;
Say such is royal Geordie's will,
An' there's the foe.
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow."

Then, I object to it bein th' figure of a *woman*, becose nowt less than havin her shut up in a breek oon could prevent her seein summat. Hoo'd peep under th' napkin for t' see what there wur i'th' scales; an' nowt i'th' wo'ld would prevent her bein partial after that. If *Justice* wur tryin a case i' which her husbant an' a woman wur concerned, hoo'd rip th' bandage off her e'en an'

throw th' weighs at th' woman, afore hoo'd yerd a word. After that whoa con say that *Justice* is witheaut bias? Just get yo'r fingers into law, an' yo'n find it eaut.



JUSTICE.

JUVENILE. A bit o' mischief i' little clooas. Whether it's i'th' shape of a lad, or a wench, it's th' same to those ut han to suffer by it. A sixpenny drum, or a penny trumpet, or a tin whistle, is a godsend to yo'r model *juvenile*. Or when he gets th' fender for a hoss, an' bangs abeaut th' kitchen with it, little carin whether it drops on yo'r favourite corn, or th' cat's tail, so ut it provokes some sort o' music. A speshel pastime wi' some juveniles is sendin a "piggy" through yo'r window, an' sayin a lad's done it ut's run away. If he lives he'll be a great mon—so his mother thinks.

K.

K EEN. *Sharp, well edged.* "I'll tell thee what, Sam, that razzor's rayther *keen*." "I'm fain yo' thinken so. I're feart it mit be dull, as I ha' no' used it sin I catcht eaur Nan choppin suet wi' it." "I dunno' meean t' say it's sharp. It's *keen*. If theau'd get howd o' my heart wi' th' pincers, an' pluck my face like pluckin a goose, it ud be a mercy. It's like drawin a poker across my chin. No moore after this. I'll goo to wheere there's a pow hung eaut for th' next shave. I'll ha' no moore for *nowt*." That wur what Sam wanted.

KEEP. *To retain.* What I never could do, unless it's a bad habit or two. Brass I never could *keep*; an' my place as th' yead of a family, I lost afore I knew what it wur. My temper I con manage to keep middlin weel, but I conno' keep other folk's. If I could keep my own keauncil sometimes it would be summatt i' my road. But th' last thing to keep, th' owd rib says, is my word wi' her.

KENNEL. *A cot for dogs.* Would a heause wheere ther a lot o' *whelps* kept be coed a kennel? If so, we shall want a rare lot o' cheeans makkin afore lung, if o th' whelps one sees snuffin an' yelpin abeaut th' country ever groon int' owd dogs. They're throng on abeaut eaur fowt; an' I'm feart some *on* 'em are spendin brass ut doesno' belong to 'em; an' ut they'n find theirsels inside a *kennel* afore long, wheere cheeans are stronger than watch guards, an' ham booans are scarce.

KETTLE. A thing made for boilin tae wayter in; but if made o' tin, it's chief use is to follow a dog's tail.

KEY. An instrument o' mony uses. Fust, it's used for lockin an' unlockin durs. Then it's used by some women for hangin on their fingers, for t' show they're wed, when they'n popped their ring. Another use is makkin a spell, or charm, in what I should tak to be a very unholy way. Owd Nannie at th' sweetstuff shop uses one for weighin hawpo'ths o' tharcake with.

KEYHOLE. A hole made in a dur for t' peep through, an' hearken what's gooin on i' yo'r neighbour's heause.

KICK. *A blow with the foot.* That is, when it's gan by a hoss's foot. But when it's gan by a two-legged donkey, it's coed a *punse*.

KIDNAPPER. *One who steals children.* A race o' folk ut han welly deed eaut. Th' country used to be full *on* 'em, if eaur feythers an' mothers must ha' bin believed at bedtime. It wur said they took childer for t' mak glue *on*; but I never yerd of any bein missed fro' whoam, though accordin to ackeaunts ther a *kid-napper* for every dur, an' two for a ginnel. Eaur Sal coes me a kidnapper, when I go whoam late at neet.

KIN. A very tangled lot o' folk, when yo'n summat wo'th makkin a will for; but if yo'r th' poorest yo' may keaunt yo'r *kin* on th' fingers o' one hant. "Let me see, yo'r gronfeyther an' mine wur cousins' childer; so ut that rate we shall be—" "Dunno' trouble thy wits, wench; I've lost o my money by a spekilation i' second-honded cradles." "Then we're nowt akin. Good day! I never thowt yo' had owt."

KING. A mon set up by men for t' kneel deawn to, an' worship, an' pray for. Praised for bein good, an' clever, an' o ut a great mon could be, if he's nobbut just a slate on his roof moore than an idiot. Th' "divine right" covers every faut that natur has made i' cuttin him eaut, an' shapin him. Where he's plenty o' peawer he's generally a war makker. But i' owd England we'n bin so king-ridden, that he has to be satisfied wi' bein an ornament. We're gettin to think moore o' Lord Byron's advice—

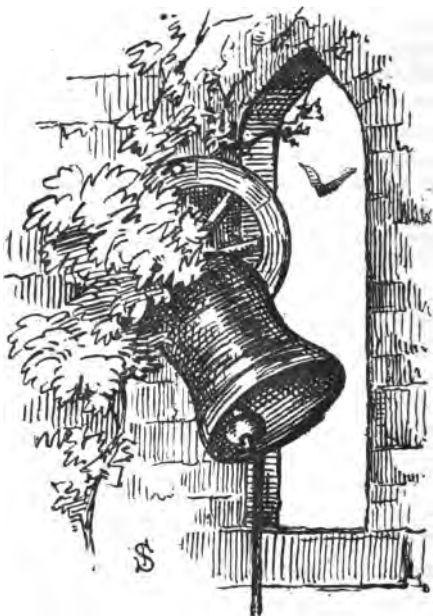
"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

KISS. (Lanky, buss.) What used to be a warm salute; neaw gettin int' a cowl ceremony. Disgustin to see two women purtendin to worry one another, when they'd rayther by ten times bob their nose again a whisker. Nowt like th' fust smack, stown at th' garden-gate, when th' owd chap's comin reawnd th' heause-end wi' a stick. I wonder if *every* lad's alike, an' conno' sleep for thinkin abeaut it? Yum, yum, yum!

KNOWLEDGE. *Learning, illumination of the mind.* Th' fittest word for this volume, becose it's to spread knowledge ut

dictionaries are printed for. I hope *this* is dooin its duty; an' thoose ut han read it han profited by it.

KNELL. *The sound of a bell rung at a funeral.* Not a merry bell, sich as we ring at weddins, but rung so as to mak folk feel dismal, as if deeath wurno' melancholy enoogh witheaut twangin an owd iron pot, for t' mak us feel wurr. Bell towlin, thoose owd freawsy bobs on th' top of a hearse, wearin owd soot-bags coed cloaks, an' dismaller than owt, thoose black things hangin fro' men's hats,



owt to goo eaut o' fashin o at once; then happen a bit o' club brass would be saved for summat better. Owd Abram-at-th'-Pit wur at a buryin once, an' they made him int' a cloakmon. He're abeaut six feet three, an' thin i' proportion. When they'rn on th' road to th' church owd Abram yerd a scythe bein whetted in a meadow they had to pass. Bein a wot day, th' owd laggin-back

felt dry; an' thinkin th' mowers would ha' summat to *wet* with beside stones, he meaunted to th' top o'th' hedge-backin, for t' beg a gill. But he no sooner showed hissel, like a great lung curn-boggart, than th' mowers took him to be summat elze; an' they threw their scythes deawn an' scampered eaut o'th' fielt. Owd Abram wurno' sorry at that; so he jumped deawn, an' helped hissel to th' bottle. I' retratin, he never thowt at gooin eaut by th' gate, but tried to go th' same road as he'd come'n; an' he geet so fast i'th' hedge ut he stuck theree till th' buryin folk coome back an' loced him.

L.

LABOUR. *Work.* Strictly spakin it meean hard wark. It's considered by some to be a slovenly road o' gettin a livin. By others it's looked on as lowerin to their charikter. Heaweever a mon mit swagger abeaut th' wark he does, he wouldno' like *labourer* to be put at th' end of his name. *Gentleman*, an' that's supposed to be a mon ut gets his livin by dooin nowt, he wouldno' object to, an' that shows what humbugs we are. I wonder heaw it is ut wark is so undignified. "God made the heavens and the earth." There's nowt said abeaut what sort o' clooas He wore at th' time. Whether He'd a white slop on or a cloth cooat. Makkin owd Adam eaut o' clay couldno' ha' bin a kid-gloved job, so there owt to be some dignity abeaut *labour*, when th' Great Architect o'th' universe wur His own hod-carrier. After that, what is a gentleman but a sponge?

LABYRINTH. *A maze, a place formed with inextricable windings.* Eaur Sal's dress pocket, I think, may come under th' name o' *labyrinth*, for it's moore difficult to get into than it is to raich that stump i'th' middle o'th' Belle Vue puzzle gardens. I tried once, as it hung on a nail upstairs; but for o ut I kept rubbin my knuckles again summat hard, theer kept bein a fowd or two between. Happen it wur becose I're after plunder; an' th' fear o' bein catcht baffled me. I're so long abeaut it that th' owd lass

suspected me o' summat; an' dropt on me just as I coome to an oppenin ut I kalkilated led to a silver mine (limited). I made nowt eaut o' that spekilation; but i'stead o' that I lost o' my shares, for th' owd ticket wouldno' advance a shillin on 'em. I've bin i' mony a *labyrinth* i' my time, but never i' one ut puzzled me like that.

LACE. *A plaited string with which women fasten their clothes.* It would matter little if it fastened nowt elze nobbut their clooas; but sometimes it squeezes th' sides o' their blood-pipes so close together, besides their ballis-pipes, ut th' flow o' blood, an' th' puffin o' wynt, gets interfered with; an a flabby face an a cherry-tipt nose are th' consequences. I dunno think ther's as mich tight-lacin' neaw as ther used to be; no' becose women han any moore sense, but becose they wanten moore swallowin reawm. *Drops-y* may ha' summat to do with it; an that's a disorder ut's fast spreedin even among *young* women. *Lacin* th' inside o' their stays instead o' th' eautside. "Another twopenno'th, an' a comfit."

LACK. *To be in want.* It's runnin short o' summat ut's very needful at th' time. It may be a friend; or th' price of a pint when yo'r dry; or a penny for 'bacco when yo'n nowt to warm yo'r nose with; or a quartern o' bacon when yo'n nowt fort' graise th' potatoes with; or an odd button, when yo' feel'n as if th' bottoms o' yo'r treawsers wur under yo'r shoon-heels; or a window to look through when there's someb'dy passin yo dunno' want to see; or a wife when yo'n turned yo'r shirt till it'll stond it no longer. To *lack* any o' these things is quite as unpleasant as wantin summat at is no' yo'r own; an' there's no meean o' gettin howd on't, nobbut takkin it.

LACKEY. *An attending servant.* It used to be thowt very degradin to wear th' uniform of a *gentleman's* slave; speshly when they'n a little wyndymill pinned on their hat. Neaw it's looked on as bein a honour; becose there's no *lackey* but what thinks he's a better mon than his mesther, becose he's finer dressed. There's pride i' every station.

LACONIC. *Short, brief.* What a woman never is, nobbut when her temper dams up her throat. Then hoo tries to choose a word ut's the savagest; an' when yo' thinken yo're gettin very nicely off, hoo bangs into yo'r ear summat ut strikes like th' shot fro' a

cannon. Everythin hoo would ha' said, if her temper hadno' bin th' mesther, is summed up i' one word, when hoo blurts eaut "Pig!" Then shuts up till mornin.

LAD. *A boy, a stripling.* What every owd mon would be if he could, an' what every youngster wouldno' be if he could jump into a felly's clooas o at once. But it's strange when time puts a bit o' down on his chin, an' he begins o' tamperin with it wi' a dull razzor, heaw long he tries to look laddish, an' tries to persuade hissel ut lad's tricks are becomin in him even when grey uns begin a-spreautin here an' theere. My own feelins are ut I'd be a lad again if I could, if it wur nobbut for th' sake of his teeth, an' his appetite, an' th' pleasure he has i' runnin after wenches, an' tratin 'em to towffy. I'd ha' my back rubbed wi' o th' hazel oil ut ever made me doance to my own music for that. It's a grand time o' life!

LADY. *A woman of high rank.* That's what it used to meean. Neaw every woman's a lady if hoo con afford to spend moore on her bonnet than her brains. Co a woman a woman, if hoo's one o' these gingybread, machine-made *ladies*, an' hoo'll oather threaten to "send yo' some papper," or hoo'll smoor yo' wi' black looks an' bad grammar. If two o' these ladies are havin words, one *on 'em's* sure to finish up wi' sayin to th' tother—"you *woman!*"—then sail off like a damaged angel 'ut's bin offered for a job lot. What craythers these—*ladies* are!

LADY-LIKE. Takkin up as mich reaum as hoo con in a omblibus, an' not hutchin up for nob'dy. Or axin yo' to get eaut when it's rainin cats-an'-dogs, so ut her husbant con sit i' yo'r place, an' tak her on his knee. Pokin th' tip of a humbrel at yo'r face, or th' back o' yo'r neck, or anywhere, for t' get yo' to turn reaud, so ut hoo con ax yo' where hoo has to get eaut, an' wonders where yo'n bin brought up if yo' conno' tell her. Tastin at six or seven tubs o' butter, an' buyin a hauve-a-peaund. Buyin an eaunce o' two shillin tae, an' two eaunces o' tenpenny coffee, an' orderin th' lot to be sent three miles to her heause, "Cheeky Snob Villa."

LAG. Aulus bein beheend. Convanient when gooin to battle; but not to be recommended when gooin after a wench. Someb'dy mit drop in between, an' run off wi' th' prize, while yo're wonderin what to say when yo' come up to her. To *lag* i' love has caused

mony a soik, an' sometimes made owd bachelors o' dacent young chaps. To be successful i' cooartin, a lad should go nolas-bolas, as if he didno' care whether he geet a soft word or a cleaut i'th' earhole.

LAMENTATION. Cryin o'er a brokken alegar bottle; but no' so mich on ackeaunt o'th' bottle as th' prospect o' what'll be raiched deawn when yo' gotten whoam, an' bein made to sit on a hard stoo after an application.

LAND. Summat ut belongs to nob'dy, unless they'n stown it, or their feythurs han stown it for 'em. If I con farm six feet on't, an' they'n let me be i' quiet possession till Gabriel wakkens me wi' his knockin-up trumpet, I'll try to be satisfied; for I firmly believe it'll be o ut ever I mun have to co my own. An' even i' that case th' owd rib ud claim a share on't.

LANDLADY. *The mistress of an inn.* } Booath generally fat uns,

LANDLORD. *The master of an inn.* } as if th' smell of a mash-tub wur like rain an' sun to a plant. Very civil to yo' while yo'n brass, an' con keep yo'r own place; but a bit awk'art when there's too mich fumblin i'th' pocket; or when yo'n gotten yo'r Shudehill cord stuck among broad cloth an' shoiny three-an'-sixpenny hats. A class o' folk we never seen i'th' kitchen neaw, wi' faces an' tempers as breet as their coppers. Chaps wi' th' corners o' their apporns hanging deawn han ta'en their places.

LANE. *A narrow way between hedges.* Summat we shall see th' last on afore long. "Oh, the green lanes of old England," we shall ha' to give o'er singin, an' sing i'th' place—

" Oh, the wire ropes of poor England,
The fences that bear not a flower;
The nestless and berryless landmark,
Once boyhood's most privileged dower.
If you try these bleak hurdles to get o'er,
That your feet may again feel the grass,
A splinter of rusty old iron,
Gets hold of your trousers, by th' mass!"

LANGUAGE. A thing to screen yo'r thowts at th' back on. A ready meens o' tellin lies, an' tryin to deceive yo'r Makker.

Supposed to ha' bin invented by a woman, as women han kept on improvin on it ever sin'. Th' plague o'th' wo'ld.

LASS. A mony-tempered sort of a she animal, cunnin if hoo's plain; an' saucy if hoo's pratty. Never satisfied wi' noather her clooas nor her chaps; an' never thiaks hoo's owt fine enoogh for t' don hersel in. Th' chief aim of her younger days is to wear apporns, an' be seen wi' a lad.

LASSLORN. *Forsaken by his mistress.* An' sarve him reet, too; he shouldno' ha' made so mich trouble on her. If there's owt maks a wench think little of her chap, an' a great deel of hersel, it's havin a yorney aulus at her heels; an' his feet never off th' dur-step. No mon'll be *lasslorn* if he'll goo abeaut his coortin as if he didno' care for nowt; an' neaw an' then seaseonin his wark wi' scutterin after another wench, just to mak his own a bit jealous. Nob'dy ever yerd o' sich a mon bein jittled.

LAUGHTER. *Convulsive merriment.* Witheaut it life wouldno' be wo'th livin for. It's like saut i' one's porritch an' butter to wut-cake. Yerrin a gradely yawp eaut is as good as a bit o' sun-shoine on a rainy day. It may no' look nice in a woman oppenin her meauth till yo' con see o th' whul grindin machine. But I'd rayther trust one o' that sort than I would one ut conno', or winno', raise a ripple on her face; an' screws her meauth up as if hoo're feart of her teeth flyin eaut. Then a mon ut maks a noise like a jackass ut's getten th' chink-cough! Let me have his company afore that of a mon ut's no moore expression in his face than th' end of a drum; an' no moore music in his meauth than th' whinin of a whelp wi' a brokken leg. I know which'll ha' th' best lookin face, an' th' widest singlet. A good fat pa'son's sarmon goes deawn a deel better than one fro' a thin un, becose it's sure to be spiced wi' summat that yo' con let off when yo' getten whoam.

LAUREL. *A tree, called also the cherry bay.* A very innocent-lookin tree when it's grooin; but when they putten an "s" to it, an' makken it int' *laurels*, yo' may depend on't there's blood on th' stem. It wur one time used for creawnin folk ut sung nice songs, an' praised nice women. Neaw it's used for creawnin butchers. If a mon con swagger abeaut heaw many yeads he's cut off, or heaw mony carcasses he's bored holes through wi' leead, he gets

his breast covered wi' silver haupennies, an' his yead hooped reaund wi' *laurel* leaves, strung t'gether like ropes o' onions. A noted statesmon wur piked eaut for t' ha' one o' these playthings



stuck on his knob; but he fund it would hoide a favourite curl. So he said, like another noted mon—"Take away that bauble." He put moore vally on th' curl than th' rope o' tinsel *laurel*. I howd his wit good.

LAW. A thing more dangerous to meddle with than a rottan-trap, or gunpeawther. Yet, if it wurno' for law, or th' fear o' consequences if we broke it, what would become *on* us? We should plunder one another, an' kill one another, till it coome to th' last two men; an' if ther a woman laft, I'd bet th' last struggle would be for her. I know that by things ut are done when there's a good chance o' no' bein fund eaut: chettin railroad companies; givin short o' weight; stalin humbrels; gallivantin at saesides wi' summat ut isno' their own; an' a lot moore things ut are done "on th' quiet." Put a screen reaund every mon an' woman, an' th' wo'ld wouldno' last another year.

LEAD. A sort o' metal ut lads liken playin with, becose it's th' only sort they con melt. Innocent enough of itself; but very mischievous when it's backed wi' peawther, an' put inside a gun. Then it's very yessily persuaded to mak a hole in a chap's body, if he stonds i'th' road on't. A good deel o' tons are used every year i' feightin; if it can be co'ed feightin, when folk stond happen two or three hundert yards off one another, an' aimin at someb'dy they known nowt abeaut, an' mit be a good friend, or a nice companion, if they met at closer quarters, an' nowt nobbut a table between 'em, unless it had summat on it. *Lead*, i'stead o' makkin folk happy, has drawn theausands o' quarts o' tears, an' millions o' quarts o' blood.

LEAF. A pleasant summer companion ut we're fast losin th seet on. Nice when it's set a-caperin wi' a bit o' breeze; an' no grander chorus can be sung than when th' king o'th' forest gies eaut his hymn; an' owd Boreas puts on his full peawer o' wynt. Then millions o' *leaves* clap their honds, an' tune their pipes; an' "the hills and the valleys rejoice." A tree witheaut leaves is one o'th' melancholiest things i' creation. An' ther lots I come across ut are gettin like my yead, bare at th' top. I con see a time comin when this grand owd Lancashire o' eaur's 'll favvor an owd hess-middin; wi' here an' theere a stump, like a finger post witheaut letters, showin us th' road to nowheere. It's fast comin to it. Is there no savation?

LEAK. *A hole to let in water.* An' if owd Calip wur reet it is for t' let wayter eaut. Wi' puncin stones, for th' want o' summat better to do, he'd worn a hole i'th' toe o' one of his clogs. That wur a *leak* for t' let wayter in. So he bored a hole i'th' heel, for t' let it eaut, but someheaw it didno' act.

LEAP-YEAR. One year i' every four, ut men an' women, or lads an' wenchs, swappen places. Wenchs goen a-whistlin for lads to come eaut, an' mak theirsels int' soft leatheryeads. A wench says—"Wilt ha' me?" an' th' lad ut hoo's whistled eaut, or stopt i'th' lone, says—"I'll ax my mother if I mun." Then th' wench says—"Never heed thy mother. Tak th' chance while theau has it, or elze I'll try some other on." Then th' lad, after he's chewed his thumb a bit, says—"Well." Then th' wench says summat elze; an' th' lad says—"Heaw con theau forshawm o' thy face?"

But he lets her have a smack, for o that; an' th' job's sattled. Bill at owd Colly's wishes it wur *leap-year* every year; an' four times a year. It s th' only time ut Bill dons hissels up ov a neet, an' parades abeaut i'th' lone, like a sentry.

LEARN. Havin one's brains furnished, sometimes, wi' lumber we could do better witheaut. Havin one's wits sharpent, so as they'll cut someb'dy, or help eaur fingers to lift summat they shouldno' touch. I're used to ha' this written i' my copybook:—

“ Learn well to understand;
For learning is better than houses or land;
For, when houses and land are gone and spent,
Learning is most excellent.”

It depends what sort o' *larnin* it is. If we larn nowt nobbut subtraction an' devisioun, it isno' wo'th mich; addition an' multiplication, witheaut robbin yo'r neighbours, are summat to be recommended.

LECTURE. *A discourse.* Sometimes delivert o'th' wrong side o'th' bed curtains—I meean th' inside. Then it's th' best to have one ear as fast to th' pillow as if it wur a tak-up; an' th' tother ear as tightly corked as a pop bottle. Then there mit be a chance of a bit o' snoozin, if th' *lecturer* doesno' know heaw to use her elbow; an' there's nowt hondier than a cheer within raich. It's strange ut there should be this difference between a sarmon an' a *lecture*—one sends yo' to sleep; an' th' tother keeps yo' wakken, if yo' dunno' fox a bit, an' shorten th' subject.

LEG. A useful limb, an' i' some cases ornimental. Useful when we're tryin to get eaut o'th' road of a flatiron, or a mon ut wants summat off yo'. Ornimental when it hasno' bin writhen eaut o' shape by wearin a three-inch heel on a corn-makkin boot. Sometimes hid among a lot o' frills, ut i' weet weather getten sloppy. Then they makken a pitiable seet of a good understandin.

LEND. Th' next wo'st thing to borrowin. A capital cooler o' friendship. “*Lend* me a shillin till I see thee again.” Between two chaps ut usen seein one another every day, that shillin 'll mak a gap of happen months. I' humbrells it may sometimes prevent a mon bein a thief. If he borrows it, it saves him fro'

stalin it; but it's th' same thing to th' lender; he never sees it again. What a pity it is we conno' have umbrells wi' legs, an'



een; so ut if they're borrowed or stown, they could find th' road whoam. Th' same wi' books.

LESSON. A bit o' instruction a mon sometimes gets afore he finishes his porritch. It's aulus meant for t' guide him through th' day, by remindin him for th' dozenth time o' what a foo he wur th' neet afore; an' ut he'll ha' to put his Sunday hat on, as his tother's bin i'th' gutter.

LETTER. A useful instrument for one mon talkin to another at a distance. Sometimes it's pleasant to write one, or ha' one sent

to yo'. But ther some sorts ut I dunno' like oppenin—a thin un, an' one wi' th' stamp at th' wrong corner. One meens so mich for th' last new cooat, or new bonnet, or th' last looad o' coals when they're welly o brunt. Th' tother sort generally begins—"I rite these few lines too say how sorry i am too trubble yu," &c., &c., or, "Your desired to the funeral of your cussen Sammul too-morrow at one oclock," or, "i am in want of a sitiuation. Can you get me in the local bord. i can do anything. this is my own and riting." One wi' a woman's writin eautside I mooestly find ready oppent. Th' owd rib has had her nails abeaut it, an' her spectekles on. It doesno' tak a July sun for t' mak me sweeat then, speshly if I find this inside:—"You can leave it for me at —. I would not have asked you if I had not been in a strait. Five shillings will tide me over. Don't let your good wife see this. Oh, the happy hours I have enjoyed when it was not a sin to love you! Have you still that lock of hair I gave you? I have yours." "I'll have a lock of hair, too," th' owd rib would say, if hoo read owt like that. "I'll have th' whul thatch ;" an' hoo'd set abeaut mowin—wi' a stoo-foot, if hoo could get one, but wi' her fingers afore nowt. I dar'say a letter, as a rule, causes moore mischief than good. Anybody may have my share, if they'n tak booath sorts.

LIAR. A very common sort of a animal, an' no' partiklar to any climate. It thrives weel upo' news, an' gets fat on scandil. It is to be fund i' o sorts o' society, an' like a cricket, it likes chirpin i' warm plecks. If some things be true ut one reads, there's a warm pleck waitin for it.

LIBERTY. *Freedom, as opposed to slavery.* Feelin loce, as if we'd no clooas on, an' a pair o' wings wur just fitherin. 'Hurray for a fly! No dungeons, wi' stapples driven i'th' wall. No cheeans; no ropes; no tongs an' fire-potters wi' rings on. Nowt nobbut th' wide air to carry us wheere we liken. Liberty! Theau'rt a fair goddess, wi' a family o' happy childer. Sometimes there's a painted owd besom, to be named under, ut tries to pass herself off for thee; an' theau gets a bad name through it. But that's no faut o' thine, but th' faut o' thoose ut conno' see th' difference. Hurray, Liberty! Let me wear thy cap; an' any foo ut's a mind may feight for a creawn.

LIBRARY. A collection o' books ut are sometimes kept moore for show than use. It looks awk'ard when one tumbles on a lot *uncut*. If everybody wur compelled to read o th' books he buys, th' book trade would be a poor un. After o, what a grand thing a good library is !



LIBERTY.

LICENSE. That owd besom ut tries to pass herself off for *Liberty*. A red-wot strumpet ut doesno' care what hoo does, so ut it's wild an' savage. Hoo leeads nations to kill one another, an' when they'n done their wo'st they letten some tyrant put th' cheecans on, an' go'en like willin foos int' slavery. Then th' enemies o'th' good goddess say'n—"Look, what Liberty has done for yo' !"

LICK. An operation ut, when done on a traycle-cake, belongs speshly to lads under ten. It's said to be done for t' keep th' traycle fro' runnin off. But sometimes it's done for t' accommodate a longin companion. "Lend me a lick, Billy, an' I'll pay thee back t' morn."

LID. *A cover*, as th' crust of a pie. "Here, I say, owd mon," a chap sung eaut to a waiter in a cook-shop i' Lunnnon, when th' Exhibition wur on th' swing, "let's ha' four-penn'oth o' porito-pie, wi' plenty o' lid."

LIFE. Summat that's never to be gan up witheaut a flasker, unless we're tired on't, an' then we'd rayther snuff th' candle eaut eaurselfs, than let anybody do it for us. A strange state o' bein. No matter heaw we're powlert, an' punished, we prefern to keep hangin to th' owd carcas to bein shifted to a place wheere we could have a good new rig-eaut, chep an' everlastin. It strikes me ut a good deel o' this feelin is caused by eaur likin to watch what other folk are dooin, so ut we con meddle wi' their bizness. But what has a hoss, an' a jackass, to live for, when they conno' ha' thoose ut they liken, an' nob'dy to leave 'em nowt when they deen?

LIGHT. (*Lanky, leet.*) A thing ut coome i' existence when lond did; an' would ha' belonged to th' aristocracy if they could ha' messurt it, an' fenced it off. But there's no bottlin th' owd sun; nor catchin him, an' peggin him deawn to one place. If that could be done there'd be moore feightin o'er it than ever there wur o'er shares o' lond an' sae. Fancy owd England an' Russia gooin to war which should ha' th' mooest on him. Th' stronger peawer would then say to th' weaker, "be satisfied wi' th' moon; th' sun's mine."

LION (*British*). An animal ut knows th' smell o' peawther an' th' ring o' steel fro' bein a whelp. He's reckoned to sleep wi' one e'e oppen, an' his tail so laid eaut that it's difficult to go past his den witheaut treadin on't. An' when he does feel a foot on't doesno' he set up a greawl? Rayther; an' shows his fangs, too. He's yezzily fed. Throw him a two-thri promises, an' praise his feightin, an' yo' may stroke his back any road.

LITTLE. A poor mon's share o'th' good things o' this life, an' would be i'th' life to come, if it could be so ordert by th' peawers

below. I dunno' know heaw far buildin churches an' chapels may interfere wi' chances; but I *think* ut if he does reet to thoose abeaut him, an' carries his religion in his breast o' other days beside Sunday, he need no' thrutch. That poet ut said—

“Man wants but *little* here below,
Nor wants that little long,”

hadno' seen mich o'th' wo'ld. I could ha' fund him one or two ut would ha' divided o th' lond an' sae among 'em, an' then skried for a 999 year lease o'th' moon. That's no *little*.

LOAF. Th' staff, crutch, an' cart o' life. What an Englishman would miss th' mooest of owt if he went to a country where there wur nowt o'th' sort. There's no nicer pictur than a bakin day. It's had moore to do wi' civilisation than mony a one would think. Goo into a heause where there's abeaut a dozen *loaves* lyin edge to edge upo' th' table, an' watch th' childer. A million sarmons wouldno' mak 'em int' better Christians than yo'd find 'em then. Just hearken to that childish whisper as a youngster taks his mother by th' apporn—“Mammy, there's a poor little lad cryin i'th' lone. Give him a *loaf*, an' me an' eaur Betty 'll ha' *thin* buttercakes o week.” I've known it done. No creed i'th' wo'ld could give a finer example o' Christian charity.

LOGWOOD. A sort o' timber ut's very much used i' makkin wine. It comes in chepper than grapes, an' doesno' mak yo'r yead wartch.

LOIN. A good thing for a Sunday dinner; an' no' bad takkin o' other days, if it isno' browt on *cowd* too oft. No wonder at a king knightin it.

LOOK. A peawer of expression ut's sometimes stronger than words. I'd rayther eaur Sal slat her words at me i' bucket-fulls, scaudin wot, than gie me one o' her skull-an'-cross-booans-coffin-an'-hearse looks, as hoo con, when I've bin — well, happen desarvin it. Owd Juddie coes it “hoistin th' black flag.” But what's sweeter than a lovin *look*? It's like havin traycle i' yo'r churn-milk, or hearkenin a babby talk.

LOOM. A wayver's treadmill. My feyther passed sentence on me when I're fourteen, an' condemned me, for th' crime o' comin into th' wo'ld, to six days a week hard labour. I'm sarvin yet.

LOVE. Ay, neaw I come to a word ut no dictionary i'th' wo'd con give th' meeanin *on*. It's summat ut tickles one's inside like as if it wur bein done wi' a fither. That's when it's in a mild state. Sometimes it's scaudin wot, an' happen leeads a mon to mak a foo of hissel. Mooest o' poetry is th' steeam ut rises off a boilin o' *love*. When it's crossed in a woman, an' hoo weds someb'dy for t' spite another, it's time to look eaut for a ship ut's sailin to th' North Pow, or some other cool shop. Th' husband 'll have a *warm* un if he stops awhoam.

LUCK. A thing ut isno' shared eaut as it ow't to be. Nob'dy thinks he's gotten his. Sometimes a mon's said to be lucky when he's *made* his luck. An' some foos han waited a lifetime for summat good to come to 'em; an' deed waitin. Never trust to chance.

LUCRE. Summat I'm aulus short on. If anybody's a lot they wanten to get rid *on*, I dunno' mind daubin my fingers wi' a bit on't, if it is *filthy*.

M.

MACHINE. Generally understood to be a contrivance for savin a mon's booans by dooin his wark. This sort o' machines are men's own inventions. But there are a sort o' machines ut ha' no' bin invented by men. A mon hissel is a machine if he alleaws another mon to think for him. I dunno' care whether it's i' religion or politics, it's just th' same. He mit as weel be witheaut brains. A jackass 'll sometimes think for hissel; an' then mak use of his heels witheaut bein tow'd. But if a mon has gan up th' key of his yead to someb'dy elze, he mit as weel be made o' iron, or brass, or wood, for any purpose he sarves obbut that of a *machine*.

MADNESS. Recason turned upside deawn. No' bein able to see things as others seen 'em. A mon ut's gradely "off it" generally thinks he's th' only mon ut's reet. Owd "Long Butter" could

never understond heaw it wur ut folk coed him crazy, when he could prove ut he're th' only mon ut had any sense. When others were stark-starin *mad* to go to war wi' th' French, an' kill th' whul nation reet off, he said, "What's th' use o' killin' 'em, when they'd dee o' theirsels if we'd let 'em a-be." Lord Byron said ut a quiet stage o' *madness* wur preferable to reeason. Sometimes I think th' same.

MADAM. *A term of compliment addressed to ladies.* But heaw is it that if one woman coes another a *madam* they begin a-powin one another, an' scrapin th' skin off their faces? Th' word must ha' two meeanins.

MAGIC. An art I'd like to know summat abeaut. I'd do a bit o' conjurin i' Walmsley Fowt, beginnin wi' eaur Sal's temper for a start. I'd French-polish that till I should hardly know it, for it's gettin a little bit scarred an' blistery. Her face I'd ha' no need to touch, for I'm no' quite sure whether an autumn sun or a spring sun is th' nicest. A woman's autumn face, I think, is as pratty as her spring face, an' needs no *magic* to fettle it. I'd conjure my loom eaut of existence, an' set up a mint in its place. I mit give a bit o' loceness to my joints, an' a bit moore youth to my system generally. Th' owd rib has larnt one trick i' magic ut bothers me. Hoo con conjure a shillin eaut o' my pocket, if hoo knows there's one in, an' nob'dy con see heaw it's done. But hoo owns ut hoo conno' do it i'th' daytime. Midneet's th' time for her *magic*.

MAGISTRATE. A mon ut's put i' peawer for t' fine drunken folk, if they're poor, an' go fuddlin hissel till he conno' see his road whoam. His coachman has to find it for him. He's reckoned to see law carried eaut; but if yo'n tak th' run o' *magistrates* yo'n find they known no moore abeaut law than a wayver knows abeaut th' geaut (gout). They mooestly owe'n their position to havin sheauted for th' Gover'ment ut's i' peawer when they're put in; an' it's not uncommon for 'em t' pike eaut th' biggest leather-yead o'th' lot. I know one or two ut are gradely "shake-shillins."

MAGNETISM. A drawin peawer. To some there's a strong magnetism in a woman's een when hoo con draw a mon across th' sae. To others there's a strong magnetism in a aleheause fender, when there's very little for 'em in a church pilpit. There's

magnetism in a humbrell when it draws a hont to'ard it ut's no right to touch it.

MAGNIFIER. A mon ut maks things look bigger than what they are. When he's talkin abeaut other folk's fauts, an' his own perfections, he magnifies wi' a fifty microscope peawer; an' maks what he's sayin t' seaund very mich like lyin. A woman con put it on th' best when hoo's seen a neighbour woman smellin at th' inside of a drinkin glass. "There's no' mich harm i' just tastin," hoo'll say, "but th' way I've seen that besom mop it up at back o'th' Owd Bell kitchen dur tells me hoo likes it, an' a woman ut likes it never has enouogh as long as there's a stick or a rag i'th' heause."

MAHOGANY. A sort o' wood ut, when it's made into a table, an Englishman likes gettin his knees under. There's a better sign o' summat followin that's good takkin, an' "come again," than when th' table's made of a softer wood, like th' one ut my elbows are on neaw. A table-cloth doesno' lie on a white-wood top as weel as it does on *mahogany*. There's generally an unevenness abeaut it ut's dangerous to thin-legged glasses, or basins o' "green fat." Beside mahogany bein better for atin off, it's th' peawer o' givin its own colour to a mon's face, when he's had it hanged o'er a time or two a week.

MAJESTY. *Dignity, grandeur, power, sovereignty.* Considered to belong to kings an' queens; but moore seen i' less folk. Flourishes grandly in an ignorant poor woman when hoo's wed a chap wi' brass. See heaw hoo con sit in a carriage, an' bend her yead back when hoo's walkin. Hearken her blow her sarvent up for lettin her childer play wi' "*them* grocer's children." But th' greatest show o' *majesty* is when a Skoo Board ossifer has gotten a little lad by th' hont, an' marchin him off to th' skoo. An emperor comes nowheere to him.

MALT. (Lanky, *maut*.) Barley converted into a sweet sort o' grain by steepin it i' sugar an' wayter, an' dryin it. At one time it wur th' chief thing used for brewin ale. But it's bin fund eaut ut traycle's chepper, an' maks th' ale a darker colour. To some folk it's o one what it's made eaut on—if it's co'ed ale it'll do. If we could believe o ut we readen we should find ut *malt* is used for makkin vinegar, as if *vinegar* could be made eaut o' owt beside th'

vine. One would think it should be called *alegar* if it's made eaut o' ale. It's like waiteweshin yallow an' black. Joe at th' Thatch wur puzzled one time to mak eaut heaw it wur ut he'd aulus a drunken feel after he'd had eggs to his breakfast, till he fund it eaut ut he'd bin feedin his hens wi' *maut*, in a mistake for barley. He could ackeaunt then for his hens waddlin like ducks, an' th' owd rooster layin him deawn i'th' gutter, crowin. I reckon he're what eaur pa'son coes "convivial."



MAJESTY.

MAMMA. A vulgar word used i'th' place o' mother;" an' by folk ut ha' no' a mother. Fancy an owd codger o' seventy weddin a woman o' thirty, an' coin her *mamma*. Could absurdity goo any furr?

MAMMON. A god ut's moore worshipped than any other peawer. He's a temple i' every heause, an' has communion every heaur o' th' day. Moore sacrifices han bin made to *mammon* than wur ever crushed under th' wheels of owd Jigger-nowt, or wur stretched on th' altars i'th' days o'th' owd Druids.

MAN. A bein ut coes hissel th' lord o' creation, an' is a bigger slave than owt beside. It's funny when we thinken abeaut what owd Shakspeare says—"What a noble piece of work is *man*! . . . In action how like an angel," when he's had abeaut six o'th' Owd Bell whiskies.

MANAGEMENT. A word ut conno' be too weel understood in a workin-mon's heause; for there it meens everythin. I can tell a weel-managed heause afore I look inside. Th' same by a badly-managed heause. If th' dur-step's cleean, an' th' window can be seen through, it's a good index to th' inside. But if there's a brokken mug stondin o' one side th' dur; an' a ragged mop hangin on a nail o'th' tother side; an' th' window has th' appearance of an owd shippon lantern, yo' may depend on't there's a slovenly, ill-managin wife, happen sittin wi' her feet among th' cinders; or suddlin an owd rag or two, if it be Friday. "Owd Holly" wife wur weshin ov a Setturday once; an' he axt her heaw that wur. "I'm no' for bein beheend my neighbours," hoo said, "so I'm weshin for next week." Whether Holly didno' believe her or not; or he didno' like his wife bein before other women wi' her weshin, I conno' say; but he gan her a good hommerin for summat. He used to praise her for bein cleean, for o that. He said hoo could wesh o'th' colour eaut of a *white* cap in a fortnit. That wur one sort o' *management*.

MARBLES. *Little balls of marble with which children play.* It should ha' bin *used* to play, as one sees very few on 'em neaw. I can recollect marbles bein th' test of a lad's wealth. Thoose ut had th' biggest lot wur looked up to, as we looken up to a mon o' property. I' some cases it didno' matter heaw they wur come by. If a big lad robbed a little un, it wur nobbut what nations had done. They wur his own as long as he could stick to 'em. It wur looked on as a mark o' poverty bein low i' stock. "Dunno' play wi' Billy o' Tummy's, he's no *marbles*."

MARRIAGE. An act ut's done wi' less thowt abeaut what it'll leead to than owt elze. See two foos o' their weddin-day, lookin as if that day wur to be th' last o' misery; an' they'rn gooin to begin a grander life than ever it had bin th' lot o' thoose ut had bin spliced before 'em. They're for mendin other folk's wark. See th' same two in abeaut a month or so after, when o th' gilt is gone off th' gingybread. One wonders what he's bin wed for; an' th' tother wonders what he stops eaut so mich for o' neets. They couldno' ha' believed at one time ut their wedded life would ha' bin so everyday-ish. It's quite clear to me that every *marriage* vow isno' made i' heaven.

MASK. *A cover to disguise the face.* Sometimes a face is used as a *mask* to cover thowts an' feelins. That's when a mon's a hypocrite.

MEDDLE. To put yo'r finger i' yo'r neighbour's pie. To *meddle* between mon an' wife is generally fund to be a very pleasant thing to do; speshly if there's a lot o' things lyin abeaut ut con be used for damagin yeads. I tried it on once mysel, when a mon wur palin his wife till her een wur welly made up. I slipt between 'em just i' time for t' get a blow fro' him and one fro' her. An' when I retrated a stoo followed me, an' o'ertook me afore I could put th' dur between us. After that I took owd 'Lijah's advice, gan after he'd had his yead brokken for meddlin :—

“ Dick's wife hoo glooart, an' aw're so feart,
Aw couldno' tak my woint;
At last aw geet i' Withy Grove,
An' never looked behoint.
So neaw aw'm safe—tak my advice,
An' keep fro' Dicks an' Mallies;
For, if yo' goo 'tween mon an' woife,
Hoo'll split yo'r yead wi' th' ballis.”

MEDITATION. *Deep thought.* An' never deeper than when yo' wondern heaw it is ut th' church wur o' one side o'th' road when yo' went eaut, an' th' tother side when yo' goen whoam. An' heaw it is ut th' key ut has aulus letten yo' in winno' fit th' lock neaw. Then wonderin heaw that dog has gotten into th' heause,

when yo' dunno' keep one; an' what it's barkin for. ?
wonderin heaw it is yo'r wife's voice seaunds so like a mon's



what hoo meeans by talkin abeaut th' police, an' coin some
a "disgrace to th' neighbourhood." If th' church has bin sh

fro' one side o'th' road to th' tother, happen yo'r heause has bin shifted too; an' yo' makken up yo'r mind for t' wait till they've shifted it back again. "Ve'y stransh!" Ay, very strange.

MEDLEY. I' music it's a box-organ under th' window; a Garman band across th' fowt; a 'cordan next dur; a pair o' bagpipes comin deawn th' lone; an' th' wife sheautin deawn th' stairs for yo' to throw her th' hond-brush up, an' punce thoose cats eaut o'th' garden.

MEEKNESS. *Gentleness, softness of temper.* Sometimes it's a temper disguised. I'm aulus a bit deawn of a quiet woman, speshly if hoo's huntin after her husbant. "Han yo' seen that dear little chap o' mine?" "Ay, he's comin up th' lone wi' two women howd o' oitch arm, tryin t' howd him up." "Nay, nay, my Jim wouldno' do that." Then when hoo finds him in his cheear awhoam, sollit an' sober, hoo flies at him like a cat; an' wants t' know where he's bin, an' what he're dooin wi' thoose two "drunken faggots" he'd bin i' company with. Her meekness may carry her still furr; an' cause th' neighbours to wonder i'th' mornin where "my Jim" has gotten his black een.

MEETING. A circumstance ut con be pleasant or unpleasant, just as it may happen. It's pleasant to meet one's sweetheart on a fine summer neet; but no' so pleasant *meetin* her feyther wi' a stick hud beheend him. It's pleasant *meetin* th' wife at th' dur wi' her face lookin th' breetest, becose it's th' wage neet, an' yo' ha' no' had to sell a hen for t' mak up th' brass. It's pleasant bein at a public *meetin*, where yo' con have yo'r own road, an' say what yo' liken; an' everybody sheaut for yo', whether they'n yerd what yo'n said or not. But it's noane so pleasant bein at a *meetin* wheere, if yo' oppen yo'r meauth, yo'n not only put yo'r foot in it, but get somebody's fist in it. A *meetin* o' creditors must be one o'th' pleasantest sort, tho' I want no expariencie in 'em.

MELODIOUS. Th' wife singin when hoo's bakin, or when th' babby has just gotten on th' turn in its teethin. There's no sweeter melody i' creation than a woman's voice. It's *melodious* even when hoo's blowin yo' up, an' sayin hoo'll stond it no longer, becose yo' known at th' same time ut hoo will, an' ut in an heaur or two hoo'll be chuckin yo' under th' chin.

MELT. *To dissolve.* To mak a heart o' stone give way, an' turn into wayter, ut wells up into yo'r yead, an' discharges itsel i' two little feauntains that weeten yo'r cheeks wi' a heavenly trickle. Th' word can be used in another way. If th' owd rib gives yo' th' rent to goo an' pay; an' yo' feeln so weel off that yo' con stond a co on th' road; an' yo' find when yo' han co'ed ut th' suvverin hoo gan yo' has bin brokken into, yo'n bin *meltn* it deawn; an' it'll happen be melted furr. It's a dangerous practice. Silver very seldom gets melted into gowd.

MEMBER. A limb, or part of anythin. A mon ut belongs to a club. I belong to one ut I'm th' cheearmon *on* at this present time. Yo' may gex what sort of a club it is when I tell yo' heaw I ha' to be donned when I'm on my peearch. I've a cloak made o' fithers, wi' my arms for wings. I've a cap o' my yead ut's creawnd wi' a comm made o' red flannel; an' a pair o' wattles made o'th' same sort o' stuff hung fro' th' guttle o' my throat. My duties are to see that no member has a haupenny in his pocket but what his wife has gan him; an' that if he's ever bin known to let her cleean her own boots; or say a word back when hoo's bin scaudin his ears wi' her wottest; to tumble him neck an' crop deawn stairs.

MEMENTO. *A hint to awaken the memory.* Summat yo'r owd stockin-mender has laft yo', for t' mak yo' think abeaut her when hoo's gone to wheere hoo conno' blow yo' up; an' yo're sneakin abeaut a heause wheere there's a young widow on th' look-eaut for a foo. Th' *memento* may be a watch; or a tuft o' yure in a glass case; an' which yo'n sworn never to part with. But it's mooest touchin when it's i'th' form of a little pair o' shoon; or a little rockin cheear; or a doll wi' one arm, an' it's nose worn off. Then it pincers yo'r inside whenever yo' seen it. But a *memento* has its comic side. Yo' may happen see a speciment when yo' looken through th' lookin-glass, after th' wife has bin usin th' rowlin-pin for a purpose it wur never intended for.

MEMORIAL. *A monument.* It's generally i'th' shape of a stone stump, wi' a mon o'th' top lockin very sheepish; speshly when it's fixed in a smooky teawn, wheere it happens to rain sometimes. Then it's pitiable for t' see wheere black tears han rowlt deawn th' mon's face, as if he're i' mournin for th' *owd lad*; an' leeavin

riggots o' dirty whiteness. If a mon deed ut I'd a grudge again, I'd fix him i' white marble a-facin th' Infirmary; an' never let him be wesht nobbut wi' th' rain. Th' pillory would be a foo to it. A *memorial* put on a husbant's grave by his widow sometimes reads queer. After sayin what a good chap he'd bin when he're livin, tho' he'd happen treaunced her mony a score o' times, hoo finishes up by sayin—

“ Weep not for me, my husband dear,
I often come to see you here.
'Tis sweet to think, when death hath fixed us,
There'll only be two boards betwixt us.”



MEMENTO.

MEMORY. Th' peawer o' recollectin owt. It's rayther a slippery thing, tak it a life through. I con remember things sometimes when I dunno' want. An' at other times I forget when my *memory* should ha' bin as sharp as a saw. I forget whoa it is ut I've lent

a shillin to; an' it's ten to one he's forgotten it too. Mony a time I forget when I've promised eaur Sal not to be above an heaur away. That wouldno' be so bad if I didno' put two heaurs to it, an' get slat i'th' fowt. Sometimes I remember th' fust words I said to th' owd rib when I're shapin for cooartin. That's enough to set anybody agate o' sweeatin.

MENAGERIE. *A place for keeping foreign animals.* Sometimes it's a place for keepin domestic animals. Go to owd Tum o' Sonny's any neet, an' yo'n find a queer cageful. Bet an' her mother 'll be fo'in caut. Owd Tum an' their Jack, an' young Sonny 'll be cardin; an' th' swearin ut'll be gooin on would mak a witness-box tremble. Joe an' Jim 'll oather be cuttin a dog's ears or tryin two young roosters witheaut spurs. Yo'd ha' nowt to do but put a clarinet, a trumpet, a smo-drink pump, an' a cracked drum eaut-side, an' folk would offer a penny to goo in. It's said that some men are driven to th' aleheause by havin disorderly whoams. I think it's wi' havin 'em too quiet. I know some ut if they'd a heause like a menagerie o' t'gether, they'd never think o' gooin to a tapream. Moral cobblers, what dun yo' think abeaut that?

MEND. What everybody's gooin to do; but few trien, an' fewer succeeden. We're makkin good roads in a certain warm place.

MENDICANT. *A beggar.* A family ut's grooin every day, as far as numbers goen. Yo' conno' stir for 'em. Beggin for this thing an' that, an' never done. Beggin for t' raise a woman a mangle, or a mon a wooden leg, we can excuse. But beggin for luxuries for folk ut han plenty, is a way o' showin th' hat-linin I can hardly agree with. If a mon has done summat, ut's nobbut his duty, happen; or invented a new plan o' shoein ducks; reand goes th' hat. He mun have his pictur painted; or his wife mun have a new set o' chaney; or they mun put a flag up somewhere wi' his name on it. I shouldno' object to this so mich if we wurno' towd what to give. "So-an-so has gan a shillin; an' we conno' expect less than that fro' thee. It's for a good cause; an' there'll be a supper at th' end on't." Magic word, "supper!" An Englishman's weakest place has bin hit, an' th' brass is forked eaut. But a mon ut begs for drink is th' wo'st sort of a *mendicant*. Oather th' warkheause or a prison is his doom.

MENIAL. *A servant.* A mon, or a woman, ut's expected to do everythin for thoose ut pay their wage, an' find time to do nowt for theirsels. If it's a woman, hoo mun ha' no likins for nob'dy nobbut her missis, an' four or five auvish youngsters ut are aulus tellin tales abeaut her, an' bein believed. A sarvant wench is th' ruler o' fashins, for when "Mary Ann" has gotten a bonnet summat like her missis's, th' missis mun have a different un, till it comes to a sarvant lookin like a missis, an' a missis like a sarvant.

MERCENARY. *A hireling.* A mon ut'll do owt, fro' strippin a poor mon's heause to cuttin a throat, if he's paid for it. Some writers, an' even praichers, are slutched wi' th' same mop. They'n say owt, or let owt be unsaid, for brass. I'm feear't there isno' mony folk but what their honds would do wi' a bit o' soap an' wayter.

MERCY. A very rare article when I come to consider heaw mich it's talked abeaut. I've tried to come across a bit i' my rambles; but any that I've fund has had th' appearance o' bein jerry. We're very fond o' tryin t' draw fro' th' Great Well o' *Mercy*; an' at th' same time we'd break th' pitcher on anybody's yead ut wanted to beg a sope. Millions, any Sunday, will be sayin—"Lord have mercy on us!" I'd like to be sure that eaut o' that lot there wouldno' be above fifty theausant ut carried a sting in his breast; an' ut would put his foot on his neighbour's neck if he'd nobbut a chance. Mercy's like money, pleasant to draw, but grievin to pay.

MERIT. What every mon thinks he has, o' some sort or another; but nob'dy's aware on't nobbut hissels. It's very strange other folk conno' see it; an' strange he conno' see it i' other folk. Real merit, when it gets its reward, may be thankful that it hasno' gotten summat elze no' quite so agreeable. When I see "Certificate of Merit" written, I wonder heaw mich humbug there is abeaut it, or heaw mich a certain position i' life has had to do with it.

MERRY. I shall ha' summat to say abeaut that when I come to MIRTH.

METROPOLIS. Th' chief teawn of any country. It gets its name fro' bein th' principal *meetin* place for th' biggest thieves an'

scamps ut any country con furnish. There may be a few good folk to be fund i' sich places, but they're generally poor.

METTLE. *Spirit, sprightliness, courage.* They sayn of a hoss when he's kicked his stable dur deawn, an' knocked a wheelbarrow or two int' matchwood, ut he's gotten some *mettle* in his heels. A lad has some mettle in him if he'll hang by th' ears for abeaut five minutes afore he'll confess to havin bin i' company wi' th' sugar pot. Eaur Sal says I've very little mettle i' me, or elze I shouldno' ha' takken things so quietly when hoo's bin sayin her wo'st at me. Mony a mon, hoo says, would ha' damaged th' hole where th' noise coome fro'. We conno' be reet for women.

MICHER. *A lazy loiterer, who skulks about in corners and bye places.* This is an owd word, but a new un to me. I know an' see mony a one that it would apply to; an' their numbers are gettin bigger every day. Th' general tendency o' men neaw-a-days is to walk abeaut wi' their honds i' their pockets. They'n seen so mony folk mak fortins, as they thinken, witheaut mich flasketin; an' they'n try a bit o' luck theirsels. They'd rayther have a honest livin, if it could be gotten yezzily; but they'n ha' one someheaw, witheaut breakin their elbows. I'm no' sure ut society doesno' encourage sich like—innocently, no deaut; but when we pointen to So-an'-so, an'say'n, "Look heaw he's gotten on," we're plantin th' seeds o' discontent in a lad wi' a thick yead; an' ther plenty on'em. He tries to do what he conno' do; an' when he fails, disappointment sends him among thoose ut thinken wark wur meant for hosses and foos. He comes to be a *micher*.

MIGHTINESS. A nation's biggest boast. Better be peawerful than oather good or prosperous. It wur a great mistake i' owd Dick Chaddick findin it eaut that he're a peawerful chap. It caused him t' neglect his wark for th' sake o' havin a twell wi' someb'dy i'th' Owd Bell tapreaum. His heause an' family went to rack; but he lived on what he co'ed his feightin peawer, as long as it lasted. But men, like nations, gotten owder as time slips o'er; an' th' day coome for owd Dick to haul deawn his flag. Jack o' Flunter's took th' wynt eaut on him one wakes; an' fro' that time till th' day ut he deed, owd Dick wur fain to have a quiet, gill wi' anybody. He said it wur useless him rovin abeaut then, when his ships wur sunken, an' his army routed. But

through neglectin his wark for th' sake o' feightin, he had to end his days i'th' warkheause. Bein preaud o' their *mightiness* has done that for nations, as weel as men.

MILE. A variously messurt distance. It should be 1,760 yards. But goo on th' tramp, an' yo'n find it longer than that. Sper o' onybody in a country place heaw far it is to sich a pleck; an' if they say'n "It's abeaut a mile," look eaut for a restin shop' for yo' may depend on't it's three mile at leeast. A mile when yo're gooin a coortin is a deecal shorter than it is when yo're comin back; speshly if yo'n a thick pair o' clogs on, an' yo'n ne'er bin axt for t' goo i'th' heause.

MILITARY. A glory skoo. A rare shop to send a lad to if he's never fund a mesther before. Eaur brave country's defenders; an' very pleasant an' desirable neighbours for a mon ut's a family o' pratty wenchens. Bein dazzled wi' a red rag has bin th' ruin o' lots.

MILK. Stuff provided for cauves an' childer, but very mich takken to by upgroon animals; givin one th' idea ut they ha' no' done suckin yet. It's nice takkin; but I've long had my deauts as to whether a full-groon stomach is a fit place for babbies' feed. It doesno' look to me as if it wur intended for owt o'th' sort. But I reckon if I say mich moore I shall have a lot o' my skollers at me.

MILKED. Cleaned eaut, skinned. What a mon is sure to be if he'll try gamblin on. If he gets among a lot o' sharpers, they looken on him as a "pigeon," an' when they'n gotten howd o' every penny he had, they co'en it "pigeon milk."

MILLENNIUM. A time ut I've bin waitin for till I sometimes think ut I're born too soon. If so, it wurno' my faut, for if I must ha' had my will, I'd ne'er ha' bin born at o, unless I could ha' dropt into a gentleman's family. I look i'th' almenneck every year for t' see if we're gettin any narr to th' *millennium*; but when there's so mich feightin, an' talkin abeaut feightin; an' preparin for feightin; an' sheautin for feightin; as if feightin wur th' chief bizness o' life, I think it's time to give it up. It isno' gooin t' come i' my days, I con see.

MILLION. A number I conno' gawm; but I wish I had it i' suvverins, tho' wheere I must put 'em I dunno' know, nor heaw I

could keep other folk's fingers off 'em. Th' pigcote wouldno' do, at anyrate. A stranger wur sayin one neet at th' Owd Bell ut anybody could have a million suvverins if they could wheel 'em in a barrow at one time. Owd Juddie said he'd goo in for 'em, then. If he couldno' wheel 'em he'd give hissel up to th' gallows. "Just calkilate th' weight at, we'n say, a hauve an eauce a-piece," th' mon said; "I think yo'n find ut they'd want a good deecal o' cartin." Owd Juddie did so, for he's a good un at figures; an' when he'd finished he said to me, "Ab, it's th' fust time I've fund it eaut what a leatheryead I am."



MILKED.

MILLSTONE. *The stone by which corn is ground.* One has yerd tell an' read abeaut folk havin a *millstone* hung reound their neck. But I never seed owt o'th' sort i' my time. I're sayin to owd Juddie th' tother day ut I're i' deauts if ther a mon livin strong enough for th' job; an' th' owd jockey reaunded on me. "Theau yorney," he said, "dost think it meean a gradely millstone, ut

they grind dumplin dust with?" "There's no other sort, is there?" I said. "Yoi, a bad wife," he said; "that what theau'rt noane plagued wi'. But it's a bad comparison after o. If they'd likened a bad wife to sixpenno'th o' moprags, weel seaused i'th' sink, an' a fifty-six peound weight lapt up in 'em, it would ha' bin narr th' mark. Next word."

MIMIC. *A ludicrous imitator.* It mit ha' put it a bit stronger than that, an' said a *ridiculous* imitator. I dar'say there never wur a time i' which ther so mich tryin t' imitate as there is neaw. If th' Prince o' Wales wur t' begin a-wearin Scotch skirts regilar, wi' his knees bare, there'd be th' miserablest show o' legs ever seen before another month wur o'er. It would be a by-word when folk met—"Where are thy cauves gone to, Bill?" "They're gone to th' ley." Or if th' Princess o' Wales wur to turn eaut donned as a Newhaven fishwife, there'd be ditto ditto. Thoose women ut had worn eelskin frocks would mak a queer show. There'd ha' to be some paddin to be done; an' some bendin eaut to get 'em into shape. Th' same wi' singin. If Sims wur t' sing—

"Adieu, my lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
I'm a-going to cross the ocean for to seek for something new;"

or if George Leybourne sang "Bob and Joan;" booath songs would be sung i' every music hall an' every concert reaum i' England afore I could wear a pair o' clog-soles eaut.

MINE. That ut belongs to me, if there is owt beside my duty an' my conscience. One I'll stick to, an' th' tother I dunno' meean partin with. Eaur Sal has her own notions abeaut possession. What's hers is hers, hoo says, an' belongs to nob'dy elze. What's *mine* is hers, hoo says; an' hoo meean stickin to hei share.

MINT. *A plant.* Used for feedin lambs with i' spring, so as they'n be i' seeason when summer comes. I like th' smell on't when it's made int' sauce, an' there's some new potatoes, abeaut th' size o' marbles, just bein rowled eaut o'th' pon.

MINX. *A she puppy.* A race o' animals one sees moore on every day. Time wur once ut if a wench had gan her mother a saucy word hoo'd ha' bin tumbled into' th' nook. But neaw hoo

con use as mich lip as would mak a leather apporn, an' if th' owd woman cheeped back hoo'd be tow'd to "shut up!"

MISCHIEF. One woman tellin another hoo's seen her husbant somewhere wheree he shouldno' be, when at th' same time he's i' bed. Scitterin coal-sleck fro Sam at th' Knowe's coal-rook to Billy Softly's dur, for t' mak Sam believe ut Billy has stown some, an' seein a battle after it. I've bin at a job o' that sort mony a time. An' once geet catch at it, an' very nee skinned for it—for bein catcht.

MISER. A mon noane fit to live i' this wo'ld, an' sartinly not i' any other, unless it be—— Well, never mind. He could melt his gowd i' one lump there.

MISFORTUNE. An owd besom ut's noane welcome wheerever hoo goes. As long as hoo's an owd maid nob'dy 'll ha' owt to do wi' her, if they can help it. But if hoo're a *Missis Fortune* everybody would be slappin at her.

MISOGAMIST. *A woman hater.* If ever there wur one, which I deaut. He mit no' like some women; an' that would be to his credit. But there are foos ut would go slavverin o'er an owd mop ut I wouldno' touch wi' th' tongs. Still, a mon ut hated a woman would be a queer-lookin lot. I know one ut hasno' seen th' reet un yet; an' he's wearin th' same hat as he wore twenty years sin'; so he's nowt to go by.

MISPENDER. A mon ut spends what he doesno' meean to save upo' his wife, an' his childer, an' his whoam. He owt to give it to cadgers.

MISSION. Everybody's job, if they thinken they're a bit better than other folk. If someb'dy would start a poor mon's *mission* society for convertin th' rich, I'd be a member, an' pay my penny a-week.

MIST. What a chap sees afore his een in a mornin, if he's bin at th' Owd Bell too long th' neet afore.

MISTAKE. A thing ut every mon con mak, speshly if he tries. Mistakes ut are made o' purpose are abeaut ten for one to others. A woman never does mak a mistake, if we'n tak her word for it.

MIX. To put milk int' wayter, so as to thicken th' wayter a bit. That'll clear a farmer's conscience, if th' law doesno' get howd on him.

MOB. A word wi' two meeanins as far off one another as Lucifer an' St. Peter. One's a noisy creawd; an' th' tother—bless it!—is a cap. I think there's nowt nicer eautside th' gates o' Paradise than a sweet-lookin motherly face shoinin eaut o'th' inside of a mob-cap. It's a seet for t' civilise a ruffin.

MODEL. Summat to be imitated. We'n a two-thri i' eaur fowt, ut eaur Sal sets up as patterns for me to go by. One mon gets up at five in a mornin; an' goes t' bed at nine; but he's o' very little use when he is up. Another's puttin brass i'th' bank, an' never goes to th' Owd Bell. But hoo forgets to tell me ut he clems his wife an' childer. A third's a teetotaler; but I know what he had to stop i' bed two days for when it wur said he'd th' rheumatic in his yead. Jack o' Flunter's, an' six glasses o' rum wur th' cause on't. I'm deawn o' model men when they are no' fund eaut.

MONDAY. A saint's day ut's held up better than any other. It used to be ut nobbut cobblers an' clooas tinkers held it up; but newaw everybody does moore or less on't, if they'n a shillin left. It's a day ut gossipin clubs meeten on. Th' cooat of arms is a taepot, a bottle, an' a key hung on a finger.

MONEY. A summat ut nob'dy ever thinks abeaut; an' nob'dy would touch if they seed a barrowful lyin i'th' lone. If anybody deauts my word, let him bring a seck looad on't an' teem it i' eaur fowt. He'd see what a race there'd be for t' get eaut o'th' road on't. Oh, ay!

MONKEY. A sort of animal ut's i' some respects like some of eaur aristocracy—it's moore sense than do any useful wark; an' as bad as some women for mischief. A lad wi' a pipe in his meauth, an' a short stick in his hont, belongs to th' same cage; an' owt to fill his time up on a box organ.

MONOGAMIST. A mon ut's satisfied, happen for different reasons, wi' havin had one wife. If hoo's bin a Tartar, he's had enough, an's feart if he gets a second hoo'll be one o'th' same sort. If hoo's bin a angel, he feels it's very long odds again him gettin another; so he'll try th' lucky-bag no moore.

MONOPOLIST. A mon ut wants everythin to hissels; an' would buy, or get howd *on* some way, of an estate i'th' top country, if it could be shapt. He'd sell this i' plots to poorer folk, an' pocket summat by th' sale. If there's a scarcity o' owt a *monopolist* is

sure to buy th' stock up; an' then he can have his own price for it. It may be lawful; but th' law ut gives him that peawer wurno' made i' heaven.

MONUMENT. Sometimes a piece o' lettered stone put up for t' tell folk there's someb'dy deead who wur a better mon when he're wick than anybody knew him to be. I never seed one yet ut tow'd th' whul o'th' truth. His wife, or his childer, or his neighbours, could ha' tow'd summat moore.



MONKEY.

MOONLIGHT. (Lanky, *moonlect*.) Paddy's lantern, intended for coorters to walk eaut by, an' talk abeaut. I hearkened a couple once, an' this wur summat like what they said:—He said, "I wish it wur aulus *moonlect*." Hoo said, "What for?" "Then

we could aulus be walkin eaut." "But what if we'd three or four childer?" "Oh, we're noane come to that yet." "Nawe, there's no walkin eaut i'th' moonleet then. It's stoppin i'th' heause, mendin." "Ay, candle-leet then. Eh, I wonder what th' moon's made on?" "If theau's nowt to talk abeaut nobbut th' moon, let's go whoam."

MORAL. Havin th' name o' bein a saint, till he's fund eaut. A word ut's a good deecal traded on.

MORRIS-DANCER. A young chap donned i' o lengths o' ribbins, an' a hat weighted wi' necklaces, an' his treausers braided at th' bottom. His *dancin* is throwin an arm up, an' then a leg, an' twellin reound.

MOTHER. Th' fondest name we han for owt, so mich sweeter than blaatin eaut "Ma-a-a-a!" Beside, it has a different meeanin. A mother taks care of her choilt hersel. A "ma" trusts it to someb'dy elze, ut may be a sloven, or a vixen, or one to put bad notions i' childer's yeads. A mother has a great deecal to do wi' th' governin of a country, becose it's bin proved th' greatest o' men han had th' best o' mothers. A mother has sich howd on her childer that th' owdest lad looks forrad to a time when he con thresh his feyther, if ever his feyther has threshed her. Show me a mother, an' I'll tell yo' what her childer are like i' behavior.

MOVER. One ut maks a motion in a clubreaum. Jack o' Flunter's geet up at eaur club one neet, an' made a motion that we took a shillin a week off sick pay. Billy Softly geet up after him, an' said—"I'll mak an amendment ut we dun as Jack says."

MOURNING. Puttin ones-sel i' dismal black, for t' mak every-body abeaut us feel dismal. Sometimes worn by folk ut dunno' care a hep for thoose they're reckoned to be i' mournin for. Worn, too, by a lot ut would put a ton weight upo' th' gravestone, if they thowt ther any danger o'th' deead comin back.

MUDDLE. To mak a chap so ut he conno' tell which side th' dur th' latch is on; nor whether it's gooin dark or comin leet; an' wonders what th' childer are comin deawn stairs for when they should be gooin up. He conno' tell heaw it is ut factory folk are gooin to their wark; nor why th' sun keeps gettin heer up i'stead o' gooin lower deawn; an' thinks th' clock's gooin th' wrong way abeaut.

MULE. An animal ut's noted for bein stupid, an' for th' use he sometimes puts his heels to. In Ameriky mules are as big as hosses, an' dunno' know but they are hosses. I once seed a mule an' a hoss talkin t'gether by th' edge o'th' Erie Canal while a boat wur bein unlooaden, an' th' mule seemed to say to th' hoss—"Heaw is it ut theau con have finer hay than they gi'en me?" "Wheay, dost' no' know what theau art?" "Nawe." "Well, just hang thy yead o'er th' wayter an' mak a lookinglass on't." Th' mule did so, an' as soon as he seed th' length of his ears he began a-kickin till stones flew like sparks off a onvil. Then he dashed into th' cut for t' dreawn hissel, but th' hoss pood him eaut, an' towed him his breed wur great folks i' Jerusalem at one time. This reconciled him to his two wyndymill sails, and to his hay.

MUMBLE. *To slubber over.* To talk like some pa'sons, as if they'rn grindin words, an' hadno' made up their mind whether to swallow 'em or spit 'em eaut. "Cumberland Johnny" used to do that when he're praichin, an' we could aulus tell to a minit when th' sarmon would be finished, if we couldno' mak eaut a word he said. His eelids would drop, an' he'd waut o'er asleep. But ther a lot of his congregation would ha' gone o'er before him.

MUMPS. *Sullenness. Silent anger.* A quality of temper ut's never seen to sich advantage as when th' wife sits wi' a stockin on her arm, an' doesno' seem to know ut yo're comen into th' heause. Th' way ut hoo jerts th' wo'sted, an' snuffs th' candle, an' pounces th' cat, tells yo' ut th' wynt's in a stormy quarter, if it'll nobbut just let itsel loce. Seein th' *mumps* is a signal ut yo'd better be shapin for bed, an' soon.

MUNDUNGUS. *Stinking tobacco.* I reckon it's that sort ut's made o' owd ropes, an' oil, an' steeped in a brew o' cayenne pepper an' sink slutch. I sometimes get a whiff on't when I walk at back of a mechanic; an' I could be sae-sick in a minute if I'd a sope o' wayter under me. I wonder why they conno' smooke *gradely* 'bacco.

MURDER. One mon killin another through summat he has again him. Kill a lot ut never did him any hurt, an' ut he's nowt again, an' he'd be a hero then. This is a strange wo'ld.

MUSIC. A gift ut's very badly abused. Singin is th' nicest

when it's done by someb'dy ut doesno' pretend they con sing. But if they're co'ed toppers at it, shut yo'r ears, or elze they'n be split. Some folk thinken they con get *music* eaut of a payanna by thumpin it. They dunno' think ut real music should be soft, an' gentle; an' that it should creep into th' soul as if it coome in its stockin-feet. A mother doesno' get her babby asleep by yellin a



"top note" in' its earhole; no moore than "Thoose strains that once did sweet in Zion glide" con be gotten eaut of a payanna by tumblin it o'er, an' puncin it. When owd Boxer used to play his flute i'th' fowt ov a summer's neet, it seaunded as if some sperrit wur dooin it, fields away. That wur music. One yers nowt o'th' sort neaw-a-days. It's o squeal, crash, an' clatter.

MYSELF. Everybody. There's nob'dy elze i'th' wo'ld nobbut me. When I dee th' whul o' creation 'll dee wi' me,—well, so far as I'm consarned it will. Everythin is bund up i' that word *myself*. Whatever we do is done for *number one*, if we'rn just honest enough for t' own it.

N.

NAB. *To catch unexpectedly.* Little Sam had bin at th' Owd Bell one neet, an' had stopt longer than he had leeave for. Jack o' Flunter's wur stondin at th' gate, just before meauntin his peearch, when Sam's wife turned in, leeadin her husband by one ear. "Hoo's nabbed thee, I see," Jack said.

NAG. *A small horse.* But it has another meeanin than that i' eaur fowt. It meean too roogh play of a woman's tongue. Billy Softly went into owd Juddie's one neet, an' axt him for t' play a tune upo' his fiddle. "As theau's never axt me before," Juddie said, "theau shall ha' one. But what dost' want a tune for?" "Well," Billy said, "yond bit o' stickin plaister o' mine has bin naggin at me o day, so I thowt I'd come eaut o'th' road for a bit o' fresh music." Juddie gan him "Th' rags on th' hob."

NAIAD. *A water nymph.* What yo' may see a lot on at Black-pool at a wakes time. An' some are noane very partikilar as to



what sort o' frolickin they go'en through i'th' wayter, when scores o' folk are lookin on. But they can do things at th' sac-

side ut they dar'no' do awwhoam. If they went through th' same performance i' owd Thuston's pit, th' neighbours would ride th' stag for 'em, if th' police didno' meddle.

NAME. Summat that's moore thowt *on* than it desarves to be. It's everythin to some folk if it isno' English. Change "Bob Smith" to "Roberto Smitherini," an' he may have a carriage ride wi' a lord any day, beside havin scores o' young ladies after him.

NAP. A short snooze. Sometimes it gets lengthened eaut too far; an' then it's dangerous. I're ridin on th' railroad once fro' Manchester to Owdham; an' ther a mon i'th' same carriage toped o'er asleep afore th' train started. When we geet to Middleton Junction I shaked him up, an' axt him wheere he're gooin. He towd me that wur his bizness. So I leet him have his bizness to hissel after. When we geet to Owdham someb'dy elze shaked him up, an' axt him for his ticket. He said he shouldno' part with it till he geet eaut, an' he shouldno' geet eaut till he geet to Miles Plattin. "Wheay, yo'n come'n abeaut six mile too far." That wur an expensive, an' too mich of a *nab*.

NARROW. A mind wi' nobbut one line o' rails in it, so ut very few opinions can get in at one journey. It's bad looadin eaut as weel. I once knew a mon ut wanted to change his trade, fro' bein an actor to bein a policeman. He're a fine-lookin chap, an' a teetotaler at th' time; but he'd gotten tired o' knockin abeaut th' country wi' a family. He went to a churchwarden ut co'ed hissel a great Christian, for t' see if he could get him t' use his influence. "What are you doin at present?" this dignitary wanted to know. "I'm an actor," th' mon said. This daily forgiver o' trespassers wur horrified at that; an' towd th' mon he could do nowt for him, nor even alleaw him to stond at his sanctified dur any longer. What abeaut that rejoicin i' Heaven o'er sartin events then? A sinner (?) must ha' no meean o' bein saved. But I'd rayther risk company wi' that sinner, than stake salvation wi' a mon wi' a narrow mind. I think th' chances o' grace would be i' my favour.

NASTY. A word that I've wished mony a time wur better understood than it is by a good deel o' folk. Th' flags would look cleeaner in a mornin; an' if less snuff wurno' takken, th'

scavengin part would be better looked after. Railroad carriage floors wouldno' be so sloppy; an' i' gettin deawn fro' th' top of a 'bus we shouldno' ha' to wipe th' rail; nor need be feart of a sheawer o' summat no' very nice when we're gettin off th' step. There'd be a sweeter temper or two to be met with, as weel.

NATURAL. Not artificial. A word despised by folk ut would be thowt summat above common. To be *natural* is to be plain an' simple, witheaut tryin to be. Two ladies talkin abeaut a third agreed that Miss So-an'-so wur "shockingly *natural*." What a pity!

NAUSEATE. *To turn away with disgust.* To get tired o' takkin physic. Owd Thuston had th' geaut (gout) one time; an' he geet so physicked that he'd th' table an' th' dresser aulus full o' bottles,



an' moore comin. He geet so tired at last that he tow'd th' doctor he'd rayther keep havin th' geaut than swallow any moore of his stuff. So he gan o'er takkin th' physic, an' geet better.

NAY. A word that's hard to say when yo're a bit sharp-set, an' someb'dy's axt yo' to just have a meauthful o' summat, but yo'r modesty bothers yo'. We sometimes say'n *nay* when we meean different.

NEAR. (Lanky, *nee*.) Th' meeanin o' this word con never be measurt. It's *nee* when it's an inch off, or fifty yard, or a mile. It's like comparin summat to th' size of a piece of wood.

NECK. Th' part of a body ut a mon likes fittin between th' top an' bottom parts of his arm. But it depends a good deaal upo' whoa th' neck belongs to.

NECTAR. *The supposed drink of the heathen gods.* Owd Juddie coes ale *nectar* when it's a hot day, an' he's dry, an' he con have a pint wi' milky froth on th' top ut he con just blow aside. Ther's lots beside owd Juddie would co it nectar, if they knew th' meeanin o'th' word.

NEED. *Pressing difficulty.* A word ut's too weel understood, even i' this land o' plenty. To be i' *need* is to want a friend when he conno' be fund. We con foind one th' soonest when he's noane wanted, like findin owt elze.

NEIGHBOUR. *One who lives near to another.* It sometimes happens ut they con be *nee* livers witheaut bein *neighbours*. "I'm thy neighbour, am not I?" Shoiny Jim once said to Little Dody, when he're a bit on for fratchin. "Theau'rt my *nee* liver," Dody said, "but as for bein a neighbour, theau mit as weel live fifty mile off; an' I wish theau did."

NEPHEW. *The son of a brother or sister.* I' too many cases a relation ut doesno' desarve ownin, speshly when he takes every chance o' lettin yo' know that he is akin. "I'm yo'r *neuvy*, am not I?" a drunken whelp once said to owd Juddie. "Theau art," owd Juddie said, "but it's becose I conno' help it. If I'd thowt there'd ever ha' bin sich a cuss akin to me I'd ha' throttl'd thy feyther to death when I nussed him."

NEST. (Lanky, *neest*.) What we liken co'in eaur whoams. A word o' fondness, ut seems to gether yo' up in its arms, an' lay yo' deawn in a soft place for t' sleep.

"What is there prattier under th' sky,
Then yond sweet *neest* we'n just passed by?

Th' owd brid, an' th' young uns, quite a lot,
Han groon theere till they favvorn th' spot."

NEST-EGG. (Lanky, *neest-egg*.) A bit o' summat put i'th' bank, for t' keep one agate o' puttin moore to it. "Theau sees what havin a *neest-egg* is," th' owd rib said to me one neet when we'r'n talkin abeaut th' times; an' heaw some folk could ha' bin better off if they hadno' bin wasteful. "If I hadno' persuaded thee for t' put th' fust suvverin into th' bank theau'd hardly had a penny t' co thy own neaw. After th' fust egg theau's kept layin ever sin'." "Ay, but they're nobbut th' size o' sparrow eggs, noather, Sal."

NET. A thing to catch fish an' brids with; an' for t' keep some women's yure fro' tumblin deawn their backs. There's a sort o' nets used for catchin other game—a rich husbant. "Aulus, when theau comes eaut o'th' church, Mary Jane, see ut theau comes eaut just before Miles Walker. An' just thee show thysel th' best side eaut. If he tries to o'ertak thee, dunno' let him o at once. Let him try for it, an' then theau'll see what he meeans. If he spakes to thee, misunderstand him, an' say theau conno' think o' sich a thing witheaut thy mother's consent. Neaw then, theau's had thy fishin lesson. Th' fust time theau's had a chance throw in thy *net*."

NEVER. A long word, an' one ut shouldno' be used witheaut a good deecal o' forethinkin, becose it mit cause some afterthinkin. "*Never*, Joe; I wouldno' ha' thee if there wurno' another mon i'th' wo'ld." Well, there wurno' another mon i'th' wo'ld would tackle her, so hoo had Joe after sayin "*Never*."

NEW. A word ut maks us feel young to think abeaut. No lad forgets th' day when he'd summat *new* to put on, if it wur nobbut a pair o' garters. If we could mak owd life int' new, what polishin up there'd be!

NEWS. An ackeaunt of a murder, or a robbery, or some nasty carryins on. These things we slappen at. But if a newspaper wur filled wi' ackeaunts o' good actions, nob'dy would tak it in. I could point to an owd book i' which th' best part isno' th' mooest read. It's th' same wi' *news*.

NICE. *Accurate in judgment.* I' Lanky it has another meeanin. It meean's owt ut's pratty an' becomin. A wench looks through a glass for t' see heav *nice* hoo looks; an' if her colour isno' just



to her likin, hoo dabs some red an' white on her face. Owt ut has a sweet taste is nice; an' when an owd tippler o' two-penn'oths mops her glass up, hoo screws up her face an' says "nasty." But hoo meean's nice at th' same time.

NICKNAME. What's neaw coed a *pet* name, an' gan to a choilt by oather feyther or mother. Nob'dy reckons neaw to co their childer by th' names they'rn kessunt. But I've known it to be crime i' my days, punishable by a foot, for co'in folk *nicknames*. I're very nee gettin my treawsters tampered with once for co'in a chap "lantern ribs." But tastes an' fashins han changed sin' that time.

NIGHTCAP. (Lanky, *neetcap*.) Not aulus summat that's worn on th' yed i' bed. Sometimes it's swallowed, wi' some wot wayter an' sugar for capstrings.

NIGHTMARE. A tit ut nob'dy cares to ride. It generally creeps into th' stable when we'n bin atin a heavy supper; then a bull comes after us, an' we conno' get eaut o'th' road; or we find eaurself droppin deawn a coalpit; or flyin, an' breakin a wing.

But th' wo'st is bein buried alive; an' yerrin lumps o' clay leet on th' coffin lid. It's wurr still when we're so hoarse we conno' mak nob'dy t' yer.

NINETEEN. Whoa wouldno' be that if they could? Come yo' ut purtend to look at owd age as bein th' reward of a long life, comfortably sittin i'th' nook, as if i'th' leet of a mellow sunset, confess that yo're hypocrites; an' ut yo'd rather just neaw oather be walkin a wench eaut, or coverin someb'dy's chimdy-hole wi' a clod. Ay, I knew yo'd shake yo'r yeads.

NINNY. A jorney o'th' lowest breed. A mon ut thinks he con draw a cat through a pit, but finds it eaut when he tries ut th' cat is th' stronger o'th' two; an' it poos him across.

NOBLE. *One of high rank*, an' summat beside. We dunno' aulus find that a noble's o'erstocked wi' nobility, an' has some to spare. I've known mony a wayver wi' moore o' that stuff abeaut him than some ut han bin born wi' a gowden spoon i' their meauth. If a mon breaks into his last shillin, for t' help a clemmin family, he's moore of a *noble* than one ut has no greater deeds to boast *on* than what he con do wi' his gun, or his dogs, or his hosses.

NOD. A motion o'th' yead ut brings th' chin upo' th' breast. Mooestly seen i' churches an' chapels on a wot Sunday, when th' parson's dronin like a hummabee.

NODDLE. That part o'th' body ut's reckoned to ha' some sense inside, but not aulus to be betted on.

NOISE. Some sorts o' singin. Some sorts o' playin. Some sorts o' talkin. There's a good deecal o'th' latter.

NONENTITY. *A thing not existing*. But it's bin proved different. Billy Softly an' Sam at th' Knowe wur havin a bit o' bother one neet at th' owd Bell, an' Billy turned upo' Sam at last, an' said, "I'll ha' nowt to do wi' thee any moore. I consider theaur't a *nonentity*." "Is my fist a nonentity?" Sam said, after he'd knocked Billy into th' nook.

NONCONFORMIST. Some folk thinkin he's a mon ut would like to have a whul chapel to hissle, or have every other mon to think as he does. But that's carryin th' idea rayther too far. Th' word con have another meeanin. Eaur Sal wur a *nonconformist* when I wanted to establish a law i' eaur heause ut hoo should black my

shoon. Hoo tow'd me at once hoo wouldno' do it if hoo're *made*. That's a nonconformist wi' a vengeance.

NOOSE. A *running knot*. An' one ut doesno' run, as weel. When a mon gets his neck i'th' weddin *noose*, there's no slippin th' knot then. If he gets it in a rope there is a chance o' bein cut deawn before his foo's job's finished. But there's no bein cut deawn when th' parson's th' executioner.

NOSE. A thing ut's intended to howd snuff an' spectekles, an' for turnin up at summat we dunno' like.

NOTE. A seaund i' music; a little letter; a short hint; a paper written wi' three letters on it—I.O.U. But there is a *note* that rustles when yo' feel'n at it; an' that's my sort.

NOVEL. A big lie. A book for young women to cry o'er, an' neglect other things. Never read through, but dipped into wheree it's th' ticklinest. As soon as it's fund eaut ut Angelina's gooin t' have Edwin, an' ut Edwin turns eaut to be a lord's son, it's o o'er. Hoo turns to th' last page, wheree a grey-yeaded owd felly says "Bless you, my children," an, flings th' book deawn. Hoo *knew* it would come to that.

NURSE. (Lanky, *nuss*.) A good wife, or a good mother. One ut con oather mak, or mar. One not oft' reckoned o' any greater importance than keepin childer eaut o'th' road.

NURSERY. Some skoos, where they takken childer in as soon as they con walk, an' taichen 'em wi' a smack.

O.

OAK. A hard sort o' wood, ut's gettin a deecal scarcer i' this country, but has bin very useful i' former times. We'd *oak* ships, ut we could feight with, an' win battles witheaut sinkin; we'd oak-timbered heauses, ut could stond for hunderts o' years, an' after that time find someb'dy a hard job to poo deawn. We'd oak furnitur', ut we could racket abeaut among witheaut fear *on* it bein damaged. Neaw we'n iron ships ut go'en to th' bottom afore they con be used. Deal-timbered heauses, ut go'en deawn o'

their knees afore th' roofs con be put on ; an' th' mooest of eaur furniture is oather walnut, or flimsy mahogany. Sailors' hearts are reckoned to be made o' oak ; tho' why they shouldno' be as soft as others I conno' mak eaut. If it wur said ut their *plucks* wur made o' oak, I could understond it better.

OAKUM. Owd ropes made o' purpose for t' be untwin'd by folk ut could do better wark ; but must no' be made as useful as they mit be, becose they'n done summat wrong. *Oakum* pikin is to mak their fingers sore for punishment.

OB DURATE. *Hard of heart.* Why no' say havin a "heart of oak?" There's wheer we're so subject to talkin nonsense, speshly when we're singin patriotic songs. Hardness of heart meens summat different to toughness o' pluck ; and should be applied to feythers ut turn their childer eaut o'th' dur when they'n had a misfortin ; an' to childer ut would let their parents dee afore they'd help 'em.

OBEDIENT. *Submission to authority.* Lettin th' wife be th' mesther witheaut grumblin. Carryin her cloak an' humbrell when it doesno' rain ; an' wheelin th' baby truck for her when it's



warm. Bein i'th' heause to th' minit o' time hoo's gan yo' leave for; an' carryin th' childer t' bed, two under yo'r arms, an' one o' yo'r back, while hoo's havin a sope warm, wi' her feet on th' fender.

OBESITY. *Morbid fatness.* Bein so ut they conno' tee their own shoon. Owd Jammie Howt tried once; an' geet what wur th' inside of his waistcoat so fast between his legs, ut he couldno' get it back. So he had t' sheaut for someb'dy t' come an' help him. It took two strong chaps for t' draw him; an' when he did come undone, it wur wi' a flop.

OBJECT. Generally applied to a mon ut's moore miserable lookin than common. Owd Juddie wur explainin it one neet to have a different meeanin to that. He said an *object* wur "anythin ut could be presented to th' senses." "Owd Rags," th' coal getter-in, said, "Am I an object?" "Ay," Juddie said, "an' a smart un, too."

OBLIGATION. What I never like bein under to anybody, but sometimes conno' help bein. It's that feelin ut does a good deel o' mischief under some circumstances. As a proof—a mon 'll goo into th' owd Bell wi' a full determination to nobbut ha' one pint; but there's Jack o' Flunter's; an Siah at owd Bob's; an' Jim Thurston there. If he puts deawn tuppence, one o'th' three 'll say "It is paid for." Well, he feels then ut he's under an *obligation* for t' have another pint; an' then another, an' so on till he feels that if he doesno' pay in his turn, he'll deserve to be coed a skeawbanker. So his bein under an obligation sends him whoam sweelin drunk.

OBLIGE. A very ill-used word, becose everybody wants *obligen*. If a mon wants to leet his pipe, he says, "Would you oblige?" It used to be, "Gi'e me a leet," an' I'd rayther ha' th' owd fashin. If a beggar gets at yo', and says, "Please obligen me with a copper," an' he says "Thanks," if he bleeds yo', yo' may depend on't he's no moore gratitude in his heart than a pae-swad. I hate these nice words, an' if thoose ut co'en theirsels th' better end o' folk knew that in any twopenny-haupenny singin shop, a chap ut doesno' think it wo'th his while to wesh his honds an' face before he goes into company, will bawl eaut, after splittin a table wi' a hommer, "Mesther Tom Twitters, or, Mesther Gus Guzzle, will oblige again," they'd drop th' word like a poor relation.

OBLIQUE. Seein things round a corner. Owd Joss Hunter had a pair o' een ut could see nowt straight forrad. But if he stood at th' front dur, an' yo'd bin drawin a portrait wi' a whitewash brush at th' end o' th' heause, he'd ha' bin on to yo'. I like lookin folk i'th' face when I'm talkin to 'em, but when one doesno' know which side to talk to it's rayther awkward, becose a chap wi' an oblique seet might think we're talkin at him.

OBLIVIOUS. Forgettin, after we'n borrowed a shillin, whoa we'n had it off; or whether we'n borrowed any at o, or not. It doesno' look o together bein *oblivious* when a mon, i'stead o' meetin yo' gradely face to face, turns to look at a shop window till yo' gotten past, an' if yo' gotten past, an' if yo' axen him if it would put him abeaut to stump up, he says he'd quite forgotten he owed yo' owt. Oblivious folk are gettin int' a very big family.

OBSCENITY. Sayin somethings leaud up i'th' street, ut should nobbut be said in a whisper to one ear at a time. It's th' way o' dooin it, not th' act itsel', ut maks it *obscenity*.

OBSTINATE. Havin yo'r own road i' everythin, whether yo' thinken it's reet or wrong. Bein crossed between a jackass an' a mule, witheaut havin th' sense o' oather on 'em. Heaw oft han yo' yerd it said—"If I'd tow'd a thing I'd stick to it bein true, if I knew it wur th' biggest lie ut ever made a sinner."

OBSTREPEROUS. (Lanky, *obstropilous*.) *Loud, clamorous, turbulent*, No' gooin whoam when yo'r fotcht, but determined to have another pint, to show whoa's th' mesther. Objectin to go to th' lock-ups when yo'r axt nicely; an' puncin th' policeman becose he's dooin his duty. No' turnin up yo'r wage to th' wife, becose hoo's axt for it; an' yo'r above bein reminded.

OCEAN. A sope o' wayter lyin somewhere between here an' Ameriky. I've seen a bucketful or two on't; an' tasted a drop again my will. It carries on sometimes as if it owed nob'dy owt; an' blusters abeaut, or goes to sleep, like a great babby ut's bin marred in th' teethin time. Anybody ut tries to mak it do as he likes; an' gets into th' saddle when it's o'er an' above rompish, may find he's a foo for his pains.

OCTOBER. A month ut brings folk's yeds t'gether; if there's a chance of a bit o' mischief bein done. If there's a lot o' idleties abeaut, ut liken bein at a loce end, they'n be lookin after jobs o'

canvassin; it doesno' matter for which side, so as they getten paid, an' have plenty o' whack. Strong party folk at this time say'n—"It does no matter heaw useful he's bin, or what good he's done; if we con see a good chance o' shiftin him, it's eaur duty to do it, even if we put a jackass in his place." Party fust, an' men after. Booath sides actin up to this principle; so one's th' same as th' tother. October's a famous brewin month, becose frogs han gan o'er makkin sich a mess i'th' wayter.

ODD. A mon, or a woman bein strangely different to other folk. Queer i' temper; queer i' dress; queer i' ways. Yo'n find that these *odd* folk winno' stond bein imitated, if they known it. "Owd Sally Green-petch" wur one o' these. We coed her by that name becose, no matter what colour of a dress hoo wore, hoo'd have a green patch at th' back, just below her apron-string. "Mary o' Job's" thowt hoo'd plague owd Sally a bit; so hoo put a green patch upo' her dress. Sally seed her as hoo're gooin to th' well one mornin; an' hoo turned back, poo'd her green patch off her blue print, an' stuck a red un on. Whenever anybody had met her after that, they'd ha' said, "Yond's owd Sally Green-petch wi' her danger signal beheend her." Hoo would be odd, yo' seen.

OLD MAID. One o'th' *odd* sort. Generally belongin to that family o' women ut han thowt too mich abeaut theirsels when they'rn young. They wanted to goo i'th' best market, an' get a tip-top price, when they'rn nobbut fit for hangin eaut at a little shop dur. Becose nob'dy would come up to her figure, hoo's waited, an' waited, till nob'dy would have her at any price—not even buy her for rags an' booans. When hoo finds that eaut hoo taks a little beause, an' lives by hersel, wheere hoo sometimes sees a ghost in a candle o' someb'dy ut should ha' bin her husbant, if things had gone reet. At last, when no man *will* come, hoo taks up wi' two cats.

ONION. A very useful plant, used for moore purposes than atin. Good fried wi' a beef-steak, or toasted wi' cheese. When i'th' raw state it's useful for th' mourners ut are too fain their uncle's deead, becose he's left 'em summat, they conno' muster a tear beaut carryin a *onion* wi' 'em.

OPEN. (Lanky, *oppen*.) Just colly-west to bein *close*. Bein able to see a mon's inside; an' know what he thinks an' feels. There's

no danger i' bein i' company wi' one o' these. He con hoide nowt, not even what should be a sacret. He winno' tell yo' he knows summat ut would hang a chap, if he leet th' cat eaut o'th' bag. An' he's so oppen-honded that, if yo'd lend him a shillin, he'd promise to give eighteenpence for it when he reckoned. I dunno' say ut he'd do owt beside promise.



OLD MAID.

OPIATE. *A medicine that causes sleep.* Summat like "owd Jacky wife's cordial," ut too many childer han bin browt up on. If a pin had bin stickin in a choilt's back it would ha' bin—"Give it some cordial." It couldno' skrike becose it wur i' pain, but aulus becose it wur dald nowt. "Owd Jess," when their Nan couldno' quieten her babby one neet sheauted eaut—"Give that lad some Jacky wife." "I've gan him two spoonful," Nan said. "*Bless* him!—give him a cuffl (cupful)." But he used another word ut wurno' quite so nice as *bless*.

OPINION. What a mon thinks an' thinks he thinks reet. He'll back it again anybody's elze to any ameaut. He very oft maks

this mistake,—he gi'es it as his *opinion* what he wants to be so. "Owd Bowser" has an opinion that when we dee we dunno' go to another wo'ld, but setten up shop again i' this. An' thoos ut han bin poor i' one life 'll be rich i'th' next. Turns an' turns abeaut, like, an' fair for one as another. Becose he's bin as clemmed as owd Lazarus' dog, he'll happen be a king, or a lord next. It's his opinion becose he wants it to be so; an' that's th' sacret of a lot of opinions.

OPPONENT. One ut purtends to howd a different opinion to another, an' thinks it owt to mak 'em int' enemies. It very oft does, an' leeads to feightin.

OPPORTUNITY. *Fit place or time.* A thing ut's very oft missed. I've letten a lot slip mysel, an' seen 'em run away fro' me like so mony twitchilt dogs. An *opportunity*, I reckon, is one o' thoos chances ut owd Shakspeare talks abeaut when he says—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, when taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Lord Byron puts it another way, an' says—

"There is a tide in the affairs of women,
Which, when taken at the flood, leads—God knows where."

I'd an opportunity once, so eaur Sal says, o' bein summat moore than what I am. A chap wanted to sell me a donkey an' cart, ut started him to'ard a fortin. He soon raised a hoss an' cart, an' sin' then he's never looked beheend him. He's independent neaw, an' th' jackass is o' no furr use to him. I couldno' o' someheaw, fancy gooin through th' lone, sheautin "coals" or "potatoes," or "cabbitch," so missed my opportunity through a bit o' pride. I'm not the only one ut has done th' same.

ORATOR. *A public speaker.* Sometimes a mon ut would rayther talk than work. Wi' some o' these it doesno' depend upo' what they han to say, but th' length o' time they con tak up i' sayin it, If they'd owt to say, an' knew heaw to say it, witheaut gooin o'er th' same greaund a dozen times, we shouldno' be tired as oft as we are wi' would-be *orators*. When a chap likes yerrin hissel talk he'd bother a boat-hoss to deeth.

ORPHAN. A lad, or a wench, ut's lost booath feyther an' mother. It isno' aulus a bad job for 'em, tho' it may be hard at th' start. Th' pastur may be thin, an' th' lodgins may no' be o'th' best. But



if they're young they'n summat to look forrard to ut'll be sweeter to 'em for havin worked an' clemmed for it. Mony an orphan has bin th' fust in a race, when he's bin runnin agin somb'dy ut has bin weel browt up.

ORTHODOX. *Sound in doctrine.* If we nobbut knew what it wur; but[when so mony folk sayn they're reet, an' o on 'em different, it's hard choosin; an' mony a mon stops eautside a church becose he doesno' know which is th' reet un for t' goo in. Nob'dy con give him that satisfaction he wants; an' becose he winno' be persuaded witheaut reason; an' converted witheaut bein convinced, he's put deawn as a Godless wastrel, tho' he may be as hungry for[divine truth as th' best on us.

OSTENTATIOUSNESS. *Vanity, boastfulness.* Given witheaut heart, for th' sake o' show. Lettin folk see what they han i' their hont when they're droppin it i'th' collectin box. I yerd tell o' two preaud young besoms once ut wur th' dowters of a mon ut had jumped int' a fortin. They must show off afore they'd larnt any manners; an' set up for bein ladies i'th' tip-top style. They'd

gowd watches, wi' gowd cheeans bowt 'em. An' that wur at a time when sich things wurno' worn by everybody. Whenever they went i' company they took as mich interest i' heaw time wur goin on as if th' Day o' Judgment wurno' far off. Noather o'th' two could ever trust to her own watch, but must keep axin th' tother—"Sister, what time is by your gold watch and chain?"

OVEN. (Lanky, *oon*.) One o'th' moolest useful things in a poor mon's heause, becose it con be put to so many uses, an' th' best are pie an' mowffin bakin. What lad is there ut hasno' oppent th' *oon* dur when nob'dy's bin watchin him, for t' see what there wur inside ut caused sich a nice smell? An' when he's seen it's bin a potatoe pie, whoa could ha' gotten him away fro' th' heause dur till th' dish wur boarded on th' table, an' th' steam had gan o'er risin? Billy Softly's wife put a gallon bottle o' wayter i' theirs once, an' had quite forgotten it till it blew booath Billy an' th' *oon* dur to th' yead o'th' heause.

P.

PABULATION. *The act of feeding.* Heaw many folk knew that before? I've looked i' mony a dictionary, for t' get to know why this word should meean feedin; but I've no' bin able t' get any satisfaction. One says it comes fro' th' Latin word *pasco*. But I couldno' see that if I put a dozen pair o' spectekles on. I're mutterin th' word o'er to mysel th' tother neet, an' eaur Sal yerd me. "What doest' keep chunnerin at?" hoo said. "It's a word ut I conno' gawm what it's bin made fro'," I towed her, an' gan her th' word. "*Pabulation!*" hoo said; an' hoo looked quite surprised. "Has theau bin browt up o' porritch, an' conno' tell that?" "I'm no narr yet," I said. "Wheay, *pobbies*, theau gawmblyn!"

PACK. *A large bundle. A number of hounds.* Havin moore than one meeanin, th' use o' this word geet me off my loom last Friday. I're aulus fond o' huntin; an' my wooden throne would get too

warm to sit on if I yerd a *pack* i' full cry. Owd Juddie coome trottin to me quite oaut o' puff." "Ah," he said, "hast' yerd nowt?" "Nawe, what?" I axt him. "Yond's owd Sam, th' huntsman, i'th' owd Bell fowt wi' a pack. I seed 'em goo in," he said. "I'm off, then," an' away I went. But I must ha' bin too late, I thowt, for not a dog could I see. I looked i'th' heause; an' theere owd Sam wur, wi' a lot moore chaps, on th' go. Had Juddie sowl me? I wondered. As I're gooin whoam I met him. "What sort of a pack had owd Sam with him?" I axt. "A pack o' leatheryeads," wur th' onswer he gan me.

PAD. *To travel gently. An easy-paced horse.* This word wur moore i' use when I're i' my bell-button days than it is neaw. Mony a farmer would go to th' church ov a Sunday on hoss-back, wi' his wife peearcht beheend him; an' that wur coed *paddin*.



Th' hoss would be fastened to a tree till th' sarvice wur o'er; then they would ha' padded back. Sometimes it would ha' bin missin for an heaur or so, if th' constables wurno' abeaut. I'd a ride once mysel; an geet catcht. I had to do a *pad* to th' church on my own shanks, as a punishment for it.

PAIN. What everybody should strive not to give to another. One of eaur fowt philosophers will have it that to give pleasure, or prevent *pain*, is an excuse for lyin. "I've tow'd mony a score o' lies i' my time," he'll say; "but never one to give anybody th' leeast pain." I darsay I've made mysel onswerable for one or two if I're weel audited; but then I've tow'd 'em for t' mak th' owd rib comfortable; when, if I'd tow'd th' truth, her nails would happen ha' bin i' full wark.

PAINT. What nob'dy can do like nature hersel. Heawever thick a woman may lay it on her face, hoo conno' mak a pair o' roses blossom there sich as I've seen on two cheeks, when a wench has bin hangin th' clooas eaut ov a weshin day. To *paint* a pictur is sometimes so that nob'dy con tell what it's intended for. That's done so that it'll fotch a bigger price when it's offered for sale. I're lookin at one once ut wur coed a tip-topper; an' it wur, if it hadno' had one faut; an' scores mit look at th' pictur; an' be tow'd there wur a faut; an' a glarin one, too, witheaut findin it eaut. "What is it?" th' mon said, wi' a grin o' deaut. "Yo' never see an elephant wi' it's hinder legs bendin eaut, like a hoss," I said. "They bend like eaur's."

PALACE. *A royal house.* I should say a whoam ut's too grand to be comfortable in. Whoever strives for show an' grandery mun mak up his mind for t' ha' trouble an' care in proportion to th' brass he spends on it. I know a little cot that, if a king seed it, an' knew th' happiness there wur in it, he'd want to swap his *palace* for it. But he'd ha to swap hissel, too, afore he could feel th' change. Mony a mon ut has risen fro' bein poor, to live i' summat like a palace, conno' help shakin his yead when he thinks abeaut his humble days, wi' their quiet comfort, an' wishin he could go back to 'em. Then his durstep wurno' creawded wi' folk wantin this, that, an' th' tother, an' pootin at him o roads. Then he hadno' to give big dinners to folk he didno' care th' toss of a button for, an' who didno' care for him, nobbut for what they could get. He

Could sit i'th' nook

An' read his book.

Witheaut his feelins gettin ajar

Wi' a simperin miss

Sayin summat like this—

“Heaw much will you give towards our baazar?”

PALINDROME. *A word which is the same read backwards or forwards.* Owd Juddie co'ed “Nan o' Letty's” a *palindrome* once, an' Nan said hoo're as good as *him*. Hoo'd ne'er sowd short o' weight yet. Jack o' Flunter's said if hoo'd stond to be co'ed that hoo'd stond owt, an' he advised her fort' fotch law for him. Hoo did so, an' when they went before th' magistrate th' owd wizacre said it wur a very sarious case. Owd folk, like Juddie, should be very careful what they co'ed young women. He didno' know what a *palindrome* wur, but it couldno' meean any good. Juddie explained it, as I've done. “Her name's Hannah,” he said. “What does it spell th' backort road on? If Nan stonds for Hannah, hoo's a double *palindrome*.” Th' justice scrat his yead at that, an' tow'd 'em to mak it up.

PALLIATE. To give a lad a buttercake after yo'n gan him a good threshin. It taks th' soreness eaut of his booans.

PALL-MALL. Th' owd name for what they'n coen *croquet*. *Ladies* wouldno' play at th' game till they'd gan it a fine name; so they coed it after French *spicecake*. They must ha' summat sweet abeaut 'em.

PALTRY. *Sorry, despicable.* Givin a chap a penny for bein honest enough to bring back yo'r pocket book ut yo'n lost, wi' a rowl o' bank notes in it.

PAMPER. *To glut, to fill with food.* To spoil childer by lettin 'em have o they want, an' moore beside. To bring 'em up i'th' believ ut they winno' ha' to work for their livin; an' ut workin is nobbut a foo's an' a poor mon's road o' gettin a livin.

PANCAKE. (Lanky, *poncake*.) A flat batter puddin, made so temptin ut yo' conno' give o'er atin 'em till yo'r e'en are ready to drop eaut o' yo'r yead. When a lad has etten eleven, as I've known lads do, they dunno' know what's to do wi' 'em, becose they feel'n like a barrel, an' are too heavy for their legs. I could do wi' just three neaw, tho' I know ut when I'd etten 'em I should be gruntin i'th' nook, like someb'dy wi' th' toothwartch. Th' same wi' o sorts o' luxuries.

PANEL. A square piece o' wood put into a dur, for t' mak it look fancier, an' so ut thieves con get through yezzier. "Copper-nob" wur offered a quart once if he'd send his yead through one. So he took a run, an' went up to th' shooters i'th' hole he made. But he could noather get backort nor forrad after. He had to stond i'th' pillory till he're cut eaut, an' marched off to th' lockups.

PANIC. *A sudden, groundless fear.* At th' time that storm wur at th' height ut flooded owd Juddie's cellar, ther a *panic* at th' Knowe; an' that's a good collar-poo heer up than eaur fowt. Everybody left their heauses, an' carryin whatever things they could wi 'em, flocked deawn i' Hazelwo'th, for t' be safer. Sal o' Ben's coome dashin int' eaur heause, carryin two childer, an' a canary; an' o *on* 'em as weet as if they'd bin drawn through th' mop hole. "Whatever's to do wi' thee, Sally?" th' owd rib said, seein her namesake i' such a plight. "Oh, we should ha' bin dreawnt eaut yonder if we'd stopt," Sal said; "we'n o *on* us run deawn here for t' be safe." "Wheay, theau silly woman!" eaur Sal said. "Didno' owd Noah see th' tops o'th' mountains th' fust after his flood?" "Ay, but Noah wur a Christian," Sally o' Ben's said; "an' there's nowt nobbut poor folk liven up at th' Knowe."

PAPA. A bein ut used to be a choilt's feyther. Neaw he's his wife's husbant, as weel.

PAPER. (Lanky, *papper*.) An article manufactured eaut o' rags, an' then used for makkin shoon; an' writin nonsense on. Dangerous stuff to meddle with, if there's any ink abeaut. Causes moore mischief i'th' wo'ld than th' plague. A bit th' size of a dicky 'll plunge nations into war.

PARADOX. A mother-in-law tryin to mak peace between mon an' wife.

PARAGON. *Something supremely excellent.* My owd stockin-mender—well, I co her a *paragon* when I want to get a shillin off her, an' hoo turns up.

PARLIAMENT. A foin eaut skoo. A scrapin t'gether o'th' best men an' th' biggest blackguards i' creation. A lot o' folk ut never knew what self-interest wur; an' are gotten too owd to larn.

PASTOR. *A shepherd.* One of a very uneven lot o' men. Some takken care o' their flocks; an' there are *on* 'em ut han to be looked after by their sheep, an' kept fro' strayin. One or two



liken visitin wheere there's a good cubbort; an' these are known by their carryin th' leet o'th' wo'ld at th' end o' their nose. Oh, they never touchen nowt o' that sort; nawe, nawe.

PASTURE. *Ground on which cattle feed.* Ther moore sorts o' *pasture* than are nibbled wi' teeth. "Cockle Sam" used to feed his jackass wi' ash bark, before it had been stripped off th' stick. It made "Billy's" cooat shoine like a dur-mat; an' i' one place he never wanted clippin.

PATCH. (Lanky, *patch*.) A thing ut very few young women neaw-a-days known owt abeaut. I' former times it wur a great art; an' that wench ut could *patch* th' nicest had th' best chance of a chap. If hoo'd what they coed a "stirrup" at th' bottom of her frock, or her skirts, hoo'd ha' bin th' talk o'th' fowt. But

neaw a wench, or *young lady*, may go strollopin abeaut wi' as mony stirrups at th' end of her road-sweeper as would mak a valance for window curtains, an' nob'dy taks no notice on her. When hoo's i' danger o' bein legged dawn hoo rips 'em off. It wouldno' do to use a needle. That ud show ut hoo're a common body, an' hadno' had a good bringin up. I dunno' see mony petched shirts hangin on a line neaw, unless it's where a mon has a wife ut taks o th' best o' their clooas to th' pop-shop, an' drinks th' brass. Then they *are* petcht, an' wi' a vengeance. I've known shirts so thick wi' petches they'n had to be dried i'th' oon. Sun an' wynt had no chance wi' 'em.

PATIENCE. A woman sittin contentedly by her own fire, waitin for her husband to leeave th' aleheause fire, when some women would ha' fotcht him, an' in a wither, too.

PATTEN. *A wooden shoe with a ring.* Heaw mony under twenty year owd known what a ring-patten is? They would know if they had to travel sich roads as women had to do when I're a lad, an' no gas lamps for t' leet 'em. Nowt nobbut an' owd horn lantern, ut gan no moore leet than a candle would shoinin through brown papper.

PAUPER. *A poor person.* Generally understood to be folk ut conno' get their own livin, or, ut *dunno'* get their own livin. If that's th' gradely meeanin I see no difference between a poor *pauper* an' a rich un—a warkheause an' a palace. They booath han to be kept. Heaw mich one desarves to be kept moore than th' tother, is another question. When a mon has fowten again fortin o his best time o' life, an' has fowten honourably, he's desarvin of a bit o' quietness in his latter days, an' it's no disgrace for him t' have it. But what my Lady Blanche Neversweat mun have her hunderts a year for, becose her greyt gronfeyther, the Duke of Rumbleborough, won a battle once, is moore than I con gawm. Sich like are th' wo'st sort o' paupers.

PEACE. (*Lanky, peace.*) *Respite from war.* A word wi' a soothin seaund, whether it means *peace* among nations, or among neighbours. A leatheryead o' my kidney says he likes a bit o' war, if it keeps away fro' his own dur, becose it feels sich a relief when *peace* is made. Another says he likes a good row ov a Setterday neet, becose it maks Sunday feel so mich nicer, an'

quieter. If kings an' princes wurno' so jealous o' one another, an' had to leead i' battle, we should ha' less war than we han.

PELF. *Riches, in an odious sense.* What's gotten wi' thievin, or gamblin, or takkin it as their own under th' name o' right. That ut's gotten by squeezin th' poor till they're flat; an' sellin milk



for wayter, an' silk for cotton. Whichever way brass is gotten it's glorified, an' creawnd wi' th' bays of a hero. I could do wi' an honourably-getten trifle or two on't.

PEN. A little thing to cause so mich bother as it does i'th' wo'ld. But if it hadno' bin for a box I had gan me some years sin', this "Dictionary" would never ha' seen dayleet, nor folk had their e'en oppent by it. A *pen* con oather be a blessin or a cuss. It depends upo' th' way it's hondlet, an' th' temper o' thoose ut guiden it.

PENNY. What used to be a lad's idol, ut he'd ha' gone deawn on his knees to anytime. For a *penny* he'd ha' done owt short of a crime,—letten yo' punce him; or poo his ears till they'd ha' wanted pinnin up, like a shirt ut's too long. He'd ha' parted wi'

o th' buttons off his clooas; carried wayter till his yead wur as flat as a back-spittle; poo'd th' "idle-bant" for a cross-sawer till his honds had bin like red flannel; walked through a pit, if he could wade it; an' gone five mile of an arrand for yo'. A penny to a lad wur then thowt moore on than a shillin is neaw, an' wur aulus carried i'th' hont for fear o' losin it. "Here, Bill," Dick at Butcher's said to a lad, no' long sin', "I'll gi'e thee a penny if theau'll go me an arrand to eaur John's." "Shanno' go for less than thrippence," th' lad said. "Oh, dear me, whatever are things comin to?" Dick said; "there are no *penny* lads neaw!"

PENSION. *An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent.* Sometimes gan to thoose ut never desarved one, becose they'n done nowt for it. I' some cases gan to lunatics, becose they'n thowt theirsels cleverer than anybody elze. Sixpence a day for thoose ut han lived for years on thirteence-haupenny, an' happen mony a time stood to be shot at. But a theausant a year for someb'dy ut's never bin i' greater danger than what con be met with on a huntin fielt, or a bad heause. Pensions are regulated on the same system as favours.

PEPPER. A spice very useful on a dinner-table, but very mischievous if it gets into a lad's honds; speshly if it's red pepper. I recollect there bein a "love-feeast" once, at a heause deawn at bottom o' Hazlewo'th; an' ther me an' three or four moore took it int' eaur yeads to have th' biznez mixed a bit. So we geet some red pepper, an' an owd pipe. Ther no *strikin* matches i' thoose days; so we geet a bit o' candle, an' made a papper lantern; an' when we geet to th' dur wheere th' love-feeast wur bein held, Charlie o' Tum's set fire to th' pepper i'th' pipe-yead, an' blew it under th' dur. Johnny o' Sammul's wur just tellin his brothers an' sisters for t' cry eaut "like a Pelican in the wilderness," when one, an' then another, began a-cowghin an' sneezin, till th' whul flock, shepherd an' o, went at it pell-mell, barkin, an' sayin things ut wurno' prayers. Then ther a scutter eaut, neck or nowt, for someb'dy sheauted—"Th' *owd lad*'s among us; an' he's browt some of his matches."

PERFECT. That ut we conno' be i' this wo'ld, an' I'm feart some o' thoose folk ut co'en theirsels better than others 'll have a poor chance o' bein *perfect* i'th' next. Well, I meean they'n ha'

no chance o' *tryin* to be. Gideon o' Jonty's says he's as perfect as onybody can be; but I seed him th' tother day helpin hissel to summat ut wurno' his own. I reckon he thowt nob'dy seed him, so it mattered nowt.

PERISH. *To die, to decay.* There are folk ut gi'en it another meeanin. Betty at owd Paeswad's met owd Jim o' Sal's one cowl winter's day, an' her face wur fair blue. "Theau looks starved, Betty," owd Jim said. "Ay, I'm fair *perished*," Betty said. "Theau's bin *perished* mony a score o' times, an' theau'rt *livin* yet," owd Jim said. "Ay, an' yo'n bin *starved* mony a score o' times, an' yo' never went short of a meal's mayte yet," Betty said. Owd Jim wur shut up.

PERPETUAL. *Never ceasing.* Owd Neddy, th' fortin-teller an' bump-groper, invented a machine ut he co'ed th' "Perpetual Motion." But when he coome to start it, th' wheel went a haue a time reaund an' then stopt. Th' wheel had weights fixed on arms, like hommers. These weights when they went up lay close to th' wheel, an' when they went deawn th' arms flung theirsels eaut, an' becoome a greater peawer. Well, they *should* ha' flung theirsels eaut, but they couldno' get low enough on th' turn. So owd Neddy tried what his foot could do, an' th' machine went—part on't through th' loomheause window.

PERPLEX. *To disturb with doubtful notions.* Ther a strange chap *perplexed* once, when he're gooin to a farmheause at th' tother side th' Knowe. Ther two rooads leeadin to it, an' booath very dirty. "Which is th' best road to yond farmheause?" he said to a mon he met. "I dunno' know," th' mon said. "But whichever road yo' go'en, yo'n wish yo'd gone th' tother before yo' gotten haue way."

PERSPECTIVE. Being able to see someb'dy at a distance ut yo' conno' see when he gets close to yo'—happen becose yo' dunno' want him to see yo'.

PERSUASION. *The act of persuading. To influence by argument.* I remember owd Thuston once sayin ut nob'dy owt to be driven to do a thing if he didno' think it wur reet he should. He're eaut wi' their "Edward" one day; an' th' donkey took it int' his yead for t' mak a halt, witheaut any seemin cause. I fund th' owd lad tryin to *persuade* his animal for t' goo on, but to no use; he

wouldno' stir. "Yo'n ha' to try what that persuader yo' carry'n i' yo'r hont 'll do," I said. "Nay," owd Thuston said, "I'll stick to my principle." So he said to th' jackass, "Edward, I aulus thowt theau're a respectable donkey; but if theau begins o' these stupid tricks I shall be driven to think theau'rt a low-bred mule." Neddy started off like a heause o' fire then.

PERVERSE. *Obstinate in the wrong.* A woman when hoo says a thing wur so; an' sticks to it after hoo's fund it eaut it wurno'; like th' tale o'th' "scithors."

PET. A dog kept for t' be fondled. Generally th' feawest-lookin ut con be fund. If a lady choosed her husbant after th' same taste, he'd ha' to ha' yure grooin o'er his e'en, an' his chin so undershot that it would do for a pigeon-boort. There's no ackeauntin for taste.

PETTICOAT. A sort o' garment that, if fashions go'en on as they are dooin, men 'll ha' to begin a-wearin, if they meean to be different to women. I may live to see th' time when I shall have an owd skirt floppin abeaut my legs; an' summat like a bonnet i'th' place of a hat. Some sorts o' parsons han begun a-wearin 'em neaw; an' nice articles they looken in 'em. I wonder heaw mich *petticoats* han to do wi' religion?

PHILOSOPHER. A mon ut's moore noted for bein different to other folk, than for bein any wiser, or better. He's too big in his own opinion for t' understand plain common sense: an' writes an' talks in a language few con understond beside hissel. He dresses in a cloak, becose nob'dy elze does; an' if anybody disagrees with him, or he doesno' like 'em, he insults 'em i' plainer talk than he uses for a better purpose; as if no dog owt to bark when he's lookin eaut of his kennel.

PHYSIC. Stuff gan us to swallow when we're ill, for t' prevent us gettin better too soon.

PIC-NIC. A grand do away fro' whoam. Mooestly gotten up for th' sake o' gettin eaut into th' country, an' havin a good "feed." Beside, it sarves for t' bring young folk t'gether; ut they con "spoon," or summat they coen it. Th' settin eaut wi' two or three 'busses, on a fine summer's mornin, is a nice seet, speshly when th' women are eautside. Then th' table-cloth laid on th' graiss; an' th' hamper bein emptied; an' corks flyin; an' th'

rattle o' knives an' forks an' plates ; an' th' rickety-rackety ut's gooin on till th' atin begins. Then—howd, stop,—I'm yammerin. Th' comin whoam's different, speshly if it's turned eaut weet. Noisy, dagglety, sleepy, weary, men wi' women's bonnets on, an' women wi' men's hats on ; an' o messin an' maulin of a rook.



“Owd Rose is dead, that good old man,”
Is oft-times th’ partin song ;
“An’ may we ne’er forget this day,
But meet again ere long.”

PICKTHANK. *An officious fellow, who does what he is not desired.* He’s best known by th’ name of a “sleeve-creeper.” Yo’ never see one o’ these animals hangin abeaut a poor body. He knows there’s a nowt to be gotten eaut o’ rags an’ empty pockets. But if there’s a rich family i’th’ neighbourhood, he’ll aulus be dooin summat for ’em, generally summat they dunno’ want. If he’s a garden he’ll send ’em a peck o’ paes, or some big apples. Or he may send a dish o’ eggs, or a couple o’ cock chickens. He’s a lad ut he wants to get on i’th’ wo’ld ; an’ he expects these presents ’ll do th’ trick. If he coes hissels a poet, he writes verses

to o th' family; an' generally daubs it on so thick that they're foos if they conno' see through him. A *pick-thank* is one o'th' mocest nausecus o' men. He should never be hondled nobbut wi' th' tongs.

PIDDLE. *To eat squeamishly.* Ther no' so many o' these ginky-bread things i' poor folk's families. I've browt noane up among my lot. If they'd stooden reaund th' table at porritch-time, nowt could ha' kept 'em eaut o'th' dish till we could have a fair start, nobbut th' fear ut they'd ha' th' size o' their spoon lessened th' mornin after. When I'd gan th' word "dive," at breakfast time, or "load" at dinner-time, yo' should ha' seen th' wark ut would follow. Ther no *piddlin* wi' that lot. Rich folk known nowt what it is t' have a good honest appetite.

PIETY. *Discharge of duty to God.* But there's a lot o' what's coed *piety* ut doesno' come up to that mark. If it's nobbut gooin to th' church ov a Sunday, it's a jerry sort o' piety. True piety meecans duty to *man*, as weel.

FIG. Generally understood to be a "bacon tree." But there are *pigs* wi' nobbut two legs, an' their bacon wouldno' be wo'th th' saut. Yo' may see these sometimes at th' best o' tables, stuffin an' guzzlin till, if it seed 'em, a four-legged grunter would hang its yead deawn wi' very shawm.

PIN. A useful thing for prickin childer wi' when yo' wanten 'em to yell. When used abeaut a stiff shirt-collar, or i'th' place of a button, I dar'say it's caused moore bad language than owt elze ut could be named. I've tried for some time to get up an "Anti-Pin, Button, an' Starch Club." but I've nobbut gotten one member yet—an' that's mysel. Th' owd rib hopes I shall get no moore, an' that hoo may never see th' time when a woman 'll ha' no chance o' persecutin a mon wi' sich trifles as pins an' buttons.

POET. What every lad an' wench ut con write their name aims at bein, an' if they con put two lines t'gether wi' a jinglin seaund, they thinken they owt to goo i' print an' be paid for, even if it's th' arrantest balderdash ut ever a lad wur threshed for. This is an average bit :—

"Oh, Mary are you comin out
When you hear me rap upon the spout

Or at the gate thy name to call
Or rix a brick against the wall."

My business war some fur a day or two after my feyther fand that i' my wheel-yeard.

PARSON. A place to put innocent folk in—sometimes. A blot on civilisation; a reproach to religion; a jar upo' th' commonest feelins o' humanity. A fiist wheere th' awd snow, DEATH, gathers some of his best harvests; wheere thoose ut would be honest han to pine, w' thoose ut some cause or other has made int' thieves.

PRIVILEGE. A word ut owt be slat cant o' canr language. It meens that some folk mun have a right to things ut others mun not; tho' one lot coome f' th' wo'ld w' just as many cloods on as th' tother. *Privilege* has sometimes bin gan to folk when they'n bin able to tak it. I dunno' think canr Makker intended owt o'th' sort. "Come cant o' that pew; it's mine. I mun be narr salvation than thee."

PRIZE. A good wife. A good family. Good health. Ther no greater prizes i' this wo'ld.

PRODIGAL. A *spendthrift*. Anythin but a prize in a family; an' there's sadly too mony on 'em knockin abeant. A feyther an' mother deny theirsels o' comforts so ut their childer may have a good bringin-up, an' a bit o' summat for t' start 'em i' life, or get 'em husbands. These dunno' know heaw hardly that bit has bin gotten; so it's o' no vally to 'em. It goes like wayter deawn a doytch; an' th' third generation has to start life as th' fust did, i' clogs. That's th' sure fruits o' bein *prodigal*.

PROMISE. To say what yo'n do, oather to'ards yo'rsels, or other folk. A thing readily made; an' as readily brokken. If a certain place is paved with good intentions, I'm sure brokken *promises* would mak a good rockery for every garden i'th' wo'ld.

PROMOTE. To forward, to advance. I've bin *promoted* mony a time, but it's bin by th' end of a clog, wi' a foot in it.

PROMPT. *Quick, ready.* Invitin folk to dine wi' yo' at six o'clock, when at th' same time yo' meean seven. This causes grumblin to th' guests; an' among thoose ut han clemmed a whul day. v con have a gorge at yo'r expense it causes

PROPOSE. To say to a wench, after yo'n stared at one another till yo'n booath begun a-shawmin, "Wilt' ha' me?" Some goen



PRISON.

a little bit furr reound than that, an' say'n—"If I wur t' ax thy

feyth'er leeave for t' come o' cooartin thee, an' he gan his consent, dost' think it would be any use axin thee ? "

PUDDING. A dumplin, an' th' better name for it o'th' two. One made wi' a nice bit o' tender beef, cut up into pieces abeaut th' size of a cobbler's thumb, an' weel boilt in a case o' suet an' fleur, is one o'th' best things I know for takkin th' conceit eaut of a man's appetite.

PUNGENT. *Sharp on the tongue.* An' sometimes summat sharp ut comes *off* th' tongue. I've had a bit i' my ear mony a time. A *pungent* word in its place is to life what pickles are to mayte, it gives it a nice sharp flavour, an' keeps yo' wakken.

PURITY. *Cleanliness, freedom from foulness or dirt.* That state ut men wanten folk believe they're in when they putten up for



Parlyment, or a local board. 'To yer 'em talk one wouldno' think they ever did a dirty thing i' their life, an' never could. Perfection

isno' in it. They're above perfection. But when it comes to votin, lorgus-a-me! they begin a-flingin middins abeaut so as a neet-miser doesno' know heaw; an' everybody gets moore or less slutcht. It's th' wo'st when th' slutcht comes eaut o' their pockets, or th' cellar; an' they getten fund eaut. Then we seen heaw mich *purity* they'rn had abeaut 'em.

PURSE. A useless thing to sich as *me*, witheaut it's to put 'bacco in. I never carried one i' my life. If I did carry one I should leeave it somewheere, as women dun; an' mak eaur Sal believe I've had my pocket picked.

Q.

QUACK. *A boastful pretender to something he does not understand.*
A hedge doctor, ut con cure folk whether they ail owt or



not. Pills are moolesty th' sort o' physic they usen, becose they gi'en th' leeast chance o' bein fund eaut. I've seen mony a peck made eaut o' lampblack an' a bit o' daub. These would cure anythin if th' patient ud tak enoogh *on* 'em. But I never knew anybody ut could raich th' figure. If they'd swallowed some linseed oil they mit ha' painted their insides, an' after that gan 'em a cooat o' varnish. Th' *quack* ut I knew made so mich brass wi' stondin th' market, ut he could ship hissel off to Ameriky; an' neaw he's dooin th' Yankees fine.

QUADRUPED. *An animal that goes on four legs.* Jone o' Pee's had a dog once ut had nobbut three legs. What would that be coed? Owd Juddie says it would be a *triped*. That's a new word, I'll bet.

QUAINT. *Scrupulous, minutely exact.* But moolesty understood to be summat very owd-fashint; sich as an owd thatched heause, wi' queer windows, an' a queer garden, an' queer folk livin at it. It's a word-ut Teddy Waugh is fond o' usin, becose it meean so mich ut's nice, an' whoamly, an' smellin o' brunt turf, an' fleawerin heather; an' made musical by th' seaund o' looms an' bobbinswheels. I like th' word mysel.

QUAKER. A nice body in a mon, but nicer in a woman. I like to see her in her drab; an' her bonnet that's like a bonnet, for t' keep her ears warm; an' not like some one sees, ut are noather one thing nor another.

QUALITY. *Persons of high rank.* Not aulus. I've known some folk of a very low rank ut han coed theirsels *quality* bodies. These han getten money by any meean ut could come i' their raich; an' then set theirsels up for bein summat above common. They dunno seem to remember what Burns has said—

“The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.”

QUALMISH. Feelin a bit disturbed under th' waistcoat, as if ther a meause neest i' one's inside; an' we darno' think abeaut reeasty bacon. Sometimes felt when a mon has bin makkin a foo of hissel, an' swallowed moore thin than thick. Sometimes it's made a moore comfortable feelin when there's a nice bit o' yead-

wartch with it; an' bein tow'd every minit ut it sarves yo' reet; an' would if it wur ten times wurr.

QUART. Th' fourth part of a gallon, when it's messur. A favourite quantity wi' owd topers. They'n do owt for it; an' care nowt abeaut th' quality, so that it isno' short. Jack o' Flunter's met owd Schofilt one very cowl winter's day; an' he thowt he'd stond him summat warm. "Here, Schofilt," he says, "I've just getten th' price o' two four-penno'ths. Let's goo i'th' Owd Bell an' have 'em in. Theau looks as if theau could do wi' summat just short o' scaudin. So into th' Owd Bell they went. "I'm gooin t' have a whisky, an' wayter fresh eaut o'th' kettle," Jack said. "Neaw, what art theau gooin t' have?" "Long lengths," Schofilt said; "a quart o' fours."

QUEEN. Sometimes th' wife of a king. But there's a *queen* i' eaur fowt ut isno' th' wife of a king. I wish hoo wur, if I're th' husbant. Well, I dunno' know; I'm happen better off as I am.

QUEER. Bein eaut o' sorts; eaut o' temper, booath wi' one's-sel an' everybody elze. Bein odd i' one's ways; an' fancyin other folk are odd. Gettin it i' one's yead ut this side o'th' road is th' tother side; an' ut a cart is pushin th' hoss forrod. Thinkin th' moon's followin yo', for t' watch-wheree yo're gooin to; an' turnin back, becose yo' winno' be watcht.

QUIBBLE. *To play on words.* "Yond's Joe o' Tummy's wife has swallowed their clock," Billy Softly said to eaur Sal one day, as hoo're hangin th' cloos eaut. "Heaw could hoo do that?" th' owd ticket wanted to know. "Hoo took it up to her uncle's, an' had it melted," Billy said. "Wheay, it would poison her!" "Nay, it nobbut made her drunken. Hoo popped th' clock, doest'no' see, an' spent th' brass."

QUICK. (Lanky, *wick*.) Bein alive an' kickin. Feelin as if th' owd mower wur a good way off; an' had a lot o' wark to do afore he whetted his scythe for yo'. Bein lively, an' frisky, as if yo'd th' wo'd in a bant.

QUIET. A word of a different meeanin to th' last. It's bein ut yo'n let anybody do owt at yo' beaut strikin back; or say owt abeaut yo', an' never as mich as say they're dooin wrong. "I've bin *quiet* long enoogh," Stockin Jack's wife said, when he'd hit her a cleaut ut he thowt would saddle her for th' neet, "so tak

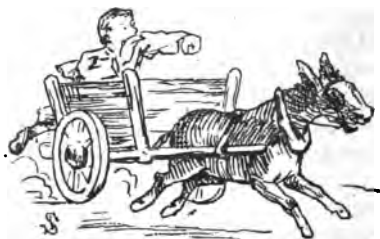
that!" An' hoo doffed a clog, an' leet it fly at his yead, wheere it raised a lump as big as a duck egg. It cured Jack; so folk can be quiet too long.

QUITS. Bein straight wi' one another when two chaps are havin a bother. Billy Softly had borrowed a shillin off Jack o' Flunter's, an' never offered t' pay him back. So Jack bowt a chicken off Billy. "Neaw, then," he said, when he'd gotten th' brid under his arm, "we're *quits* for that shillin."

R.

RABBLE. *A noisy crowd.* Generally understood to meean a ragged lot. But there con be a *rabble* i' fine clooas, an' these are th' wo'st to deecal with. These causen disturbances i' churches, an' at meetins, wheere th' poorer sort o' rabble du'st no' cheep. An' they con poo knockers off durs, an' lift church gates off th' angles, an' co it fun. I co it mischief.

RACE. A trial o' speed. I once run agin a hoss, but it helped me on th' road. Dicky Smo-beart axed me to have a ride wi' him in his trap. Get in beheend. But before I could shap at gettin



in th' hoss flew off at railroad speed, me howdin on to th' foot-boort. Chus heaw I sheauted I could no' mak him t' yer. Besides, lads kept sheautin—"Whip beheend, mesther." Then

Dicky would lap his whiplash rearound my legs, no' knowin but I're inside th' trap till I'd run abeaut a mile, an' he poo'd up. He thowt his hoss could have o'er run ony mon.

RACEHORSE. An animal of great importance to morality and religion, so far as England is concerned, becose this country would sink into nowt witheaut it. What must a lot o' chaps do ut are neaw engaged i' tryin heaw mich they con win off others? What must a lot o' hangers-on abeaut stables, men an' lads i' tight treawsters, do, if ther no race-horses to look after, an' "get at?" They'd ha' to turn honest, an' their new bizness would hardly fit 'em for a time. "Dun yo' ever bet on hosses, Jim?" "Nawe; I'll never back a tit wi' a mon on its back. It mun run wi' an empty saddle if I do. I'll never trust a mon."

RAGGED. An ugly name gan to poverty. It's bad enough bein *ragged*, witheaut bein reminded so oft abeaut it. It wur cruelly bad taste o' someb'dy's part, ut happen didno' think he're dooin wrong, givin th' name o' ragged to eaur poor skoos. A better name mit ha' bin fund for 'em. If they'd coed 'em clog skoos it wouldno' have had sich a bad seaund with it. It would ha' bin next to boardin skoo, as booath names remind me o' timber.

RAIN. Summat we known nowt abeaut i' this part o'th' country. To show yo' that is so, I're gooin deawn th' lone one mornin, an' it wur comin deawn i' slats; an' we'd had abeaut three weeks on't before. I o'ertook owd Sam Berrey, walkin deawn to'ard th' Owd Bell, witheaut hat an' cooat, as if it had bin a sunshiny mornin, wi' th' lark singin. "Dost think this 'll turn to rain, Ab?" he said, as I passed. "Well," I said, "if it keeps on there's just a chance." I're weet through then, an' had a humbrell. "That's reet," owd Sam said; "it's time we had a sope." An' he went hummin on his road at a snail trot.

RANTIPOLE. *Wild, roving, rakish*. It used to have a different meeanin to that i' my button-an'-marble days. A *rantipole*—an' I reckon i' Lanky that's *rantipow*, wur a plank, laid across a bawk o' timber, an' balanced i'th' middle. Thoose ut rode on it sit on oitch end; an' sometimes one stood i'th' middle, for t' regulate th' "puddin." That wur when ther moore weight at one end than th' tother. I owt to know what a rantipow is; for I've had my legs barked mony a time wi' ridin one.

RAZOR. *A mysterious half-savage.* Have you know before what a say war? "What" an' will you're. Int. just for a snow-life? "Not a say if my says, Bill."

BARBER. A wild war: r' you're. it has to be dismounted, as no' mounted as much as it says. If I war to say to a young woman—

Thy eyes are like two diamonds,
Set in a sea of pearl;
And streams of gold are falling
In cascades from each curl;

How'd think I've havin' her on th' stick. An' weel hoo mit.

BARBER. A noisy, careless, glibly wench, ut doesno' know what hoo's sayin' th' harve of her time; an' it's happen lucky for her ut thooze hoo's talkin' to dunnit know what hoo's sayin'. One o' these never keeps a chap lung at once. Her tongue droives 'em away.

RAZOR. A dangerous thing th' hands of a drunken barber.



Very comfortin when he says heaw soon he could do it, an' never he fund cant.

READ. *To peruse anything written or printed.* Not i' every case. A mon may go through a book fro' beginnin to end, an' *read* every word. But a novel-readin young woman, ut has gotten her yead a bit crankified, reads a bit at th' beginnin, an' then skips to th' end, for t' see heaw it finishes. Hoo'd do th' same by her coortin if hoo'd a chance.

READY. What a woman never is, nobbut once in her life, unless hoo weds a second time. "John, be gooin on; I'll o'ertak thee. John, see ut th' back-dur's fast. John, I believe I left a loaf i'th' oon; tak it eaut if I have. John, put th' key i' thy pocket. John, see if my glooves are i'th' little top drawer. John, dunno' goo eaut; I shall want thee t' see if my frock's hooked th' reet height. John, where did theau put my purse yesterneet? What! Theau never had it? Left it at th' Owd Bell, I reckon. Oh, it's here i' my satchel. What art' grumblin abeaut? There'll be another train in a haue an heaur. Theau could ha' put fifty bonnets on, couldta? I'd like to see thee put *one* on. Get eaut o'th' heause, theau cranky thing. I'm *ready*."

REASONABLE. Anywhere fro' a gill to a gallon. A very soft an' loce line. *Reasonable* pay an' reasonable refreshments are just as they may be messurt eaut to yo' by a partikilar sort of a conscience. No two men 'll agree abeaut it; so it's a word o' no meeanin.

RECAANT. To try to persuade th' wife that what yo' said th' neet afore meant nowt. If hoo thinks it did, yo're prepared to *recant* every word. Yo' never could intend to say ut hoo'd a temper of a Jezebel, an' th' stupidity of a mule. Nor yo' never could meean that So-an'-so wur an angel o'th' side *on* her; nor ut yo'd "stop th' supplies" if hoo said another word. Yo' must ha' bin off it, or summat, it's so different to what yo' feel neaw.

RECEPTION. *The act of receiving.* But it may be with a smile; or it may be wi' th' fire-potter. It depends on th' state o' feelins o' one side, an' state of appearances o'th' tother. If a mon shows hissels to his wife wi' a sober face an' a suvverin, he'll have a good *reception*. But if he tumbles i'th' heause wi' a cooat sleeve torn off, an' his pockets empty, it wouldno' tak a fortin-teller for t' predict what would follow. There'd be a rickle abeaut th' fender, I know; an' sarve him reet!

RECIDIVATION. *Backsliding.* Gooin back to th' swill after leeavin th' trowgh. Sometimes it's better for a mon to stick to th' swill, if he isno' too big a glutton at it. But if he likes, an' gets away fro' it for a time, an' then *backslides*, he goes so deep i'th' slutch that it's seldom he gets eaut again.

RECKON. A hard job to do when there's nowt to reckon with. It's bad for booath sides then. I yerd tell of a navvy once ut wur very particular when he coome to *reckon* at his "Tommy shop." He'd a score on wi' an owd woman; an' hoo'd forgotten to put deawn some things he'd had. But he'd have 'em reckoned. He said he aulus reckoned fair, if he never paid.

RECONCILE. *To compose differences.* A nice thing to do when a mon an' his wife han bin at eauts for a week, an' they sittin on th' hearthstone, lookin at th' fire, but never spakin. Th' wife is a bit restless, an' keeps crossin her clogs on th' fender. Th' husband does th' same, an' yawns. Then he roots i'th' bars wi' th' firepotter, an' sets his yead as if he're gooin t' roast it. Th' wife thinks it's time for th' sulk in to be at an end, an' says—"Artno' gooin eaut t'-neet?" "Nawe." "Becose theau's no brass, I reckon." "It would be o th' same if I had. I am where I shall stop." "Dost' no' think theau did wrong wi' dooin as theau has done?" "I've nowt to say for mysel, nobbut I'll do so no moore." "Well, I dunno' want to keep thee i'th' heause of a Setterday neet, so there's sixpence for thee, if theau'll come whoam i' dacent time, an' no' mak a foo o' thisel." "Nay, I'd rayther stop i'th' heause. I feel as if it would be th' best place for me." "But there's eaur Betty's clogs wanten fotch in fro' th' cloggin, an' I dunno' care to goo eaut mysel. Beside, I ha' no' finished bakin yet." "Oh, that maks a difference, or elze I hadno' thowt to ha' stirred eaut." "Well, let me advise thee to be a bit different to what theau has bin, an' then there'll be no sulks." "O reet, owd crayther! Gie me another chance."

RECORD. *To register anything.* Jammie at th' Knowe wife would do a bit o' *recordin* once; so ut hoo could show Jammie what his conduct had bin for a whul year. Hoo bowt a penny almaneck—I think it wur "Owd Moore's;" an' every time ut Jammie missed comin whoam afore eleven o'clock at neet hoo marked th' day off wi' a pencil. At th' year end hoo showed it

him; an' Jammie felt so shawmed ut he never stopped caut late again. "But what are these crosses for?" Jammie wanted to know, as' he looked o'er th' black book. "They stond for th' times theau's come whoam cross-legged," his wife said. Jammie shawmed then till he fairly brunt; an' he's never bin seen drunken sin'. Eaur Sal's gooin t' spekilate in a dozen almanecks; an' sell 'em to th' neighbour women; keepin *one* for her own use. Robin at th' Smithy kept a *record* o' what he bowt for his sweet-heart when they went anywhere, so th' song says; an' when they fell caut he showed it to her.

"Next time he went armed wi' a peawer he'd ne'er tried,
An owd oak back-spittle he slung by his side,
Ut wur chalked o'er wi' X's, haue moons, an' reaunder O's,
Wi' a lot o' straight strokes ut wur set deawn i' rows.

" 'This is what I wore on thee th' last year,' Robin cried,
'For a fippunny pin-cushion t' hang by thy side;
Two link of a necklace, a pin for thy geawn,
An' a new fleawered huzzif I browt caut o'th' teawn.

" 'Then I took thee to th' fair,' Robin said, with a sigh,
'An' bowt thee some nuts, an' a gingybread pie;
Some porter I paid for at th' "Skewer an' Cop,"
An' two caunces o' towfy at owd Nanny's shop."

RECRUIT. A way ut eaur rulers han o' makkin men caut o' leatheryeads. Mony a raw-lookin yorney, ut I reckon has bin marred wi' his mother, an' happen sucked too long, has bin shaped o'er again after he's ta'en th' shillin an' donned a red jacket on. Th' army's a rare skoo for taichin yorneys summat they didno' know before, an' never would ha' known if they hadno' bin *recruited*.

RECTIFY. *To make right.* Bill at th' Sawpit said he'd *rectify* their Joe's yead once. Joe had begun a-wearin his hat o' one side, an' his feyther thowt he'd cure him on't, so he co'ed him to him. "Theau wants thy yead rectifyin," he said, "if theau

conno' wear thy hat straight. So I'll faise thee a lump for t' howd it up." An' he fotcht Joe a blaitch o'er th' ear wi' his fist, ut made th' hat swing o'er on th' other side. It wur worn straight after th' lump had gone deawn.

RECUPERATION. *Recovery of a thing lost.* Owd Juddie offered a shillin once for anybody ut would *recuperate* their cat. A day or two after Little Dody went into th' shop an' axt for th' shillin. "Where's th' cat?" Juddie wanted to know. "Well," Dody said, "I didno' know heaw to recuperate it, so I've dreawnt it." But i'stead o' gettin th' shillin he geet a weight flung at his yead.

RED. A dangerous colour to wear if yo're gooin through a fielt wheree there's a bull. "Bellorts" used to wear *red* senglets at a bullbait, so as to get th' animal's shirt eaut. It's th' contrary effect upo' some women. Show her a red jacket, an' hoo'll follow it through th' wo'ld.

REFORM. *To grow better.* What every mon says he'll do when he's made hissel so ut he con hardly see sengle, or howd his hont still. He'll never taste again; an' then there'll be no danger. When he's getten quite reaurd his memory fails him; an' he forgets heaw bad he's bin. In another week or two he'll *reform* again; and so he goes on till his throttle is o' no furr use to him. Deeath has had to do what he couldno' do for hissel.

REFRESH. *To recreate.* I' some cases it's th' tother road abeaut. A mon con *refresh* hissel till he conno stond; an' he feels anythin but recreated. It's like mony a word, it's two different meeanins.

REFULGENT. *Bright, glittering, splendid.* A June morning when it's gradely June. It looks a deecal breeter when it's helped wi' a young woman's face new come'n eaut o'th' mug. It acts as a sort of a reflector; an' throws th' sun-leet through yo'r waistcoat, an' into yo'r heart, if it's a young un. Some owd uns it 'ud wakken up.

REGRET. *Vexation at something past.* What a mon has to feel mony a time, if he's any feelin at o. Mooestly felt in a mornin when yo' come to remember some hard word used to th' wife th' neet afore. Pipe Jim said he'd nobbut one *regret*. He towd his wife when he're coortin her ut he could ate her to a thumb-buttercake. He's regretted ever sin' ut he's never had a chance o' makkin a meal off her. He cared nowt abeaut th' atin, it wur nobbut th' *chance* he wanted.

REXON. *To exercise royal authority.* Jotty o' Lem's wur a king for nearly a week once. His wife had gone to Blackpool; an' as a Yankée would say, hoo're th' "boss o'th' shanty." Jotty bein left i' peawer, he'd have a levee one neet, an' gether a lot of his neighbours abeaut him. His wife's rockin-cheear he coed his throne; an' they'r'n just drinkin th' last time rearound o'th' third gallon when th' queen marched in. Hoo'd come'n whoam a day before her time. Jotty had an extry bump on his yead th' day after.

RELATE. *To tell. To recite.* I think it owt to meean to *retell*; becose we seldom yer a tale tow'd, witheaut th' teller on't gooin o'er it twice. An' what would ha' bin a good tale gets to be a bore through it. Some-o' these begin with—"That just reminds me;" or, "Neaw, this is true." Sich folk should be left to theirsels.

RELIGION. A cause o' good i' some folk, an' bitterness i' others. Tell a mon he's on th' wrong track an' he'd poison yo' if he du'st; as if it made any difference to him. If he's reet, he's reet, an' no mon, nor set o' men, con mak him wrong. Then why should he be bitter to'ard thoose ut are of a different way o' thinkin? It strikes me it's becose he doesno' want to find it eaut ut he is wrong, but would rayther live in a foo's paradise. Real religion, an' religion nobbut i' name, are two different things; but we conno' aulus find eaut which is which.

RELISH. Th' pleasure ut goes wi' atin an' drinkin. Beef steaks an' onions to a keen appetite. A potato pie after bein eaut wi' th' heaunds. Owd George o' Juddie's wur huntin one time, and th' heaund happened to pass their dur. Ther a potato pie i'th' oon, nearly ready for takkin eaut. This wur intended for six of a family. Soon as owd George geet a snift on't as he passed th' dur, it wur moore than he could stond. He fell back an' shot into th' heause. Th' pie wur moore to him than th' hare then. Bang th' oon dur went oppen; eaut th' pie coome; an' owd George begun a delvin into it. "Dun yo' think that pie 'll be enough for yo', George?" owd Betty said, turnin fro' her wheel. "I dunno' know," George said, blowin at his plate wi' a blistered meauth; "it'll do what it will." What a *relish* he must have had!

RELUCTANT. Th' way a lad's in when he's partin wi' his sweet-

heart when he's coortin. Th' way he's in after he's wed, if his wife wants him for t' tak her caut, or stop i'th' heause.

REMNANT. A fent. When Johnny Cloof wove to owd Cole, he made sich fents ut one time he took th' wrong piece. "How's this?" Cole said, after he'd keaunted th' plates. "The cut's longer than your last." "I've made a mistake," Johnny said, "I've browt yo' th' fent."

REPENTANCE. Sittin wi' one's yead i' one's honda, an' wonderin whether it'll split or not; an' passin resolutions ut we'n never ha' no moore whisky. It's made moore sincere by th' wife gettin howd of a hontful o' yure neaw an' again, just for t' keep one alive.

REPLENISH. To keep fillin yo'r plate as fast as it's emptied. To stock for th' day after.

REPRIEVE. *To respite after sentence.* To lay th' stick deawn after gettin a young duleskin across yo'r knee, ready for a bit o' execution on his fustian.

REPULLULATE. *To bud again.* A woman's yead after hoo's bin a widow twelve months. It soon breaks out, an' blossoms wi' ribbins.

RESPECTABLE. Bein weel donned; an' weel familied; an' weel churched or chappelled. Livin in a grand heause; an' havin a lot o' sarvants; an' keepin a carriage. It doesno' matter whether



a mon pays his road or not, so ut he keeps up appearances; an' it's no consarn of anybody's if he's a bit of a thief, or a grinder o'th' poor. Black cloth clooas an' a shoiny hat con cover a multitude o' sins.

RESPONSIBILITIES. A wife an' childer.

REST. Workin at summat we like dooin. There's no truer *rest* than that.

RESTLESS. A feelin sometimes caused by wonderin if yo'n done summat wrong, an' conno' recollect it, or whether yo'r pocket's leeter than it should be.

RESURRECTION. A pie made eaut o' yesterday's leeavins. Seein some o' th' stuff on yo'r plate ut yo'n had before. Tum at th' Hatter's went to an owd-fashint cookshop one time, an' he fund a big bo oan in his potato pie. "Here, missis," he said to th' woman ut kept th' shop, "it's time this bo oan went to th' sond chap. I had it last week, an' I reckon it's bin *resurrected* mony a time sin' then."

RETENTION. Borrowin a thing an' keepin it till yo' thinken it's yo'r own, an' grumblin if th' owner wants it back.

RETRENCH. To live on less meecans. To give up sich luxuries as milk an' butter, an' ha' traycle to yo'r porritch. To reduce yo'r week's spendin brass fro' sixpence to summat less. To leecave yo'r three-shillins-a-week mansion an' live in a cottage. To give carpets up an' go back to sond.

RETROGRADE. *To go backwards.* "James, what makes you go backwards when you're going to your work?" "Mesther, I've bin gooin th' wrong way ever sin' I began a-workin for yo'."

RETROSPECT. *Looking back.* Sometimes a pleasure, sometimes a pain. I like to think abeaut my button an' marble days, an' what a pleasure it wur havin a mouffin or a carrit i' bed ov a Sunday mornin, as soon as th' sparrows had gotten on th' wing. But it's no pleasure to think abeaut th' brass we'n spent foolishly, an' th' folk we'n made miserable by purtendin to be what we wurno'. Ther never a truer sayin than that everybody had a boggart i' their cubbort. That's when a *retrospect* becomes a pain.

REVERSE. Comin to be poor after bein rich. I dunno' know why it shouldno' be coed a *reverse* if a mon comes to be rich after bein poor. Th' word itsel has done no hurt.

REVIVE. The grandest thing I know. Gettin eaut o' bed after an illness, or gooin at th' back o'th' kitchen dur when yo'r meauth's like a cork sole. Feelin th' sap rise i' yo'r veins when yo'n fancied th' winter o' life wur come'n.

RIB. *A bone.* But I've an *owd* un ut's moore flesh than *owt* else; an' hoo keeps pilin it on.

RIDDANCE. Just shuttin th' dur on a drunken sloven ut has bin botherin yo' wi' th' same tale for an heaur or so; an' braggin o' what he con do. If it's a woman i'th' same state, it's a double riddance.

RING. A piece o' metal lapt reaund a woman's finger, for t' keep it fro' splittin. Sometimes used for poppin, when th' owner on't, or her neighbour, wants two-penno'th.

ROPE. A thing, when knotted, ut's very useful for knockin a lad's buttons off his clooas.

ROSE. *A flower.* Ay, an' summat moore. A bonnie wench when hoo's just gotten i' owd Cupid's honds, an' colours up whenever hoo meets a certain lad.

“ Oh, the rosy time of life,
Just before hoo's made a wife,
An' hoo thinks o' nowt but moonleet walks an' love!
What a difference comes abeaut
When hoo begins to pin a cleaut,
An' hoo sees a row o' dittoes hung above.”

ROSEMARY. A plant used for buttonholes at country buryins. “This is warm, an' this is cowl. Sup o' which theau likes, an' tak a bit o' *rosemary*.”

ROSIN. A gum used by fiddlers. But owd Joe Ryder used to *rosin* his throat before he sang. But it wurno' wi' pine-wood gum. It wur made eaut o' barley. “Come, Joe, owd lad, give us a stave.” “Lemme *rosin* th' fust.” An' he'd swig off a pint.

ROYALTY. An imaginary dignity gan to folk ut are blood descendants from Adam and Eve.

RUBRIC. Summat that's caused a deecal o' bother for this mony a year. It meecans directions gan i'th' prayer-book for conductin a church sarvice. It geet its name fro' bein printed i' *red* ink. If

it isno' done i' red I should think it doesno' howd good; for it conno' be a *rubric* unless it is red.

RUDDER. A thing for t' steer with. Young women han begun a-wearin *rudders* made o' ribbin. It's time they had summat to guide 'em.



ROSE.

RUE. Th' feelin one has after givin a peaund for a hoss ut we find eaut isno' wo'th above ten shillin. Better *rue* after that than be sowd in a wife.

RUIN. A gradely tumblin deawn. But some folk are apt to look on very little losses as *ruin*. "Eh, we're ruined, we're rnined!" owd Peggy Barlow skrieked eaut one mornin. "Wheay, whatever's to do, Peggy?" "Someb'dy's dog's bin on th' wall, an' etten a whul dish o' porritch ut wur coolin."

RUM. *A country parson.* I aulus thowt it wur summat they putten i' tae at a kessunin, an' ut some folk coen "jacky."

RUN. *To move swiftly.* To chase a hat when it's bin blown off yo'r yead. Yo' con never calkilate as to where a race o' that sort 'll lecad yo' to. If it flew across a pit yo'd follow it, witheaut thinkin abeaut th' wayter. It's seldom catcht wi' grabbin, for it's



ten to one it starts off for fresh just as yo'r stoopin deawn. Th' best plan is to get o'th' tother side on't; an' then it'll come to yo' i'th natural coorse o' things. I've *run* mony a mile after one ut wur made for a bigger yead than mine.

RURAL. Smellin o' country life an' fleawers an' green hedges. What we're fast losin through so mony folk creawdin abeaut. There'll be nowt for poets to do in a while nobbut write abeaut blackin, or sewin machines. There'll be nowt *rural* left.

S.

SABBATH. That one day i'th' week ut a mon is aulus lookin forrad to, if he has to work hard th' week through. It's a day ut's very mich abused by folk ut reckon to set examples to others. If it is a day o' rest to theirsels, they taken good care it isno' one to their sarvants. They mun work, or elze find fresh shops. Some chaps ut con afford to walk to their wark i'th' week-day, mun have a carriage to go to th' church in on th' *Sabbath*; an' if that's keepin th' commandment, I'm an ignorant, beneeted hathen. If a workin chap took his family in a hond-cart, th' police would have howd on him.

SACK. (Lanky, *seck*.) What a mon is reckoned to have gan him, if he doesno' pleease his mesther. But I never seed him tak one whoam. It must be a queer sort of a *seck* if it's invisible. It wouldno' do to carry coals in. There mit be a bit o' bother abeaut th' weight; an' neaw there never is, becose coal sellers are so very honest.

SADDLE. A seat for a yorney to sit in, not as mich i'th' fashin as it wur at one time. Shafts an' wheels han takken its place. For my own part I'd rayther any time have a *saddle* o' mutton.

SAFETY-VALVE. A woman's tongue. Tee that deawn, or sit on it, an' hoo'd brast. There'd be a blow-up in abeaut two minits.

SAGE. *A wise man.* Never seed one yet. *Sages* must ha' gone eaut o' fashin afore I're born. There's a sort I like wi' onions to it, an' a bit o' goose.

SAINT. A mon ut should be weel watched, if yo'n owt to do with him. Dunno' let him get i' yo'r books, if yo' dunno' want to find him eaut.

SALARY. A name for payment for wark done ut's preferable to *wage*. *Salaries* go'en up; an' wages go'en deawn. It's strange ut th' name should mak th' difference.

SALMON. A sort o' fish ut wur never smelt i' eaur fowt; an' ut a workin mon thirty year sin' had never seen. I like it when it's weel set, an' flaky, wi' slices o' cucumber thin enough for t' mak lantern windows on.

SALUTE. *Discharge of cannon.* Owd Juddie says it meecans a buss as weel. But I never yerd a smack yet ut seaunded like lettin

a gun off; an' I've yerd some middlin leaud uns ut side o'th' fowt gate.

SANCTUM. *A place of retreat.* Wi' some folk it meean's a little snug reaum, wi' a *cubbert* i' one corner; an' ut th' wife darno goo in. Wi' me it meean's eaur loomheause; wheere there is no cubbert, an' ut th' wife dar goo in, an' say what hoo's a mind, an' as mich.

SATAN. *Th' owd lad.* A mon ut's noane so very dangerous when he shows hissels in his true shape and colour. It's when he comes like an angel ut we han to keep a good look-eaut. There are folk ut wear'n white chokers ut are quite as dangerous. If they'n too mich oil on their tongue, an' a trick o' turnin their e'en eaut o'th' seet, keep 'em at arm's length. Yo' may depend on't *Satan* isno' far off.

SATELLITE. A sleeve hunter. A mon ut follows yo' abeaut, an' conno' see ony wrong ut yo' done. He praises yo' for nowt, an' if yo'r a bit of a foo he'll mak yo' into a bigger, becose yo' believin o he says. A wise mon would use his foot to wheere he could hit th' best.

SAUSAGE. (Lanky, *sossinger*.) A sort o' white blackpuddin. Not aulus what it's said to be. Th' safest wheere a cat is kept, for if it smells one, an' begins o' frettin o'er it, yo' may have some idea wheere her kittens han gone to, an' yo' con please yo'rael whether yo' aten it or not.

SCAFFOLD. *A stage for workmen.* Ay, an' for some ut han finished their work, an' are gooin to ha' their wage paid i' full. Not a very pleasant reckonin.

SCANDAL. What to some folk is as good as a bit o' divine revelation, speshly if it's abeaut a neighbour, or a nice wench. These folk would fling their Bible o' one side anytime, just for a bit o' nice *scandal*.

SCHOOL. A place to mar childer at, if they dunno' mind what they're dooin. I larnt moore nowtiness at a day skoo than ever I larnt anywhere elze. Feightin wur one thing. I dunno' think ut I turned up awhoam a week t'gether witheaut havin th' skin o' my legs ploughed up wi' a bad tempered clog. We never larnt owt beside badness; for eaur time wur ta'en up wi' sweepin, an' weshin up, an' pillin potatoes, an' runnin arrands, for th' skoomesther an'

missis. But we'rn eaut o'th' road o' thoose awhoam; an' that's what a lot are sent for.

SCORE. *A reckoning.* That milk chap ut went into th' Owd Bell for t' see what there wur chalked on at back o'th' kitchen dur wurno' a foo. He knew if they wouldno' pay for ale they wouldno' pay for milk; so he knew who not to trust.

SERENADE. *Music at night.* Thoose ut liken it may have my share; for ther two cats comen i' eaur garden ut sing duets till my throat's sore wi' blessin 'em.

SERMON. A sort o' sleepin stuff to be had at a church, or a chapel, when there's a pa'son praichin ut wur never intended for th' job. It must be a grievin thing to even a nincompoop to see his congregation waut o'er one by one, an' yer 'em snorin as leaud as th' organ. He owt to send a snuff-box rearound.

SERVILITY. Bein th' missis of a heause, an' havin to do what a sarvant orders, becose hoo's pratty, an' th' mesther knows it. Not a strange circumstance, as I know, to th' cost o' mony a row.

SHABBY. Cuttin an owd friend, becose he's had a come-deawn i'th' wo'ld. Alleawin yo'r feyther or mother to go to th' wark-heause when yo're able to keep 'em. Slop in off eaut of company when it's abeaut yo'r time to pay. Blackin yo'r own shoon, when th' wife says hoo con do 'em ten times better. Nowt so shabby as that.

SHAM. *False pretence.* A very prevalent sort of disorder, to be fund among o classes, speshly black-cooated folk. They seem to thrive on it. There's no tellin heaw fur it's spread; an' heaw deeply it's sunk. If we could weed 'em eaut, an' chuck 'em into th' sae, there'd be mony a million o' heauses to let.

SHIP. A nice sort of a livin shop for thoose ut dunno' want t' be bothered wi' visitors; an' ut dunno' care for havin letters in a mornin. I sowd Johnny Hughes on th' *City o' Berlin* one mornin, when he put my shoon i' my state-reaum. "Johnny," I said, "any letters for me this mornin?" Lorgus, heaw he stared. I wonder which has carried th' mooest scamps, a ship or a railroad.

SHOPKEEPER. A useful sort of a chap, if he's strong i'th' haft. He con get rid o' any quantity o' stuff, if he'll put it deawn i'th' books. He's th' best chap ut ever wur then; but if he axes for

payment, wheay—that's quite another thing. He owt to be satisfied ut yo're a customer, witheaut makkin a profit *on* yo'. What a greedy wo'ld it's gotten to!



SERENADE.

SHOT. Harmless stuff in itsel; but mischievous when it's gotten some peawther beheend it. Fire an' sword never did sich havoc as *shot* has done. It has bin th' cuss o'th' wo'ld, an' those ut invented it owt to ha' had th' fust discharge tried on 'em, weel rommed up.

SHREW. *An ill-natured woman.* Yo' may see her sometimes wi' a shawl o'er her yead, peepin int' th' owd Bell tap-reaum, an' yo' may yer her say—

“Has eaur Jammie bin here to-neet ?
Oh, theau'rt theere, theau great drunken slotch !
It's strange ut I've nowt elze to do
But ha' thee every bedtime to fotch.”

There's no managin a *shrew* wi' nowt leeter than an ash plant.

SHUTTLE. A useful piece o' wood ; but I never knew a mon yet ut loiked droivin one, unless he's gotten a new song pinned on th' pawst. Then it sarves to byet time to his singin, an' he forgets he's workin.

SIESTA. *A short sleep in the afternoon.* When yo' con get it. If there's a youngster abeaut, or a blue-bottle fleec, yo'n no' get forty winks at one howd. I hardly know which is th' biggest plague



o'th' two. One goes buzz, buzz, rearound yo'r yead ; an' if there's no thatch'on, it'll have a bit of a ramble o'er th' top. If a youngster's i'th place, it'll oather climb yo'r knees, or th' cheear back.

SIGNAL. *A sign to give notice.* Sometimes it's a seaund. A whistle at th' heause-end is abeaut th' commonest sort. A young woman con yer it sooner than her feyther, an' when it's no leauder than th' chirp of a cricket. Their ears are a deal thinner when they're coortin than when th' husband wants a shillin an' his clogs greasin.

SILVER. *A white metal* ut I seldom see, nobbut o'th' buntin day. Useful, I dar'say, to some folk, but copper's moore i' my road. Still, if there's anybody ut has gotten moore than they want, i'th' shape o' *tin*, they con put it on eaur dur step, an' see if I pike it up.

SIN. No' dooin as yo'r neighbour does.

SINCERE. Meeanin what yo' say'n, an' not, as is gotten too mich i'th' fashin, sayin what yo' dunno' meean. It's a true jewel, an' no Brummagam.

SKEWER. *A wooden pin.* A wayver seldom sees a greasy un. If he's owt to do wi' a *skewer*, it's one to don a cop on; not one for t' stic in a lump o' beef.

SKIM. To tak th' wayter off th' top o'th' milk; that's when th' creeam has bin takken off before. "Kester," owd Nal said, "there's no flees 'll dreawn i' yo'r milk." "Nawe, nawe," Kester said, "they could walk on th' top." "Nay," Nal said, "they'd dreawn i'th' wayter afore they geet to th' milk." There's a good decal o' skimmin done i' moore things than milk; but they gi'en it another name, "fentin."

SKIN. Th' cautside coverin of eaur bodies; laid on for t' be hardened, an' thickened wi' sticks an' ropes. A nice sort of a pavement for animals to travel o'er when they're on th' look-eaut for a bit o' liquid pastur. Wi' some women it's a greaund-wark for t' put paint on.

SKULK. A mon ut hides hissels at th' back of a hedge, or a stone wall, for t' do some mischief at another as he's gooin past. He's sure to be abeaut th' biggest keaward ut con be fund i' any country.

SKYLARK. One of eaur sweetest summer companions. Is at noonday what a throstle is at neet-fo; a singer ut doesno' go reaund wi' th' hat; an' never mars his singin wi' tryin to mak too mich on't; an' con sing as weel witheaut white gloves as with 'em. I'm feart th' *skylark* is gettin scarcer through some soulless

gluttons wantin 'em for t' mak stew o' their tongues. I wish they'd everyone get choked with 'em.

SLAKE. (Lanky, *sleck*). *To quench*. A pleasant operation on a summer mornin, after a supper o' red herrin. Just gettin slyly at back o'th' kitchen dur, an' feelin yo'r shirt flap abeaut yo'r legs while yo'r swiggin.

SLAP. *A smart blow*. What we sometimes gotten if we spake to a saucy wench. That's gan on th' cheek. When we'rn young, an' a bit auvish, we'n turned o'er for it.

SLATTERN. A mop ut has arms an' legs, an' a face like a woman. But there yo'n done.

SLICE. A shoive o' bread. When it's bein cut off a cob loaf it's to th' advantage o' thoose childer ut han patience to wait till th' loaf's cut deawn to th' middle. Eaur Dick wur never in a hurry. He knew th' *slices* would be cut o one thickness, an' that ut geet th' middle would ha' th' longest. Childer are good kalkilators.

SLIP-SLOP. Broth witheaut stars on. Adam o' Jack's coed it "dark-neet" broth. That wur when his wife had forgotten to put th' beef in.

SLOPE. *Obliquely*. Slantindikilar, like a heause-top. Jack o' Toddy's had gotten on th' skoo ridgin once, an' thowt he'd have a nice slurr deawn to th' edge o'th' slates. But he fund th' *slope* wur too sudden, an' when he couldno' stop he sheauted—"Eh, lads, I'm in for it neaw." Then he lit i'th' skoo fowt, like a bagful o' chips.

SLUMBER. Sleepin when yo' dunno' know ut yo'r sleepin. Lyin as if th' wo'ld wur a yessy bed, an' ther nowt for t' mak yo' turn o'er abeaut every five minits. Gradely slumber's gradely rest.

SMELLFEAST. A table hunter. A mon ut goes abeaut sniftn at folk's keyholes, an' if he scents owt good ready maks an excuse for droppin in, as if it wur th' biggest accident ut could happen that he should be i' th' neighbourhood at th' time.

SMUT. A bit o' black on a nice face, ut yo'd rayther wipe off wi' yo'r napkin than let it a-be. I've wiped mony a one off ut never wur on.

SNEAK. A thing yo' should get howd on wi' th' tongs, an' drop him into th' sink.

SNOWBROTH. A nice mess to walk through when yo'n whis-

perin shoon o' yo'r feet. It generally leeads to a bit o' bother wi' one's throat.

SOLITUDE. Sittin awhom on a Kesmas neet, beaut brass, an' o th' family gone caut a-tae-drinkin.

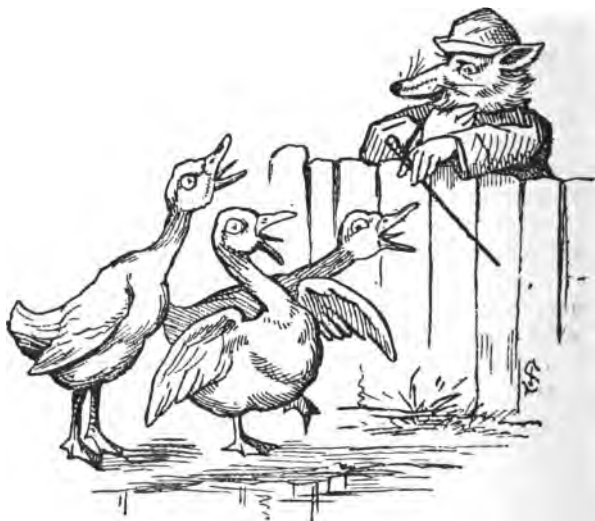
SOT. A mon ut maks his meauth do duty as a soof, an' guttles o in ut swims reound it.

SPANK. To do wi' th' oppen hont what's sometimes done wi' a flat piece o' wood, or a birch rod.

SPEECH. A gift ut a woman never could larn, becose it comes natural to her.

SPINSTER. A single woman of a deautful age. One ut's generally pictured as wearin mittens on her arms, an' spectekles on her nose.

SRY. *A cabin to keep hogs in.* This word may be applied to pigs-



wi' two legs, ut are dirtier i' their ways than thoose animals we makken bacon on.

T.

TABBY. *A brindled cat.* Generally looked on as good meausers, becose o' their being striped i' th' jacket like a tiger. It's my belief they'n some tiger blood in 'em, han these tabbies, becose their ways are very nee akin—sly an' treacherous if they gotten within raich of a canary cage. Owd maids may think they con trust 'em; but if one ud put some yallow fithers on her nose, an' bob it through some wires, it would have a chance o' bein worried. A tabby has a good notion o' chicken broth, as weel as a canary.

TABLE. A thing to ate dinners off, when there's any to put on. Th' pleasantest meetin shop ut con be hit on. Sometimes used as a drum, an' byetten wi' spoons, an' knife hondles. To *table*, is to pay so mich a week for meals; an' used be very mich i' th' fashin wi' young folk ut wur feart o' dooin too mich to'ard keepin their parents. But it wur seldom they paid for their own keep. They'd ha' th' figures low enough, so ut they could spend moore o' clooas, or drink.

TACHE. (Lanky, *Tachin*.) That part of a cobbler's stitchin streng ut he laps reound his hont for t' poo with. It's coed a *tache*, becose it forms a loop.

TACK. *A small nail.* Used very mich i' some places for folk to sit on. When John Cloof dropt hissel on a bare form, one Sunday, i' th' owd Buff's chapel, an' sang eaut "Glory Hallelujah!"—it wurno' becose he felt so full o' saintly spirit, it wur becose he sit on a *tack* ut a joiner had left there.

TAILOR. A sort of a gardener ut doesno' groo his own *cabbitch*, but poaches on someb'dy's clooas cloth.

TALE. Summat never to be believed, speshly if it's abeaut a neighbour. There happen may be some truth i' th' fust tellin on't; but when it's gone reound th' fowt yo' may depend on't every partikil o' truth has bin weshed eaut.

TALK. A sort o' music ut sometimes isno' very agreeable. It's leeast so when someb'dy's tellin yo' o' yo'r fauts; an' yo' known they're tellin th' truth. It's never pleasant when a mon wants to tell yo' moore of his own bizness than he knows hissel. It isno' very nice to th' ear when a mon taks a haue an heaur for t' say summat ut could ha' bin said in a minit. Whenever yo' gotten in a company wheere there's a mon ut likes yerrin hissel *talk*, get

eaut on't as soon as yo' con, if yo' ha' no' th' patience of a jackass.

TAN. To give a colour to yo'r skin, oather wi' th' sun, or an ashplant, laid on briskly.

TAP. A thing ut would co a meetin, an' a big un, too, sooner than a bell. Rowl a barrel o' ale i'th' middle o' Hazelwo'th Green; an' hommer a *tap* in it; an' i'ten minits there wouldno' be a heause i'th' whul teawnship ut could muster th' full compliment o'th' family. It looks strange ut a bit o' brass tubin should have sich a peawerful attraction; but it has.

TAVERN. A heause ut one time wur a place for travellers to co at, an' get summat to ate an' drink, if they'r'n hungry, an' dry; or a bed if they wanted a neet's rest. Neaw it's a place for anybody to stond up in, and get fuddled as soon as they con. It may be said of a *tavern* as has bin said of an ancient city, "Thy glory hath departed."

TEEM. To *pour*. A word very mich i' use. "Teem my tae eaut," "Teem me a sope i' this glass," are sayins very common. There's another use ut th' word's put to. If, i' company, a mon has bin skeawbankin, by purtendin he're beaut brass, an' couldno' pay his share, someb'dy has a suspicion that he's noane tellin th' truth, then th' cry is set up "*Teem* him!" So he's set on his yead, an' his pockets are weel shaken. If eaut tumbles eaut it's spent.

TEBTH. Th' grinders in a dinner mill, an' ornaments to a meauth, when they're level an' white. Nowt shows 'em off better than a good crack o' laafin.

TEMPER. *Disposition of mind.* Pleasant to meet with in a mon, or a woman, when it's *good*, but when it's *bad* get eaut o'th' road on't as soon as yo'r clogs 'll carry yo'. But if yo' conno' do with-eaut company goo an' sit on a wasp neest, as bein pleasanter than sittin among bad-tempered folk.

TEMPERANCE. Bein very intemperate to'ards thoose ut thinken an acten different to yo'rsel.

TEMPEST. *The utmost violence of the wind.* Used generally to'ard a storm at sae; but a tempest in a heause is as mich to be dreaded. When th' storm blows stoos an' cheears an' flat irons at yo'r yead, it's time to creep under th' hatches, if yo' want to save yo'r yure.

TEMPORARY. Bein like "owd Gimp's" cart-shaft, when it wor spliced wi' a hay-bant.

TEMPTATION. Stondin at a cookshop window after clemmin a day, an' havin nowt to spekilate with. Th' *temptation* 's stronger when there's a smell comes eaut o'th' kitchen. I knew a mon ut used to goo a-watchin hungry lads, an' when he seed they could abide no longer he'd give 'em thrippence apiece for a blow-eaut.

TENDER. Not bein exactly like that owd hen we had once for a Kesmas dinner, ut had to be punced to pieces. It's moore like what a young woman's stays lappen reand, when hoo's forgan her sweetheart for bein seen wi' another wench.



TEETH.

TERMAGANT. A sort of animal ut eaur fowt is free fro', thanks be to summat. Th' last feaw-meauthed woman we had as a neighbour wur carried eaut on a stang, to th' music of a dozen fryinpons, an' as mony owd cans. But hoo made a noise ut we could yer above th' seaund o'th' band. Sin' then we'n bin at peeace.

THANKLESS. A common disposition among folk to'ard thoose ut han done summat for 'em. What it's owin to I never could understand. Sometimes I think it's becose they ha' no' done enough.

THEORY. *Speculation, not practice.* Eaur pa'son thowt he could wayve, becose he said he understood th' *theory* o' wayvin. So one day when he coed at eaur heause I axt him to get on my loom, as he're so sure he could wayve. Well, he geet on; but of o th' doancin, an' writhin jack-jumpers ut ever I seed he're th' capper. Th' fust pick-o'er he tried he sent th' shuttle into th' garden; then he slipped off th' shed-booart, an' leet crash int' th' treadle-hole. Th' theory, he confessed, wur no good to him.



TEMPTATION.

THIMBLE. A thing ut's put to moore uses than one. Made for sewin with, it's sometimes used for t' mak childer's yeads itch. I' some places it has bin used for messurin borrowed pepper in. "Win yo' lend my mother a *thimbleful* o' pepper?" wur common enough i' my days.

THIRSTINESS. A complaint very common i' this country. If a mon wur to sit o day atin, as he does drinkin, an' geet through th' same quantity o' stuff, he'd ha' to be made like a rain tub.

THORN, bein a *prickly tree*, I conno' ackeaunt for it bein a favourite bush for cooarters to sit under, unless it's when it's i' blossom, for th' sake o'th' smell. It isno' aulus safe sittin deawn wi' some sort o' treausers on. I deaut if a "guinea suit" would be o' mich sarvice. A *thorn* in a mon, or a woman's side, is reckoned to be summat rayther painful; an' heaw they gotten one I dunno' know. It must be wi' crashing through th' edge i' thin clooas when a bull has gotten his tail up. "I'll be a thorn i' thy side," Matty o' Tum's said to Betty o' Bob's, when Betty had takken Matty's sweetheart off her.

THRASH. To hommer, to byet, to warm, to drub, to pounce, to pummel, to whack, to dress, to thwack, to wipe, to "give him bant," to "goo into him," to "lay thy clogs abeaut his buttons," to "double him up."

THRIFT. *Frugality*. A word ut conno' be too weel understood by folk ut han to work for a livin. It meeans dooin that ut'll mak one mon independant o'th' help o' another. It's layin by a sarviceable humbrell for a rainy day. Owd Juddie has notions o' what *thrift* can do ut, someheaw, I conno' get hommored into my yead. He says if folk would save as mich as they could, an' put it in an owd stockin, in a year or two there wouldno' be a penny floatin abeaut; an' things would come to a stond-still. But if they banked what they saved there'd be so mich money lyin idle, ut thoose ut are livin on th' interest o' their savins would have to goo into th' stock, for there'd be no interest to be paid. "It's surprisin to think," he says, "heaw mich of th' prosperity o'th' country depends upo' leather-yeads. Everybody savin would be wurr than everybody spendin." It's a new doctrine to me, but it's wo'th thinkin abeaut.

THROAT. A part o'th' body ut's very mich to do, an' has to be very weel looked after. It's a speaut that a deecal o' wet stuff has to go deawn; as weel as to carry loads o' grist fro' th' dinner mill to th' bags. Then it has to be th' organ pipe for music, an' th' chimdy for th' whul body. It's very useful to Jack Katch; for if ther no *throats* there'd be no hangin to be done.

THRONE. A *royal seat*. A cheear ut's sometimes filled by a foo; an' has bin filled by mony a knave. We may respect th' *throne*; but we conno' aulus respect thoose ut sitten in it; an' I

con hardly think ut some *on* 'em han bin "the Lord's anointed." I think it's moore likely they'd bin rubbed o'er wi' grease eaut o' the dule's kitchen.

THROSTLE. A sweet singin bird ut I'm feart we're yerrin less on every year, partly through leather-yeads gooin abeaut wi' guns; an' partly through th' country getten moore like a teawn. Noll Goldsmith once said—

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

He mit ha' said, wi' quite as mich truth—

"Cust is the lond wheere larks are ne'er on th' wing;
Wheere fleawers pine, an' *throstles* never sing."

TICKLE. *Uncertain.* Bein i' that state ut yo' dunno' know whether it'll ha' to come up, or not; an' may depend on th' next wave; or th' next waft of a smell fro' th' cook-heause.



We're i' nice pickle
When we're so tickle.

TIDY. Bein nice, an' cleean, whether it's i'th' heause, or i'th' person. A *tidy* woman 'll aulus command th' een of a mon. Charlie o' Tum's, if he'd a notion of a wench, he'd goo an' catch her wi' th' dew on her wing. If hoo're fit to be seen th' fust thing in a mornin, when hoo're oppenin th' shutters, or gooin to th' well, he could depend on her bein fit to walk out wi' at neet. Ther a bit o' philosophy i' that.

TIMBER. Stuff for solin clogs with. I've swung mony a hundert weight abeaut i' my time; an' fund it a good thing for preventin sore throats, or anybody bein auvish.

TINKER. *A mender of old brass.* My bit of expariance of a *tinker's* wark gives me another meeanin. If there's a hole in a kettle bottom, he'll mend it up. But what abeaut him makkin two or three thin places, ut'll wear int' holes by th' time he comes rearound again?

TIP. A great institution i' trade, an' other things beside. I deaut if it does any good to oather buyer or seller. It may gild th' pocket o'th' go-between. If I'm wanten to sell, an' I sweeten th' buyer's mon wi' a *tip*, so ut I con get a better price, heaw do I know but he's sweetened my mon, for t' get a better article? If tradesmen would put a watch on, for t' see wheere poulterer's carts go'en to, just afore Kesmas, they mit ha' their een oppent. It enters into every profession, does tippin, obbut newspapers an' *dictionary* makkers. Chaps ut han owt to do wi' printin are above takkin a tip. If anybody deauts what I say, let 'em try me.

TITLE. An' empty sort o' honour, becose th' biggest foo or wastrel i' existence con howd one. Wi' some folk it's moore prized than brass. A woman wi' a good pocket 'll wed an owd mon becose he con give her a title, an' he'll wed her for th' sake o'th' brass. There's nowt o' that sort in Ameriky. Any sort o' honour there mun be *won*.

TOIL. Wark. That ut maks bread sweet, an' a dinner to go deawn with a relish. If anybody thinks they con have a nattural appetite for good howsome looadin, witheaut dooin summat for it, may as weel think he con live upo' nowt, an' have a lot to spare. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," wur not only a very just command, but I venture to think it wur intended to tak th' place of a doctor as weel.

TOKEN. *A memorial of friendship.* Wi' some it's breeakin a sixpence i' two, an' oitch keepin a bit. Wi' Jim Taylor it wur—"Here's my cap an' fourpence, theau'll never see me no moore."

TOLERATION. *The power of enduring.* Hearkenin a mon tell yo' yo'r on th' wrong road, witheaut spoilin th' place wheere th' noise comes fro'. Th' Irishman had a good notion of *toleration* when he said to a fiddler—"Mick, will yez play th' Boyn Watther, to see if I can shtand it?"

TONGUE. A slave to th' mind. A thing ut'll say owt ut th' brain tells it to do. Be a saint, or a blackguard, according to circumstances. Wag as freely o'er a cup of tae an' "jacky," as it will o'er a pa'son's text, or a lawyer's brief. Set mischief agate, or quieten it. Weet a post-stamp, or lick a traycle-cake, an' never be quiet till it's cowl.

TOOTHACHE. (Lanky, *toothwartch*). A pleasant companion, oather when yo'r i' bed or anywhere elze. It's a great sweetener of a temper; an' a lengthener eaut o' patience. It never causes any pity i' thoose ut are free fro' it. Happen they think it's a privilege to have it, an' would like a bit of a twinge theirsels, to be i'th' fashion, an' have as mony pleasures as others. "Eh, I do so like havin th' toothwartch." "What for, Billy?" Becose it's so nice when it gi'es o'er." Ther moore ways than one o' lookin at human sufferin.

TOPHEAVY. Bein badly balaneed. Owd Neddy at th' bruck says it doesno' matter heaw carefully he swallows his drink, it's sure to get into his yead. He believes if he put a clod on it, it would get fro' under, an' mak him *topheavy*. He wonders heaw it would be if he stood on his yead while he drank.

TORMENT. *Anything that gives pain.* Skrikin childer, an' musical cats, when yo' wanten a bit o' sleep. A Garman band, two box organs, an' a pair o' bagpipes, booath i'th' fowt at th' same time. A fleck bitin wheere yo' conno' catch it. In Ameriky, yerrin a buzzin seaund abeaut yo'r pillow; then feelin summat fasten howd *on* yo' by th' neck, like a little pair o' pincers. Havin a gallows-button off, when yo're i' partikilar company. Havin a papper collar on when sweat's boilin eaut *on* yo'; an' feelin a sneeze comin. Yerrin two pa'sons talkin t'gether when yo're

readin. Thinkin yo'r wife knows summat abeaut yo' ut yo' dunno' remember yo'rsel.

Toss. That restless motion yo' feel'n i' bed when yo're wonderin whoa it wur ut browt yo' whoam; or had bin somewhere ut yo' shouldno' ha' bin. It gets wurr by rememberin that there's a bill due, an' yo're deautful if it can be met.

TOWN. A place ut country folk dunno' believe there's any good in. I've a notion mysel ut if heauses wurno' built so close t'gether, an' it could be so shapt ut we could have a bit o' greenery wheree it conno' groo neaw, thoose ut liven in a *town* would be o th' better for it. They wouldno' be i'th' want o' so many parks, nor places for childer t' play in. We shouldno' want so many aleheauses noather.

TOY. A *plaything*. A woman ut's no idea ut hoo're born to be useful, heaever hoo may ha' bin browt up.

TRADE. Swappin wi' one another. I've moore hens than I need for th' eggs I want. I swap two or three for bacon, so ut I con grease my chops a bit. Or I con swap eggs wi' someb'dy ut has moore butter than they con ate. But if that someb'dy wants to have a penny th' advantage o' me, it isno' fair *trade*. An' if another person comes between us, an' demands a penny off me, an' not off th' tother, that isno' *free* trade.

TRAGEDY. A thing to mak yo'r flesh creep. More blood there is in it, an' better it's liked. It's one haue o'th' life of a newspaper. But it affects th' stage different to a newspaper. A double murder's th' best on th' stage; but in a newspaper a single murder, wi' a good deel o' mystery abeaut it, is th' best; for folk con talk abeaut it longer, an' spekilate as to whoa's done it.

TRAIL. To run abeaut th' country wi' a rag in a bant, ut has bin dipt i' train oil; an' havin dogs so trained ut they'n follow. It's no' so mich i'th' fashin as it used to be. But i' Hazelwo'th yo' mit ha' known a *trail*-hunter by his yure bein blown up i'th' front, an' his een lookin wild.

TRAIN. A string o' railroad carriages ut are aulus gone if yo're a minit after th' time they're reckoned to start. But if yo're a minit afore, yo' may have to wait haue an heaur. Ther a sort o' trains, too, ut are worn by women for sweepin th' streets with.

TRANSFUSE. *To pour out of one body into another.* A *transfusion* o' blood causes strange things to occur sometimes. I've yerd tell of a mon ut had some billy-goat's blood squirted into his veins, an' th' fust thing he did he tupped his mother-in-law eaut o'th' heause. Another mon had some pig's blood mixed wi' his own, an' whenever he seed blackpuddins it set him a-gruntin. But, strange to say, sossingers an' pies never affected him.

TRANSPARENT. *Pervious to the sight.* Tellin a lie so thin yo'r wife con see through it.

TRANSPLANT. To tak plants eaut o' yo'r neighbour's garden for t' put i' yo'r own.

TRANSPOSE. To put a *one* after a *two*, to mak 12 into 21. Not a bad hint for dishonest folk.

TRANSVERSE. *Being in a cross direction.* A state yo'n very soon find yo'rsel in if yo'n tell th' wife a woman's wark is wo'th nowt.

TRAVELLER. A mon ut goes three miles fro' whoam ov a Sunday mornin, so ut he con have a glass o' summat i' forbidden heaurs.

TREACLE. (*Lanky, traycle.*) *The spume of sugar.* Useful stuff for gettin into folks' yure, or nicely plastered on their clooas by a choilt's hont. It's a good substitute for eggs i' puddins, when nob'dy knows th' difference. A spoonful put i'th' middle of a dish of porritch, wi' a bit o' butter meltin in it, has caused mony a scramble which could get close to th' hole fust. *Traycle-cakes* are hardly known neaw.

TREADLE. A piece o' machinery ut has done moore for this country than any other sort; an' I dar'say there's nowt ut's moore despised; an' nowt ut's bin moore abused. Any sort o' gearin-up would do for a *treadle*; an' if a treadle-hole wouldno' groo toadstumps, it wurno' damp enough for th' job. Pokin their feet i' one has caused any ameaut o' rheumatiz. But Jone o' Pee's fund a plan eaut for dooin away wi' that. He hung a weight to one treadle, so ut he could wayve wi' one leg. Then a thowt struck him ut if he hung a weight to th' tother treadle he could wayve wi' no legs. He tried it; but th' loom stood stock still, an' Jone went an' geet drunken, like a leather-yed as he wur.

TRIFLE. Any quantity fro' th' size of a piece o' wood to th' size of a lump o' stone. "Could theau let me have a *trifle* o' cheese

an' bread, Sally?" "Theau doesno' look as if a trifle would satisfy thee, Jim." "Well, just try me." Hoo did, an' he ate enough for six. But he said it wur nobbut a trifle to what he could ate.

TRUCK. *To traffic by exchange.* "I'll swap thee pigeons, Phil, an' gie thee thrippence boot," Tetty said to his chum. "Nawe, nawe," Phil said; "I'll swap thee level-hond, if theau's a moind." Phil wurno' up to *truckin*.

TRUMPET. A thing for a mon to play with ut has gotten some spare wynt. What a good deal o' folk liken blowin, if it's their *own*. Angels are reckoned to practise a bit on a *trumpet*. But I'm one

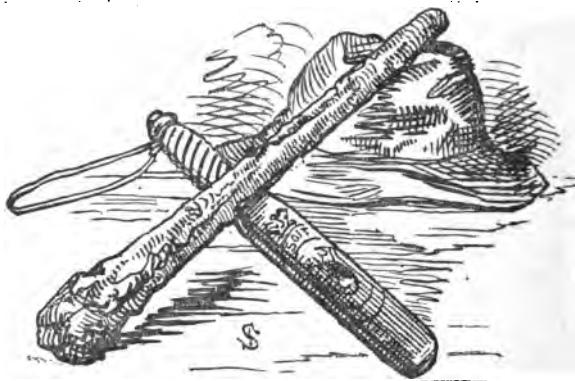


o' those ut never yerd one go past th' dur, so conno' tell what sort o' music they play'n. I've dreeamt about yerrin 'em, tho' heaw we con dreeam abeaut things we'n never seen caps me.

TRUNCHEON. *A staff of command. A cudgel.* What a constable used to freeten childer with. Not o' much use in a row, if nob'dy cares for th' paint. My uncle Jammie had one when he're th' constable; but it wur no bigger than a choilt's ricker. "Stick to my *truncheon*, Ab, while I warm him."

TUCK. *To enclose.* To lap th' bed clooas reound a choilt ov a cowl neet. To lap yo'r skin reound a good dinner—a gradely *tuck* in.

TUNE. Music when it's put into shape, an' cut i' lengths. Used by forriners for t' talk to one another with, when one's i' love, an' th' tother isno'. It's bin a common sayin at th' Owd Bell, "theau'd be a good singer if ther no *tunes*." Owd Wab stutted so that he had to sing o ut he said, or elze he couldno' ha' gotten t' word eaut, unless it wur swearin. That performance he could manage as weel as other folk.



TRUNCHEON.

TURKEY. A brid ut conno' stond cowl weather. No matter heaw weel it's looked after, an' fed for t' keep it's flesh up, it's sure to dee afore Kesmas. It's very strange natural history says nowt abeaut that. Some brids are valued for their fithers; but a *turkey*'s moore prized for it's flesh. I like it mysel.

TURNKEY. A mon ut, above o others, I want to have no acquaintance with; unless I'm on a different side o'th' dur. I mun have him at arm's length.

TURTLE. An ugly-lookin sort of an animal, but wo'th moore an eauce than I am a peaund. Nice takkin when there's plenty o' "green fat." Wi' a spoon I could hoide abeaut fifteen shillin wo'th i' two minits.

TUTOR. A mon ut's kept for raisin lumps on lads' yeads, so ut they'n be so mich sooner ready for wearin a hat. Generally made eaut o' folk ut are fit for no other job.

TWEEDLE. *To handle lightly.* To fiddle, an' mak no bigger a seaund than can be gotten eaut of a cinder an' a hoss yure. A mon ut plays th' union bagpipes is coed a *tweedler*.

TWILIGHT. Neet-fo. Th' edge o' dark. That time o'th' day when it's too dark to work an' too leet for t' leet up. I' summer it's reckoned th' best time for havin a walk eaut wi' a wench beaut bonnet, an' her arms lapt in her apporn. I howd that opinion up mysel.

TWITTER. To mak a seaund like a brid when it's dozin off to sleep, or pikin eaut a twig for t' peearch on.

V.

VAGABOND. Anybody ut's poor an' ragged, "He mit ha' bin better off if he would. Why doesno' he work, for an idle *vagabond*, as he is?" Ay, why doesno' he work, when he con get nowt to do?

VANE. *A plate hung on a pin to turn with the wind.* Sometimes it's made th' shape of a rooster, or a fish, or an arrow. But there's one i' eaur fowt i'th' shape of a woman. "Wilt have a day wi' th' heaunds, Joe?" "I mun see which way th' wynt's blowin th' fust." "Well, look at th' reech fro' eaur chimdy." "That's nowt to go by. I mun see heaw eaur Mat's temper is. That's my weathercock."

VANITY. *Idle show.* Wearin a one-eed spectekle when they con see witheaut. That's abeaut th' emptiest sort o' *vanity* ut I know. It's made me wonder mony a time heaw it wur ut poor folk could see so mich better than th' rich. But I fund it eaut when Spankin Bill meaunted his eeglass, an' tumbled o'er a wheelbarrow. It wur his vanity ut caused it.

VASE. A goblet-shaped pot for puttin fleawers in, or bits o' trinkets. Some folk coen it a *vawze*. But they're ignorant folk, ut wanten to show off as larned moore than others.

VAULT. A place to kill folk in, as weel as to bury deead uns in. A "blue ruin" shop.

VEAL. Sometimes th' flesh of a cauve, at others a bit deautful as to what sort of a mother it had.

VELVET. A rich sort o' silk cloth made like a brush. It's so soft an' nice to th' touch that it's chiefly used for makkin beds for pet dogs to lie on.



VANITY.

veneer. A mahogany, or rosewood dicky, fitted on whitewood furniture. I knew an owd goods seller once ut had a wife a little bit roogh on th' tongue; an' sometimes a bit gan to throwin cheears at him if he'd bin at th' "Owd Bell" too long. One neet he

"——— Sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getten' fou, an' unco' happy,"

when a lively part of his heause furniture walked in, an' witheaut a word sent a pint pot on a visit to his yead. But it missed th'

mark, becose a woman conno' clod. Th' mon looked at her when th' danger wur o'er, an' said—"Mary Ann, when I paid four-an-sixpence, an' fund th' price of a ring for thee, I took thee to be solid mahogany. But sin' then I've fund eaut ut theau'rt nobbut a bit o' knotty deal, veneered, theau——"

VENT. A hole to let air in, an' sometimes to let it eaut. When Billy Softly wur catchin it one day for summat he'd oather done or hadno' done, owd Juddie said to me, "Yond's Billy Turmit-yead's wife drawin off her drink sharply." "Heaw dun yo' meean?" I axt. "Hoo's pood her *vent*-peg eaut of her meauth."

VERDANT. Sometimes used when talkin abeaut a greenhorn, or a simpleton.

VERDICT. *Declaration*. "Well, what's th' *verdict*, Sam?" "He says we're guilty." "An' what's th' sentence?" "We mun ha' no moore till we'n paid for th' last."

VERSE. Generally understood to be a piece o' poetry, but applied as weel to th' owd Book, tho' why I dunno' know. I' any other piece o' print it would be coed a paragraph. *Verses* used to be made abeaut folk when they'rn hanged, an' nice samples o' poetry they wur. This is abeaut the style:—

"Come all ye youths and maidens fair,
A warning take by me,
Who must to-morrow morn be hung
Upon the gallows tree.
It is for murdering Nancy Brown;
Oh, shameful to relate,
I cut her throat from ear to ear,
Which brings me to this fate."

What are Solomon's songs, compared to that?

VESTRY. A *parochial assembly*. Mooestly made eaut of a nice lot. So far as Hazelwo'th wur concerned they used to be. A bull bait wur a quiet do i' comparison. Then th' drinkin at th' owd Bell, an' th' feightin i'th' fowt, did credit to th' place o' worship they'd made into a bear garden afore. It used to be th' only spree we had beside feightin' at th' wakes. But I think they'n gettin more civilised neaw—I meean workin folk. But black cloth can raise a steeam yet.

VETERAN. An owd dog at oather war or wark. Generally a mon ut desarves moore of his country than he gets. While thoose ut han done nowt for their country nobbut live on it con ha' their theausants, I've known mony a *veteran* end his days i'th' wark-heause. A mon spends th' best of his days in a red or blue jacket, an' when climate an' hardship han made him a wreck he's happen sixpence a day fort' cover hissel wi' "fine raiment," an' blow his bags eaut with, till th' note o' muster is seaunded in another shop.

VICE. A sort o' sin ut matters nowt if it isno' fund eaut, an' there's a great deal on't under a very thin screen.

VICTIM. *A sacrifice.* "They say'n Mally o' Jone's is gooin' t' be wed again." "Ay? Whoa's th' *victim* this time?"

VICTUALS. *Food to support the body.* A public-heause keeper is coed a *licensed victualler*; but if yo' went into some public-heauses an' axed for two penno'th o' cheese an' bread yo'd get punced eaut. If yo' axt for a beef steak yo'd get fourteen days on th' treadmill—an' sarve yo' reet.

VIGIL. Watchin th' front gate for yo'r sweetheart to come eaut, when hoo's stonidin at th' back dur wi' another chap.

VIRTUE. A very rare quality among thoose ut reckon theirsels to have a good stock to trade with. It's mooestly keaunterfeit. Ha' th' name o' havin' it, an' yo' may do owt on th' sly. There isno' a moore misused word i' no *dictionary*.

VISION. Seein yo'r wife peepin into th' aleheause kitchen when yo'n tow'd her yor'n gooin to put sixpence i'th' box at a missionary meetin.

VISITOR. Someb'dy ut isno' aulus wanted, but gets fussed abeaut as if they'r'n as welcome as th' fleawers i' May. "Is thy mother in, Sally?" "Ay, hoo's at back o'th' kitchen dur; but hoo said when hoo seed yo' comin up th' fowt, I must tell yo' hoo're gone eaut."

VISOR. *A mask used to cover the face.* Sometimes to disguise it; at others for t' keep it fro' bein divided i' two. Knights used to feight wi' *visors* on, when they'd a row abeaut some pratty women. An' they'd be shelled all o'er, like a steel crocodile; an' very nee as ugly. Or one mit liken 'em to a gibbet on horseback.

VIVACIOUS. *Sprightly, gay, active.* Bein like little Gorton, ut

could sing an' doance when he'd noather a penny nor a crust. I've known folk tell tales, an' crack, as if they'd a ship load o' suvverins comin; an' at th' same time they ha' no' had as mich mayte i'th' buttery as would bait a meause-trap. Someheaw folks wur moore *vivacious* i' thoose days than they are neaw, tho' they'd a deecal less to do on.



VISOR.

VIXEN. A woman ut's like a hoo fox, an' shows her temper wi' her teeth. Put yo'r hont to'ard her meauth, an' hoo'll snap at it.

UMPIRE. A come-between when there's a dispute abeaut summat. Not aulus to be trusted; for I'm gettin to think there's hardly a mon livin neaw-a-days but what could be bowt. We seen it i' everyday life, as common as regilar tradin.

UNAFFECTED. Seemin what they are, an' bein like what they seem. Not to be looked for in a preaud an' ignorant mon or woman.

UNAIDED. Dooin one's own.

UNATTAINABLE. That ut conno' be catcht. A woman's hont, if her heart, or her pocket, or her pride, are i'th' road.

UNBENDING. Gettin off one's loom after a hard day's wark, an' gettin a lad stroddle-leg across one's neck, an' runnin a mile or two with him, on a neet hunt.

UNBLEST. An owd bachelor, when he begins a-drawin his knees up to his chin, an' never feels warm i'th' summer.

UNBOSOM. To let summat eaut when yo' con keep it no longer. "Theau's summat on thy mind, Jack. Tell me what it is, an' if it's owt short o' murder I'll forgive thee." "Mary o' Tummy's, my owd sweetheart, has just come'n o'er fro' Ameriky, an' hoo wants me to goo with her back. I didno' tell her I're wed." "Pack up, an' away wi' thee, for I con see theau's gotten th' wrong un. I'd rayther theau'd knockt my yead cleean off my shootherers than ha' tow'd me that. I've a good mind to pounce thy shins till they're black, for spakin to her."

UNITE. To join two foo's t'gether, an' say that never nowt mun part 'em, an' at th' same time a judge con mak 'em come unglued, if one hasno' behaved weel to th' tother.

UNKNOWN. What everybody's sayin abeaut us to eaur backs. If it wur, heaw mony friends would there be i' this wo'ld? I venture to think there wouldno' be two. Th' wo'ld to come, or what sort of a place we are to have in it, or any place at o.

VOCALIST. A singer, reckoned to be; but not alus deservin to be coed one. Wi' some *vocalists* it's nowt nobbut fine clooas, an' yellin. Speshly if they'n a forrin name. Nob'dy wi' an English name is considered to be wo'th ear-shot,—well, no' mony. Jack Pollitt fiddled for four shillin a neet at a singin reaum; but his mesther said if he could mak his name int' a forrin un he'd double his wage. Jack did so; an' coome eaut as "Signor Poltrooni." That wur a bad job for his mesther, becose Jack wur offered a guinea a neet at another shop. His wife sang, an' hoo changed her name to "Madame Poltrooni;" an' tho' I could ha' gotten as good music eaut o'th' fire-potter an' th' fender as hoo could sing, everybody wanted her at five guineas a neet.

VOLUNTEER. A so'dier ut i' mony a case never expects to feight. Wearin fine clooas; an' bein made to look like a lion wi' a short pipe in its meauth, is o th' bravery they care to show. But I think if it coome to some forriner tryin to get a footin upo' John Bull's farm, even these would be fund at th' reet side o'th' hedge, ready for t' gie someb'dy pepper.

VOTE. Peawer gan to a mon, so ut he con have a say i'th' gover'ment of his country. Has bin sadly abused, an' is bein yet. It used to be ut they could nobbut ha' sowd their vote to one side. But neaw they con sell it to booath sides; an' then pleease their-sels which side they voten for. What's th' use o' *buyin*, then?



VOCALIST.

Vow. Gooin deawn o' yo'r knees before a young woman, an' promisin never to like another. "Swearin off" drink when yo'n gotten th' yead-wartch, an' th' pocket-wartch, an' wife's tongue feyver. Booath sorts o' *vows* are very oft brokken.

VOYAGE. *To travel by sea.* Not aulus th' safest or th' pleasantest way o' travellin. If th' weather's roogh, an' yo'r coverin thin;

an' yo' feel'n a summat ticklin yo'r inside abeaut th' neighbour-hood o'th' fust button o' yo'r senglet, makkin a voyage is a very lively way o' spendin yo'r time. I've had a good dose or two i' my time.

W.

WADDLE. Th' way a mon's legs behaven theirsels when th' body hasno' 'em gradely under command. But it should aulus be remembered that th' body has bin th' sinner, tho' th' legs han to suffer. "I con aulus tell heaw mich eaur Tum has had by his *waddle*."

WAR. Th' biggest crime, an' th' biggest folly ever th' wo'ld wur guilty *on*; an' never gone into witheaut someb'dy wantin summat ut isno' their own. An' th' would-be robber 'll go deawn on his knees like a saint; an' pray th' Omeety to help him, an' bless his arms. When he's caused a theausant or two o' innocent folk to be killed, an' happen wur, he thanks God for havin hearkened to his prayer. My countrymen are a *war*-smitten lot o' leather-yeads, wantin t' feight wi' everybody; but if they seed Manchester in a blaze; an' yerd th' noises made by women an' childer, they'd auter their tune.

WARDEN. A guardian o'th' church. Not so very strict as he wur once. He used to be th' terror o'th' childer ut had to turn eaut ov a Sunday i'th' same clooas they wore o'th' weekdays. I remember when I're a youngster, an' had no change o' clooas, nobbut my garters, owd Sam Walmsley getten howd on me, for t' tak me to th' church, an' mak me stond on a stoo'. "I'll taich thee for comin eaut o'th' Sunday unweshed," he said. An' he gan me a shake. "I am weshed; look at my shirt," I said. "Well, but theau's ragged clooas on; an' that's Sabbath breakin," he said. An' then he leet me goo. It wurno' above five minits after ere I seed him creepin in at th' Owd Bell back-dur, an' then seed him at th' parlour window, wi' a long pipe in his meauth.

WARM. Th' state of a lad's feelins when he's had a bit of a cloud o' dust knocked eaut of his clooas. Th' state of a mon's ears when his wife has just ax't him what use *he* has for *hair-pins*.

WASP. A pleasant companion on a wot day, speshly if it's takken a likin to yo'r nose, thinkin it's a fleawer.

WATER. (Lanky, *wayter*.) A strong liquid ut some folk conno' stond drinkin, if it isno' letten deawn wi' whisky.



WAR.

WEALTH. A substance ut's badly divided among folk. My share is a poor un. But there's one compensation for thoose ut hanna' mich wealth—they're happier than thoose ut are weighted deawn with it. Wealth doesno' bring happiness. It mit give us a bit moore satisfaction if we could tak it with us when we deen.

WEAVER. (Lanky, *wayver*.) A mon ut has moore crosses i'th' wo'ld than any other; for his shuttle's aulus crossin when it's dooin owt. I think it's that ut causes his life to be o crosses.

WED. Done for! Th' last thing a mon has to do for a change till he's shut up in a box. I dunno' believe ther two eaut o' fifty couple ut ever thinken abeaut what they're dooin at th' time, when they're gettin spliced. They looken on it as a grand spree; but they know no' what th' end 'll be.

WELCOME. Byron says—

“’Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog’s honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;”

an’ it’s very nice to see a candle i’th’ window ov a dark neet; an’ puttin yo’r nose to th’ keyhole, smell beefsteaks an’ onions ut han bin waitin for yo’ happen an heaur. But it’s nicer than o seein a rosy face wi’ a smile on it; an’ a pair o’ lips tremblin wi’ th’ seaund—“I’m fain, lad, theau’rt safe awhoam.”

WHISKY. A liquid softer than rose-wayter; an’ used for quietenin teetotalers when they’n gotten th’ “blue uns.”

WIDOW. A trap for t’ catch a bachelor.

WISDOM. A quality moore talked abeaut than seen. Very little on’t fund in a foo.

WIT. Th’ foster brother o’ wisdom; but a bit of a harum-scarum.

WOMAN. Mon’s best help, if hoo maks her mind up to be; an’ th’ wo’st if hoo turns th’ tother road. A bad plaything; but a good companion.

X.

XMAS. (*Lanky, Kesmas.*) Th’ birthday of a great mon; an’ a time for Christians to make pigs o’ theirsels wi’ atin an’ drinkin, as if their insides wur made to tak in bigger looads at a holy time than at any other. Cockle’s pills i’ great demand as soon as it’s o’er.

Y.

YARN. A tale towd by a sailor or an owd pensioner. Sometimes a bit o' truth in it, but generally o'erweighted wi' lies.



I've yerd one or two mysel; an' ha' towd 'em so oft that I actily believe they're true. There's a good deecal o' *yarn* ut isno' what it's reckoned to be.

YOUNG. A time o' life we con talk abeaut when we're owd, an' purtend to look on youth as a time o' frivolity. But I'd like to see an owd codger ut wouldno' turn back if he'd a chance.

YOURSELF. Everybody.

Z.

ZED. Where I'm gotten to neaw. Th' fur end.

THE END.

the first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
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the twenty-first is the fact that the

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